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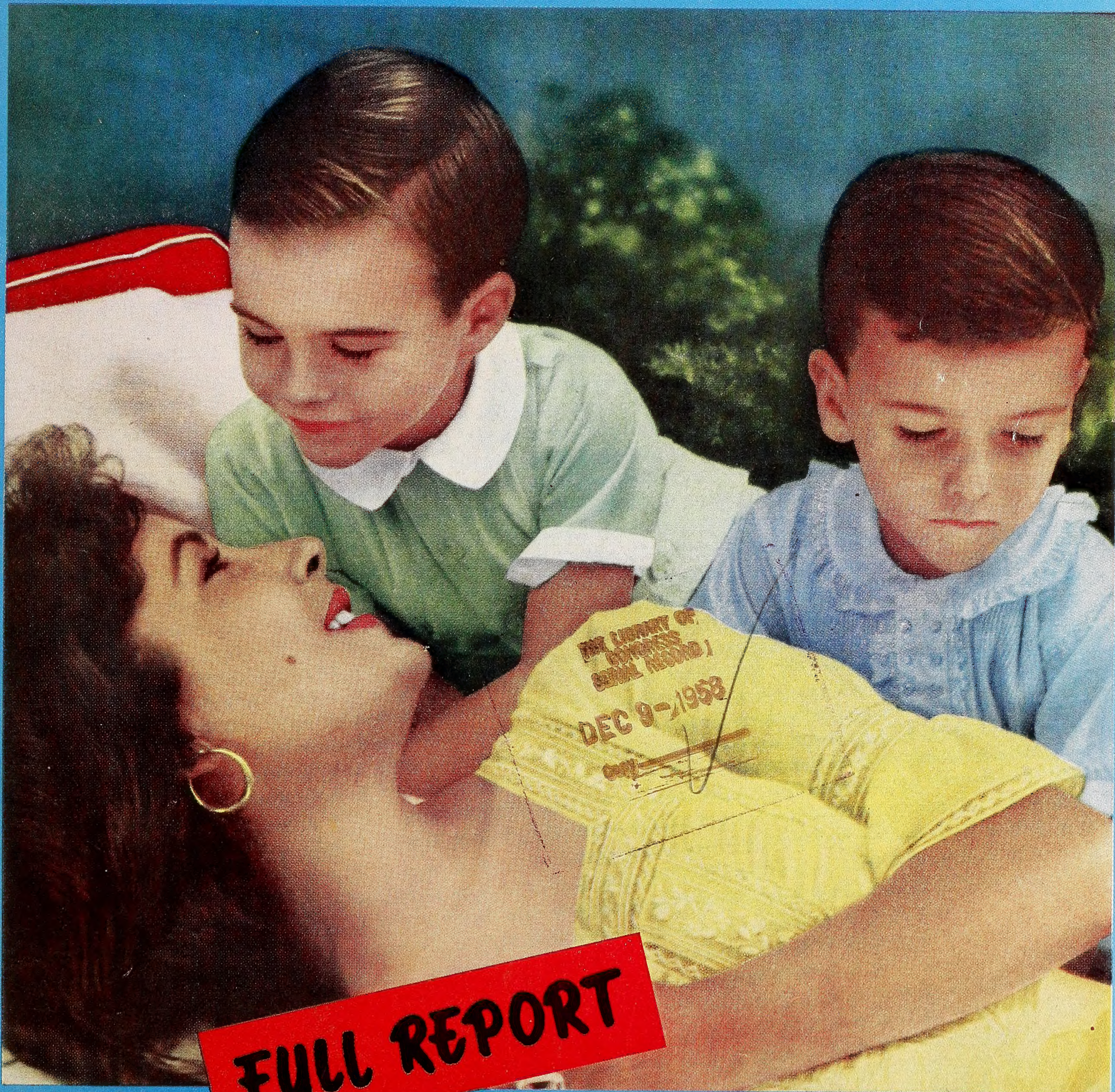
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RICKY NELSON'S GANG TALKS!

*First uncensored
interviews*

DEC -1 1958

modern screen

CT. 25c



FULL REPORT

LIZ TODAY

the people and the loves that make her smile again

ANDY GRIFFITH, MOTION PICTURE STAR OF WARNER BROS. "ONIONHEAD"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans

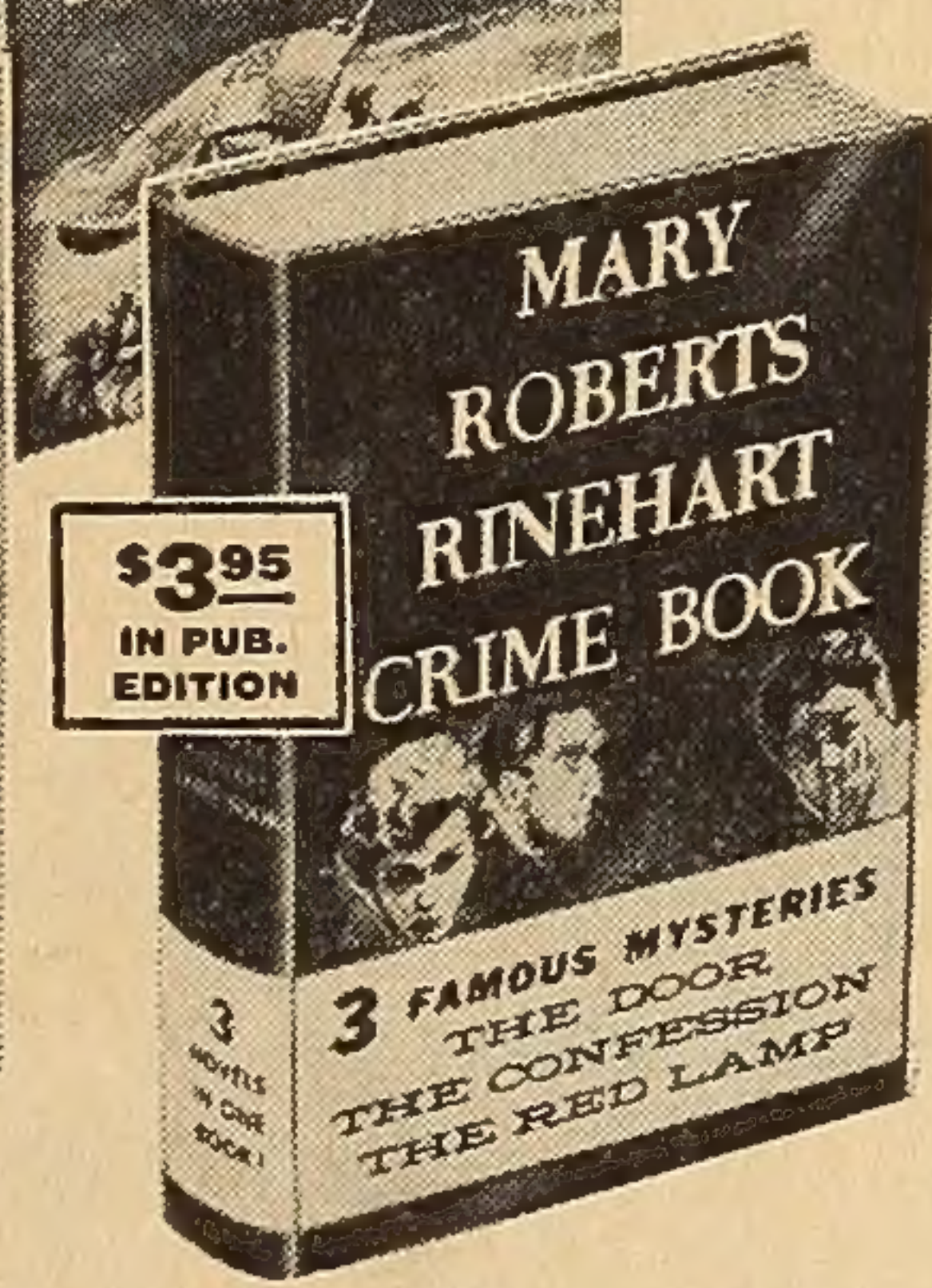
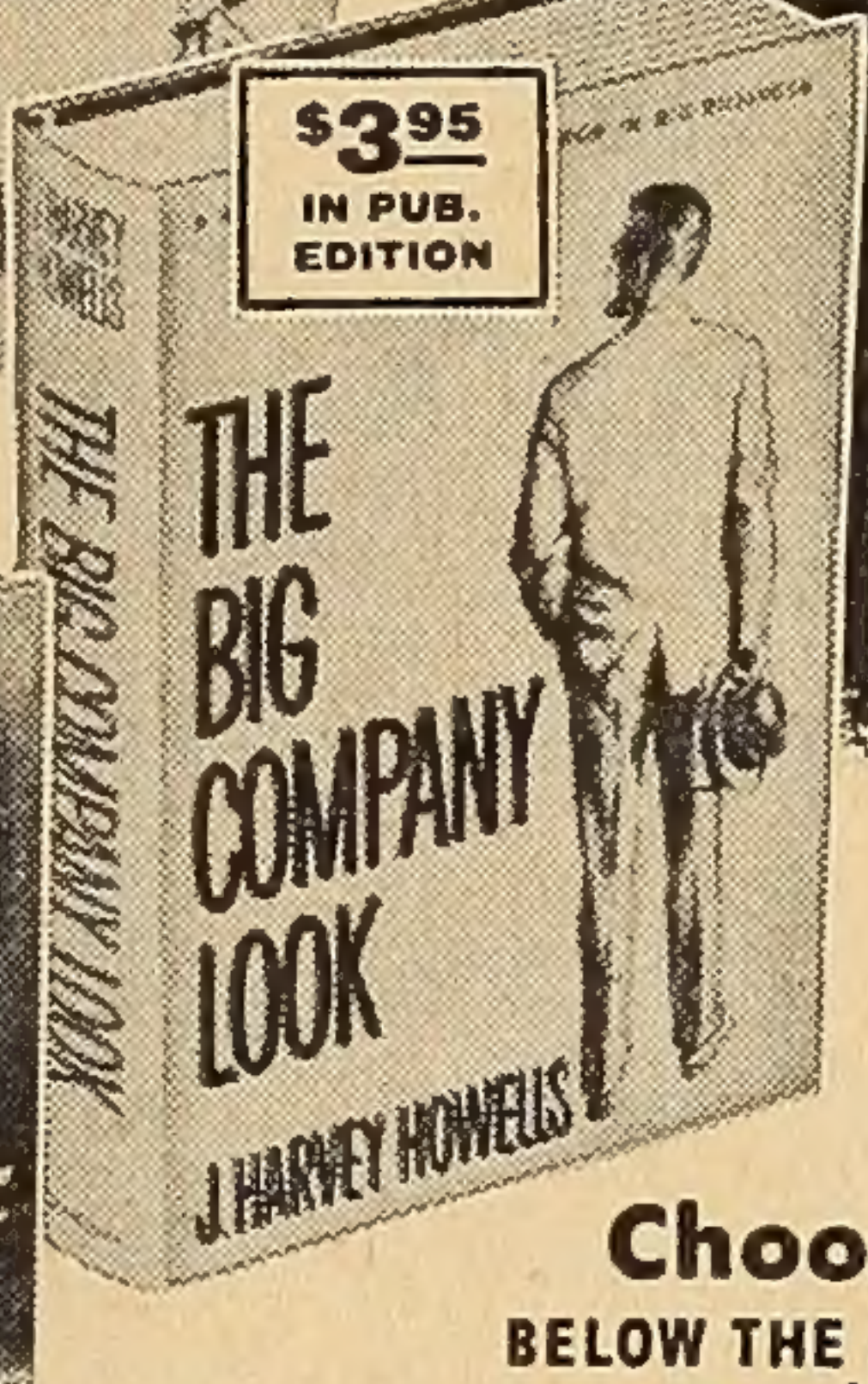
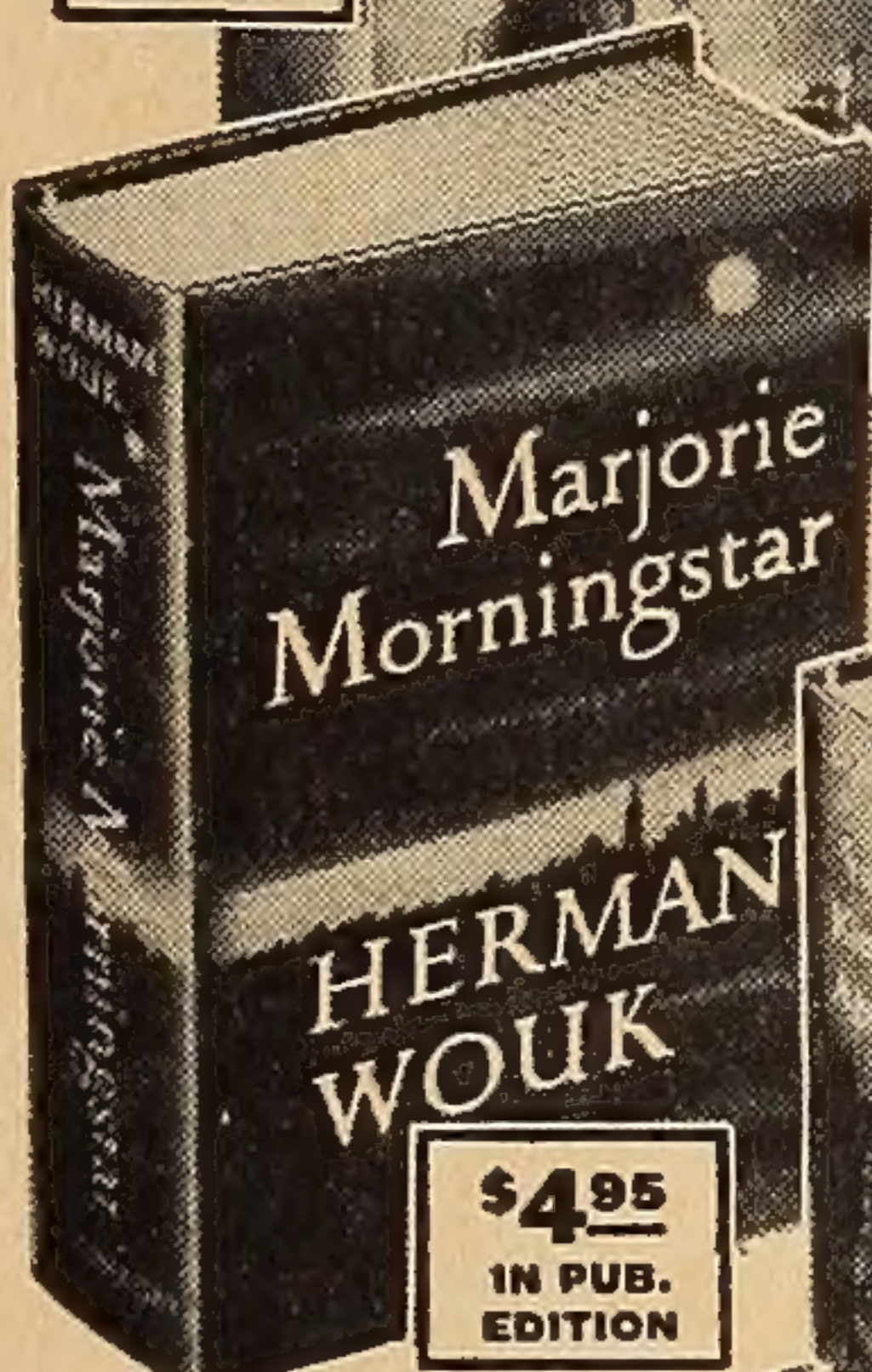
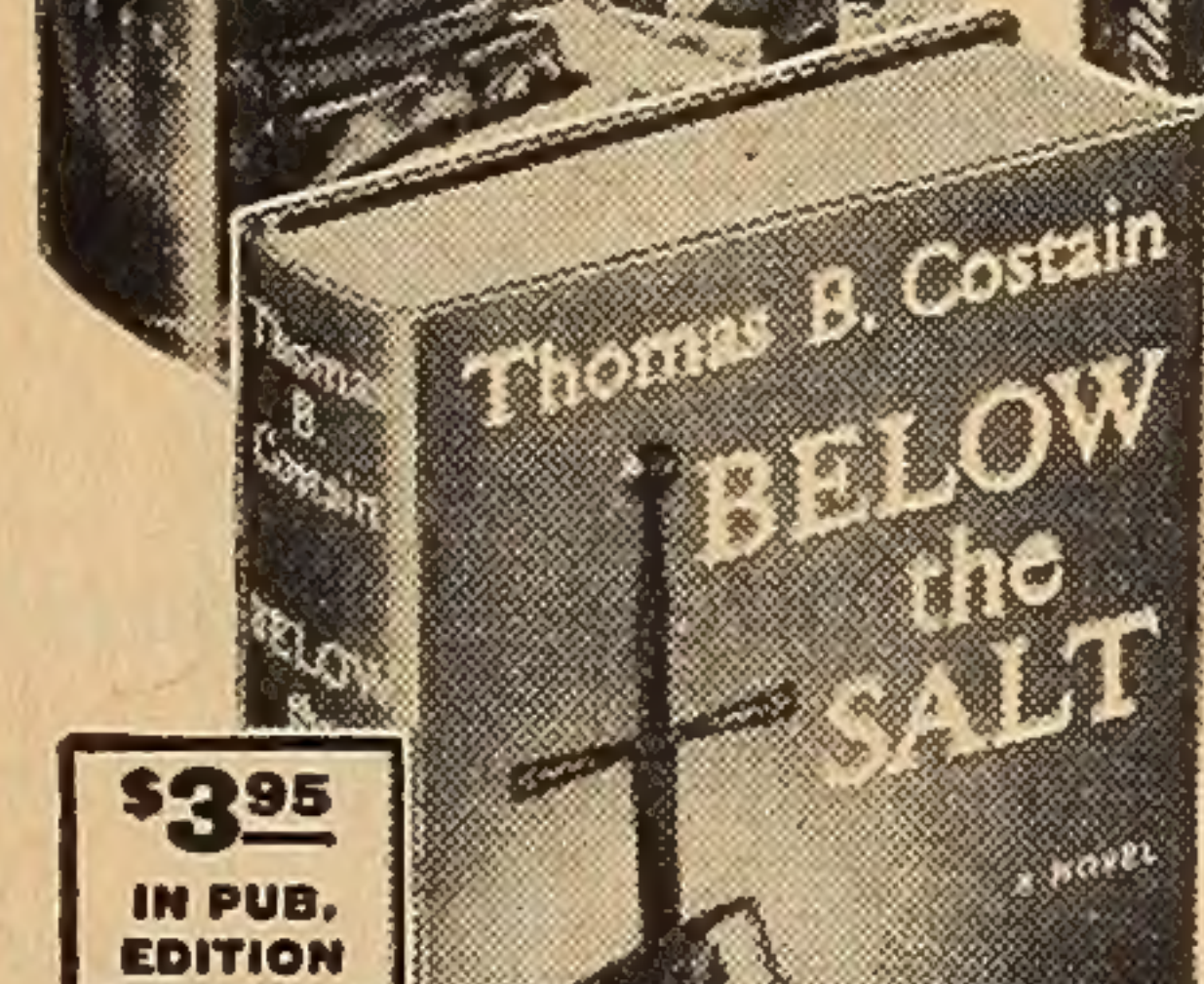
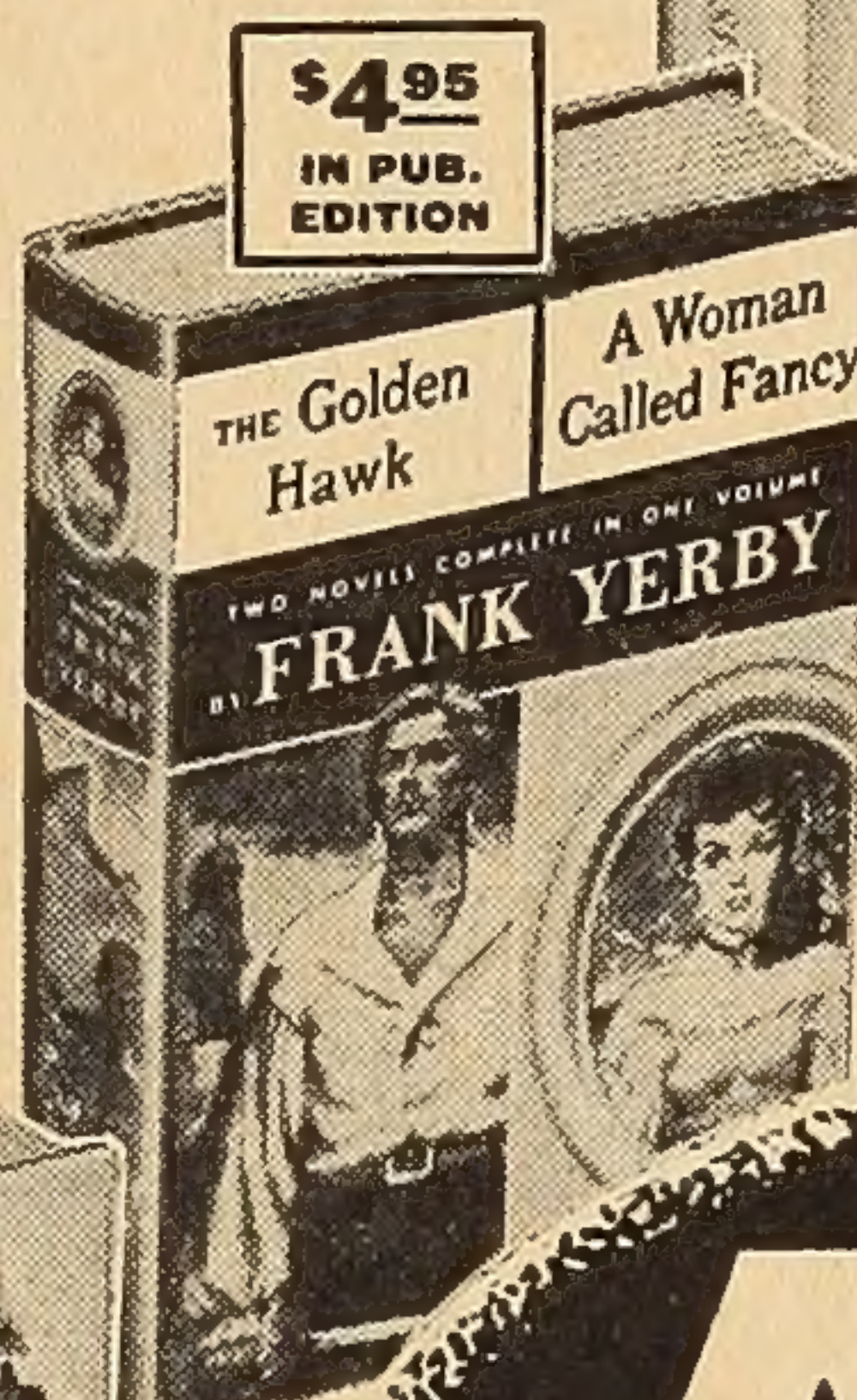
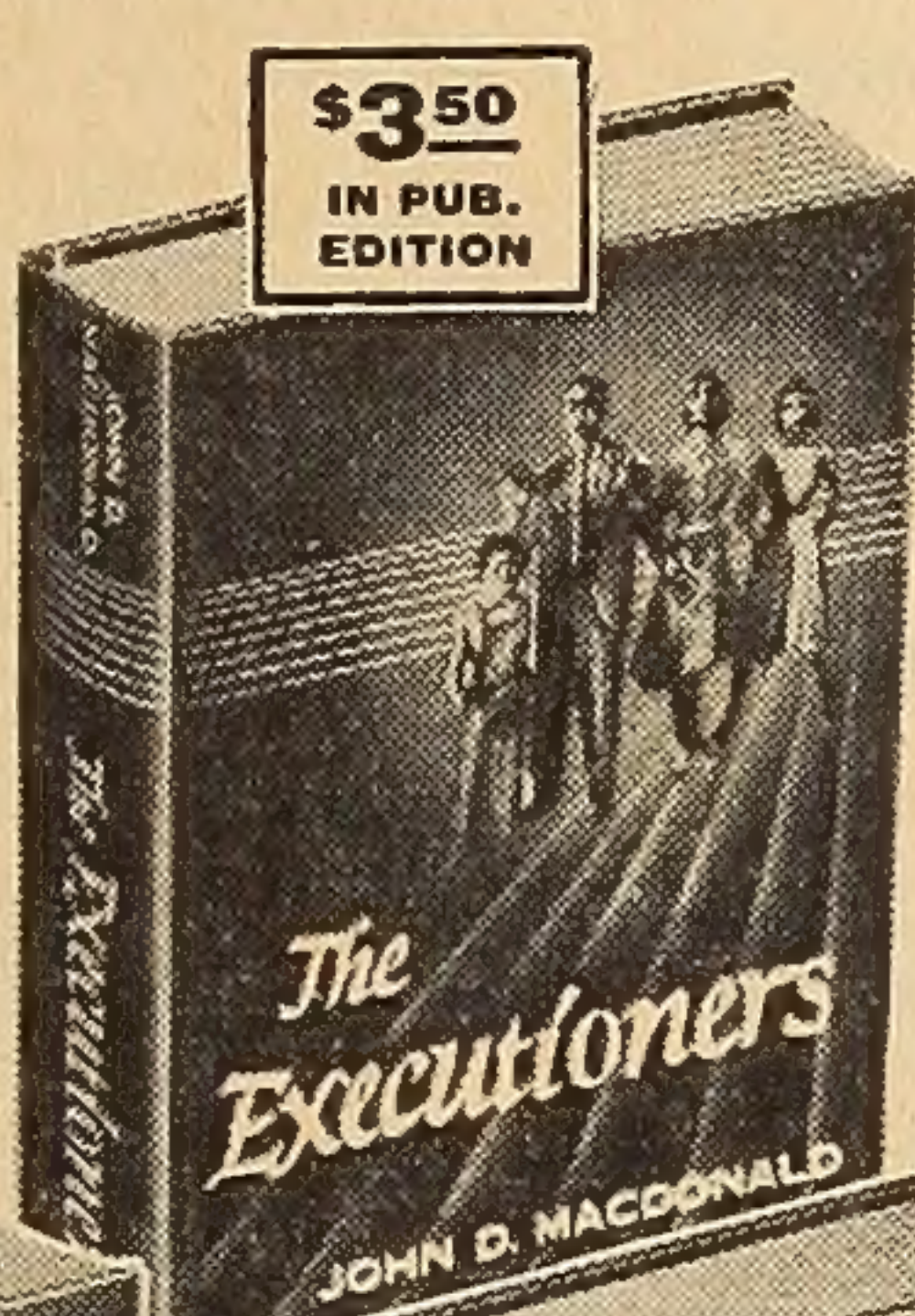
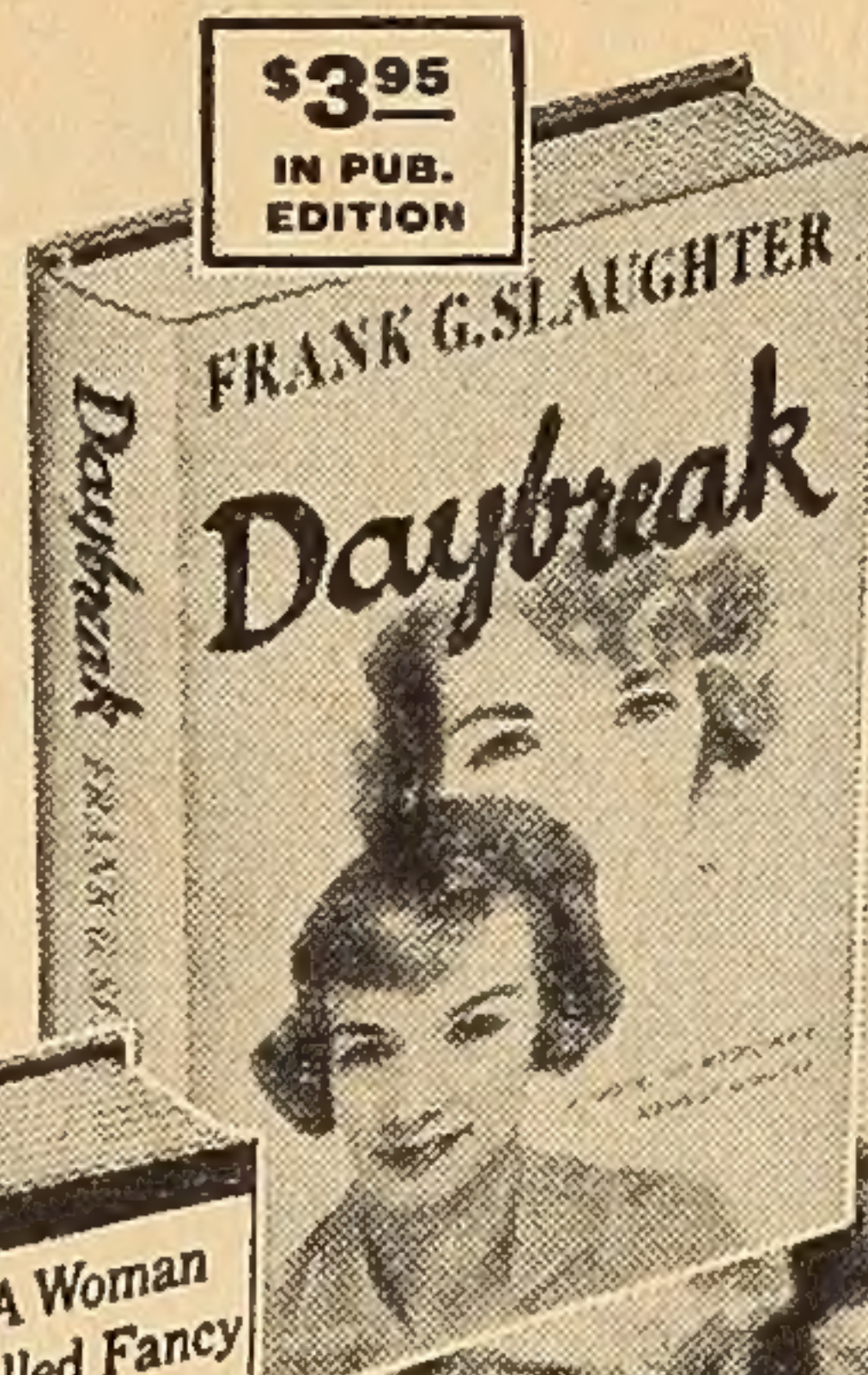


What Happens When a Young Psychiatrist Falls in Love with His Patient?

DEC -1 1958

THE moment pale, lovely Lynn Thorndike stepped aboard the steamer *Creole Belle*, Dr. Jim Corwin guessed she was in trouble—her frightened eyes told him so. Hours later, she was found almost unconscious in her cabin. She was in danger only from herself — she wanted to die! Jim quickly saw that she needed a doctor's help and by the end of the voyage, he also knew he was in love with this

beautiful, apparently doomed girl! How Jim is forced into a desperate medical gamble which involves not only their future together, but also his professional standing, is a story that will hold you spellbound. *Daybreak* is Frank Slaughter's newest best-seller, blending romance, suspense, and a close-up of doctors and hospitals "behind the scenes". You may choose it in this 4-books-for-99¢ offer!



Any Four

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when you join the Dollar Book Club and agree to take as few as 6 best-selling novels out of 24 to be offered within a year

Choose any four:

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DAYBREAK—F.G. Slaughter (See above)
DAUGHTER OF EVE—Noel Gerson. The fascinating true romance of history's Pocahontas—"the beautiful savage" who lost her heart to an Englishman and became the Belle of London.

THE EXECUTIONERS—John D. MacDonald. What do you do when a criminal—a violent man seeking revenge—turns up after 14 years and menaces your family? Do you become the law? New best-seller—tense, shocking!

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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Famed children's classic in a superb new edition! 32 stories, delightfully illustrated.

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MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR—Herman Wouk. The story of a "nice girl" who mixes her dream of fame with a love affair that blazes from Broadway to the left bank of Paris. Best-seller on which the hit movie is based.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART CRIME BOOK. Now in one volume—3 of the most thrilling mystery novels ever written by the all-time master of suspense: *The Door*, *The Red Lamp*, *The Confession*.

NORTH FROM ROME—Helen MacInnes' best-seller! Lovely Eleanor Halley breaks with her American sweetheart to become engaged to a suave Italian Count—and steps into a tempest of violence and intrigue. "Filled with suspense."

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JOIN the Dollar Book Club now and receive the biggest bargain ever offered to new members.

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Send me at once the 4 books checked below and bill me only 99¢ FOR ALL 4, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member.

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Include my first issue of *The Bulletin* describing the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only 6 a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

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modern screen

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The cover portrait of Liz Taylor is by Toni Frisell.
Other photographers' credits are on page 74.

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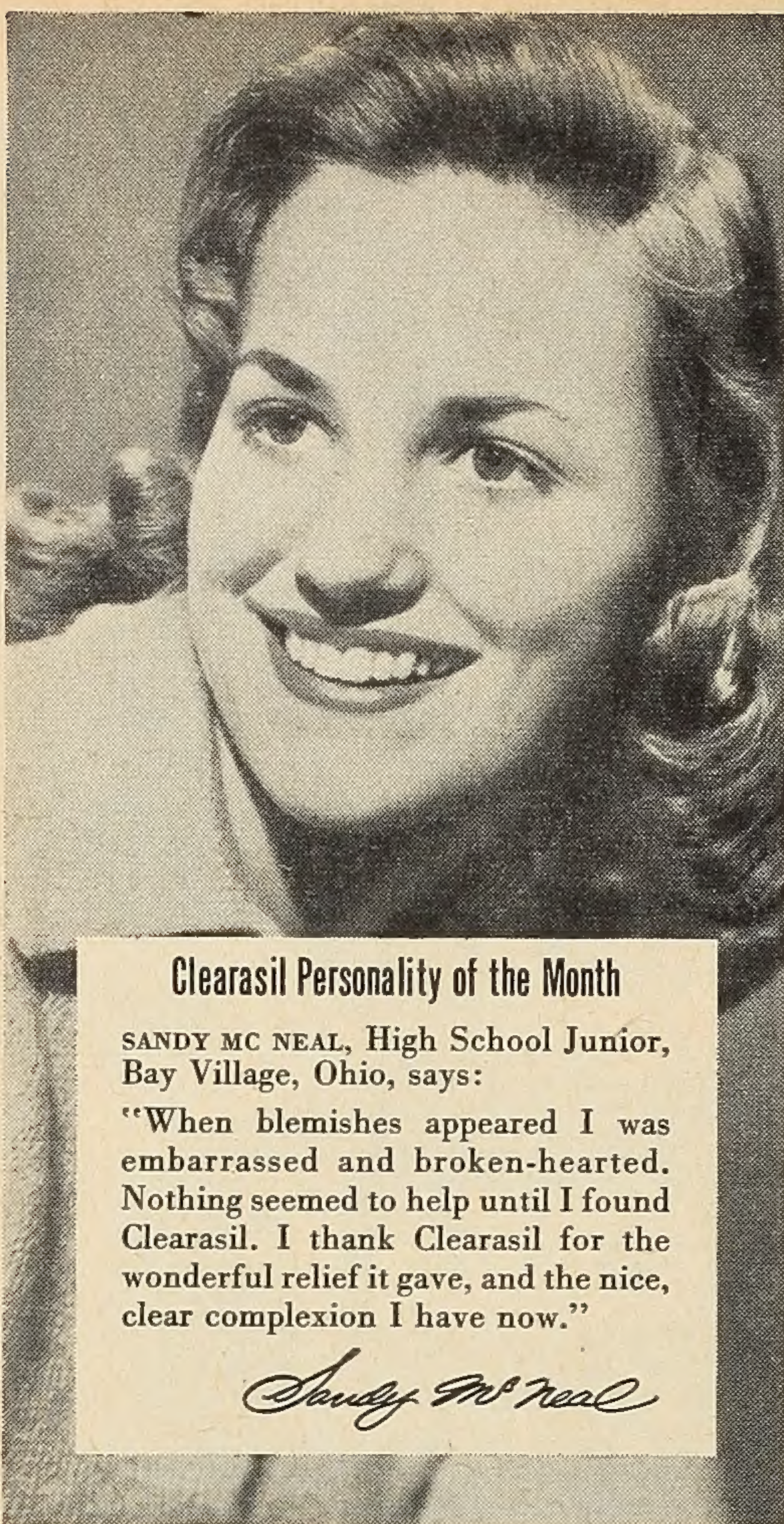
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Clearasil Personality of the Month

SANDY MC NEAL, High School Junior, Bay Village, Ohio, says:

"When blemishes appeared I was embarrassed and broken-hearted. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. I thank Clearasil for the wonderful relief it gave, and the nice, clear complexion I have now."

Sandy Mc Neal

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

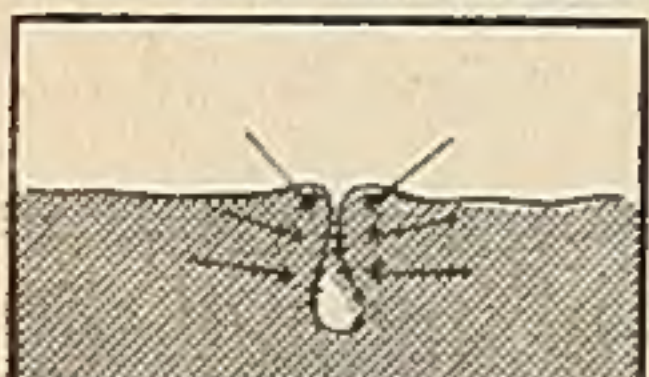
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works*.

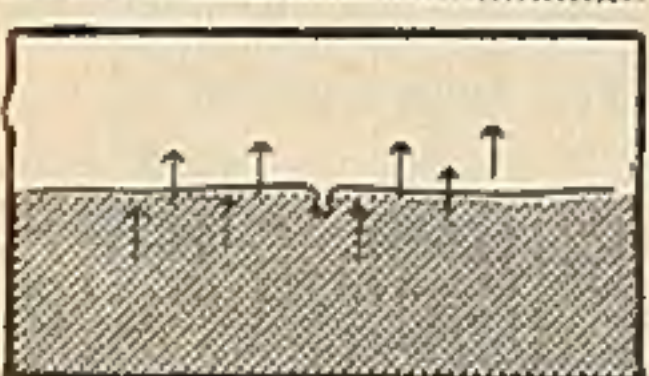
HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. **Penetrates pimples.** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. **Stops bacteria.** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. **'Starves' pimples.** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube.) In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle only \$1.25 (no fed. tax).

Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

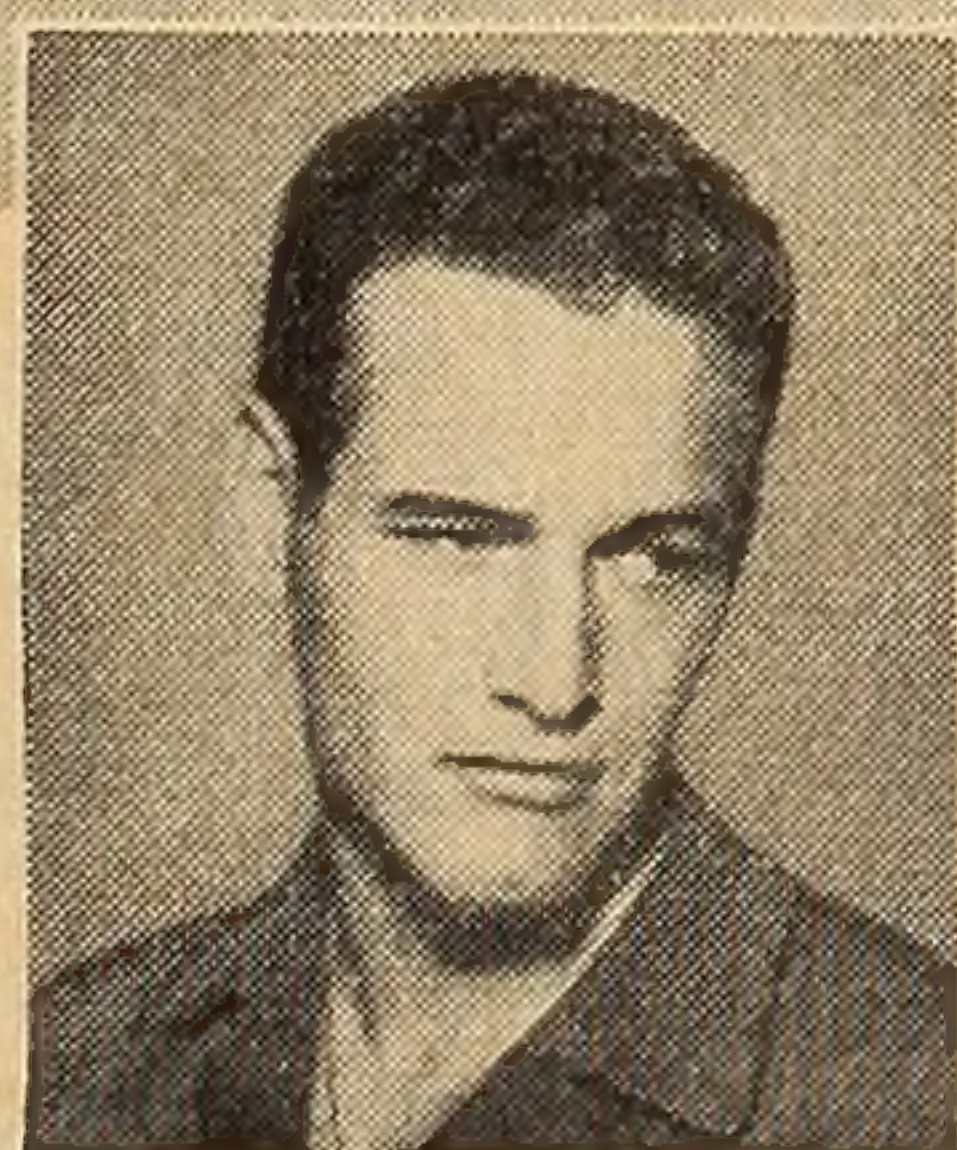
All the sultry drama of Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer Prize Play is now on the screen!

M·G·M
presents

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

Just
one
pillow
on
her
bed...
And
just
one
desire
in her
heart!

This is
Maggie
the
Cat...



starring

ELIZABETH TAYLOR · PAUL NEWMAN
BURL IVES

JACK CARSON · JUDITH ANDERSON · RICHARD BROOKS and JAMES POE

Based on the Play "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF" by

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

in METROCOLOR

AN AVON PRODUCTION

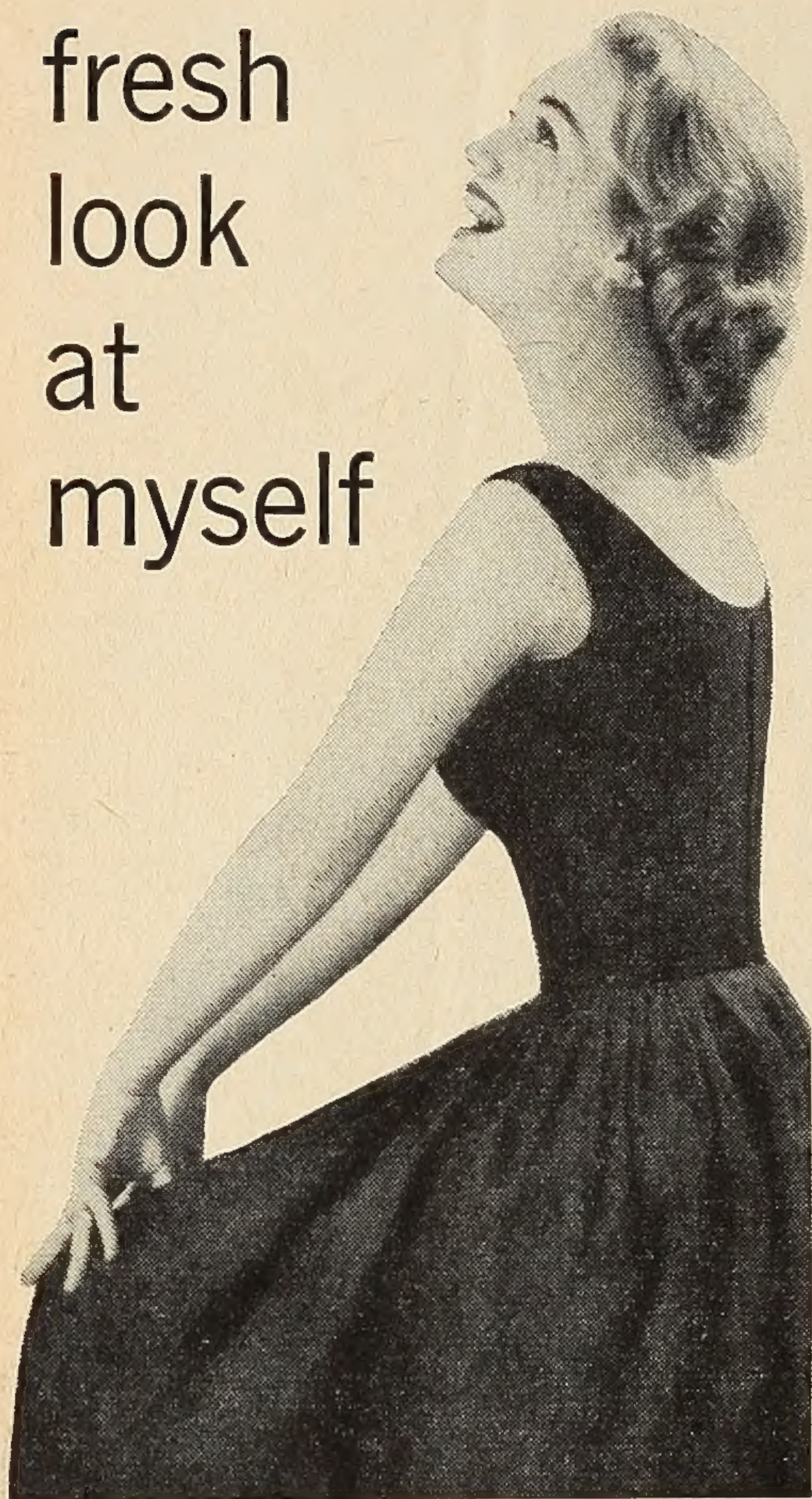
Directed by

RICHARD BROOKS

Produced by

LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN

I took
a
fresh
look
at
myself

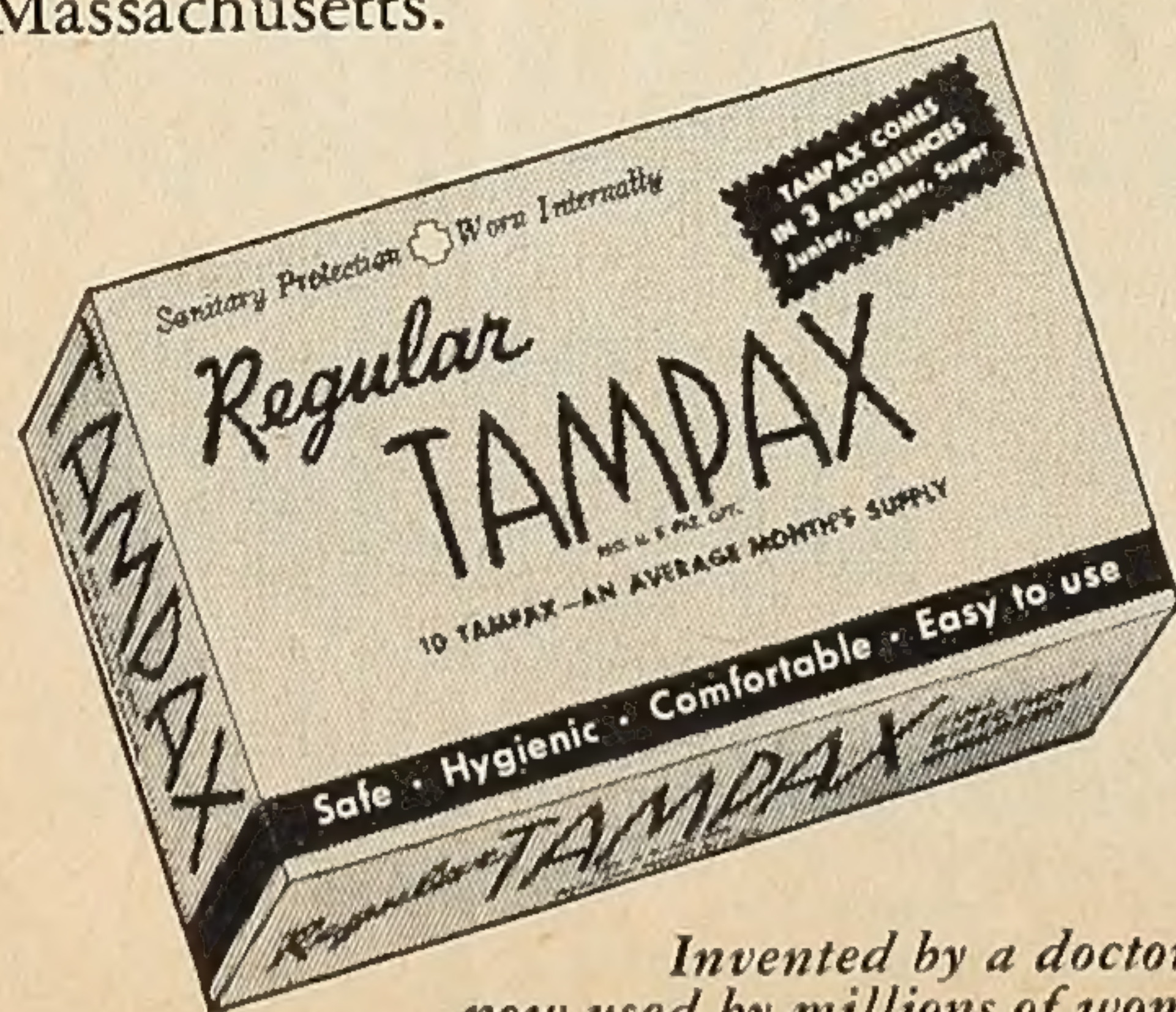


...and decided to switch to Tampax. All at once. Just like that! I knew Tampax® internal sanitary protection had all the advantages I'd been looking for: discreetness, comfort, lack of odor, ease of disposal. But for some reason, I'd just hung back from trying it.

One day, however, I took a good, hard look at those big, bulky external pads and that clumsy belt-pin contraption—and the next thing you know, I was down at the store buying Tampax. And believe me, it is easy as anything to use it.

Now I'm buttonholing all my friends and urging them to switch to Tampax, too; happiness loves company. Take a fresh look at the things you want, the way you want to be—even on difficult days—and you'll turn to Tampax. There just isn't anything quite like it!

Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that **Joanne Woodward** and **Joan Collins** are both under the care of the same psychiatrist?

—L.T., N.Y.C.

A They are both consulting the same psychiatrist.

Q Who are the richest directors in Hollywood?

—E.T., BALTIMORE, MD.

A Cecil B. DeMille and Willie Wyler.

Q Would you dare tell the true story of what happened between **Frank Sinatra** and British actress **Doreen Dawn**?

—S.T., LONDON

A Miss Dawn refused Mr. Sinatra's company, walked out on him.

Q Does **Marilyn Monroe** have much money of her own, or is she dependent upon her husband for support?

—V.Y., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Dependent upon husband playwright Arthur Miller.

Q Why has **Mario Lanza** cancelled his South African tour?

—B.T., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Lanza has cancelled his South African tour because of a supposed financial dispute.

Q Is **Lana Turner** broke? Has she given up men? Is her daughter being looked after by a psychiatrist?

—V.R., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A Lana must work to support herself; she has not given up men; the court has recommended that her daughter consult a psychiatrist.

Q Who is the Dr. Ernest Wynder who's been dating **Kim Novak**?

—H.H., CHICAGO, ILL.

A He is a top authority on the link between lung cancer and smoking.

Q What happened to **Edmund Purdom**?

—L.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A He is being sued in London for \$500 arrears in rent, gas and electricity bills.

Q Is there any chance that **Elizabeth Taylor** will marry Arthur Loew, Jr.?

—B.T., RALEIGH, N.C.

A Not much. Read about their true relationship on page 22.

Q Does **Dolores Hart** autograph all her photos?

—L.T.L., SHELBY, N.C.

A Most of them.

Q Does **Elvis Presley** have a girl waiting for him in Germany?

—N.Y., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A Many girls are waiting for Elvis.

Q Will Peter Viertel and **Deborah Kerr** get married after their divorces?

—R.T., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A That's what everyone's saying.

Q Is **Audie Murphy** retiring from movies?

—P.T., DALLAS, TEXAS

A No; he's making THE WILD INNOCENTS with **Sandra Dee**.

Q Is **Loretta Young** divorced from Tom Lewis? Is her daughter who just got married adopted?

—P.S., MCALLEN, TEXAS

A Loretta is separated from Tom Lewis; her recently-married daughter Judy was adopted.

Q Can you tell me how long **Jimmy Durante's** nose is?

—V.T., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

A Four inches!

Q What religion is **June Allyson**? What religion is **Debbie Reynolds**?

—E.L., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A June is Episcopalian; Debbie, Presbyterian.

Q How come all of **Bing Crosby's** boys go for Las Vegas showgirls?

—T.Y., ELKO, NEV.

A Vegas has some of the world's most attractive beauties.

Q Why don't **Dean Martin** and **Perry Como** acknowledge the fact that they are brothers?

—M.H., COLUMBIA, S.C.

A Because they're not.

Q Is **Arlene Dahl** washed up in Hollywood?

—L.T., COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

A She hasn't been getting too many top offers.

Q Who is the most popular actor in Hollywood?

—K.T., RAWLINS, WY.

A A lot of people think **Rock Hudson** is.

Q Does **Dinah Shore** have a son twenty-one years old she's been keeping secret?

—B.T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A No.

Released as safe by UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

**New doctor prescribed wonder drug
does away with all special diets!**

**BONDED
OFFER!**

YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU \$14.00!

Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it—there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription—until this electrifying discovery... has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors... when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news... news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking... slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably—chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work... it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you \$14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back—you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies,

vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE... that's why the United States Government released it as safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you \$14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days... 18 pounds in 20 days... 27 pounds in 30 days... and 49 pounds in 8 weeks... or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer—read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose 49 POUNDS in 8 weeks or we'll pay you \$14.00	You must lose 27 POUNDS in 30 days or we'll pay you \$7.00
You must lose 18 POUNDS in 20 days or we'll pay you \$5.00	You must lose 9 POUNDS in 10 days or we'll pay you \$3.00

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for \$3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for \$5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for \$7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for \$14.00. Did you ever read an offer



like this in your life? No—and you NEVER WILL — because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!

HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet—

- (1) It depresses your appetite.
- (2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
- (3) It acts in your intestinal tract—fights hunger contractions—telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
- (4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula—that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs—your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food... excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life—feel better than you ever did in your life—while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug—without a prescription!

HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's

as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?"—you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits—practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake—off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight... without your ever being conscious of it!

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Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary

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Houseboat
The Parisienne



Liz Taylor holds on to husband Paul Newman with the tenacity of 'a cat on a hot tin roof' in the picture of the same name, also starring Burl Ives.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

Elizabeth Taylor
Paul Newman
Burl Ives
Jack Carson
Judith Anderson

prize-winning drama

■ Big Daddy (Burl Ives) is worth about ten million dollars. He has a wife (Judith Anderson) he's never loved, and two sons—Jack Carson—who knocked himself out trying to please Daddy by studying law and getting married and having five children, but Daddy doesn't even know he exists—and Paul Newman—Daddy's favorite, who was a high school football hero and hasn't done much since except drink and tell his lovely wife (Elizabeth Taylor) to get lost. Liz wants her husband back and she hangs onto him with the tenacity of 'a cat on a hot tin roof,' and she doesn't want to be poor the way she was before her marriage. Burl Ives wants to live to be a hundred. He announces his medical specialist says he isn't going to die, as he had feared. Carson's wife (Madeleine Sherwood) is very much disappointed; she feels she's done her bit and deserves to inherit the estate through Jack. Everybody pretends to be joyous at Big Daddy's birthday party. Then Burl tries to bully son Paul about his loused-up life and Paul retaliates by blurting out the news that

the doctor was lying—Big Daddy's going to die, and soon. When these two face the reality of themselves and of how they've failed each other the screen throbs with life. The acting throughout is excellent.—METROCOLOR, MGM

YOUR PAST IS SHOWING!

Terry-Thomas
Peter Sellers
Peggy Mount
Shirley Eaton
Joan Sims

low comedy in high places

■ Everybody's got a secret—but if you're famous and have a secret you're right up Nigel Dennis' alley. He's an urbane rat who's getting together a British scandal magazine called *The Naked Truth*. Apparently it's the truth, too. Wherever Dennis goes tipping off his intended victims—for money he'll clam up—suicide is likely to follow. Until he threatens middle-aged Peggy Mount—a celebrated novelist and current winner of a purity award. Peggy decides to murder Dennis—and tells her terrified daughter how to do it. Daughter goofs and stuffs the wrong body into a trunk. The body belongs to Lord Terry-Thomas, just another of Dennis' victims who, fortunately, revives. He and Peter Sellers, a boyish tv idol, separately and together try to end the menace of Dennis by ending Dennis, but nothing

works—not until they get nation-wide support from all of his future victims. It's an involved, hilarious plot full of highly comic characters.

—RANK

PROUD REBEL

a Western with heart

Alan Ladd
Olivia de Havilland
David Ladd
Dean Jagger
Cecil Kellaway

■ All Alan Ladd has left after the battle of Atlanta is his young son, David Ladd. All David has left is his collie; the shock of the war has turned him into a mute. Father and son wander up to Illinois looking for a doctor. There they run into a couple of brutes who try to steal David's dog and get Alan locked up for disturbing the peace. His freedom is bought by Olivia de Havilland who runs a farm of her own, needs a hired hand and a little protection, although she has the character of a pioneer. In his desperation to gather more money for an operation, Alan sells David's dog, earning what seems like David's undying hate. The poignancy of a father's devotion and the faith that sustains him is beautiful and touching.—TECHNICOLOR, GOLDWYN.

ANDY HARDY COMES HOME

soap opera time

Mickey Rooney
Patricia Breslin
Fay Holden
Joey Forman
Sara Haden

■ Let me tell you, the city of Carver ain't what it used to be. Once Mickey Rooney was a love-struck teen-ager; now he's a family man. He's in Carver to buy land for a missiles plant. A newcomer to town proposes a shady deal to him and when Mickey refuses to go along, the newcomer manages to make everyone think that a missiles plant in Carver would be a catastrophe. Andy puts up a fight for what he believes.—MGM.

RAW WIND IN EDEN

Jeff Chandler's island

Esther Williams
Jeff Chandler
Rossana Podesta
Carlos Thompson
Eduardo de Filippo

■ Playgirl-model Esther Williams is out to get a man—so long as he has a few million dollars. Playboy Carlos Thompson attempts to fly her to Greece. En route their plane crashes into Jeff Chandler's Italian island. Chandler hates everybody—except peasant Eduardo de Filippo and his daughter Rossana Podesta who share his hut. In between hanging out petticoats—distress signals—and reclaiming an old yacht—Chandler's, Esther sets him straight.

—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THE DEFIANT ONES

Tony Curtis on a chain

Tony Curtis
Sidney Poitier
Theodore Bikel
Cara Williams
Lon Chaney

■ How rough can it get for Tony Curtis who'd been a grease monkey all his life until he did something bad and wound up on a chain gang? Pretty rough. Now he is chained to Sidney Poitier, a southern Negro charged with attempted murder. The prison truck they're being transported in crashes and they escape—still bound together. The governor of the state isn't too worried; he figures that they're going to kill each other anyhow. He's not far wrong. Tony hates everybody; Sidney hates nearly everybody. The trouble is—if one dies the other's going to have a lot of dead weight to haul around, so they keep saving each other's life. When they reach the broken-down farm of Cara Williams, things change; a chisel breaks the chain, and Cara breaks the ice around Tony's heart. But what's going to happen to Sidney? Here's a lesson in brotherhood learned the hard way.—UNITED ARTISTS.

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stripped their
passions bare!

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THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

war in the Pacific

Aldo Ray
Cliff Robertson
Raymond Massey
Barbara Nichols
William Campbell

■ According to General Raymond Massey, a good soldier is bred out of fear—fear of him and all the higher-ups. According to the General's aide, Cliff Robertson, men find their strength through the spirit of love—and if they don't, what are they fighting for? Sergeant Aldo Ray seems to be fighting for as many gold fillings as he can find in the mouths of dead Japanese; he's also fighting to forget his unfaithful bride (Barbara Nichols). And there are other soldiers—some are gentle boys like Richard Jaeckel whose wife's expecting, and Joey Bishop who wouldn't kill a bird, and James Best whose religious faith never fails him; some are jokers like L. Q. Jones who manufactures whiskey and carries a blanket on which is painted the luscious figure of chorus girl Lili St. Cyr; some are bitter or cowardly. All of them are here together on a Japanese-held jungle island. There's plenty of action in this movie which is based on Norman Mailer's best-selling novel.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

THE FLY

fantastic science fiction

Patricia Owens
Vincent Price
Herbert Marshall
Al Hedison
Charles Herbert

■ Old fashioned monsters are pretty compared to what's loose in this modern electronics lab—all because the scientist was careless. Vincent Price is not the monster; he's just a wealthy Canadian businessman. His brother (Al Hedison) is the man who likes to put everything he can get his hands on into a bottle. Well, not exactly a bottle—a big glass case that resembles a phone booth. Then he pulls a switch, hundreds of lights flash, there's a blood-curdling screech and—poof! Whatever was under glass is still under glass—but in the next room. As Al explains to his adoring wife, Patricia Owens, he's discovered how to disintegrate atoms and put them back together again. (However, a pet pussycat he disintegrates simply flies off into space, which is one up on the Russians.) So how come Pat calls up Vince one night and tells him she's just killed Al? And how come she spends the rest of her free time frantically looking for a fly—with a white head? I shudder to tell you; so I won't.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

HOUSEBOAT

full on the Potomac

Cary Grant
Sophia Loren
Martha Hyer
Eduardo Cianelli
Harry Guardino

■ Cary Grant has three kids—and they need a mama. Now Sophia Loren's father—famous conductor Eduardo Cianelli—won't let her out of his sight. So one night after a concert, Sophia runs away—and meets Grant's younger son. They both go to a fun park. Grant hires Sophia as a nursemaid. So there they are, all living on a houseboat. "That's a nursemaid?" screams Martha Hyer. "Yes," says Cary. He's got a lot to learn!—CINEMASCOPE, PARAMOUNT.

THE HUNTERS

thrilling adventure in the sky

Robert Mitchum
Robert Wagner
Richard Egan
Lee Philips
May Britt

■ During the Second World War Major Robert Mitchum was a flying ace. Ten years later, during the Korean War, he's a little older, but he hasn't lost anything. He even finds something—he finds beautiful May Britt sitting the war out in Tokyo while her husband, Lieutenant Lee Philips, is turning into an alcoholic because he thinks he's a coward. May's faith-

ful to the memory of the man Philips was and asks Mitchum to look out for him. Mitchum gets Philips assigned to his jet squadron, which includes daredevil sharpie Robert Wagner. Between them Wagner and Mitchum clean up the sky; Philips finds himself blasted out of it over enemy territory. True to his promise. Mitchum parachutes after him. Wagner follows suit—and the three begin a tortuous escape. It's real he-man adventure with excitement in the sky and a sensitive unfolding of human character on the ground beneath. Robert Wagner, in an unusual role, is outstanding.

—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE PARISIENNE

the spicy life

Charles Boyer
Henri Vidal
Brigitte Bardot
Noel Roquevert
Madeleine Lebeau

■ It's spring in Paris—so Brigitte Bardot is madly in love. Her papa's the prime minister and in his cabinet is a fellow named Henri Vidal who has a file full of women, all kinds. But none of them chase him like Brigitte. None of them look like Brigitte, either, so it's hard to understand why Henri puts up such a fight. When papa finds Brigitte in Henri's bedroom—in fact, in his bed—he hauls out the shotgun. Now her only worry is to keep that husband faithful. When Prince Charles Boyer arrives on an official visit, Brigitte decides that a little jealousy won't hurt. Trouble is, Henri doesn't believe that she and the Prince flew to Nice together!

—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

THE BIG COUNTRY

saga of the 1870's

Gregory Peck
Jean Simmons
Carroll Baker
Charlton Heston
Burl Ives

■ When Easterner Gregory Peck arrives out in the big country he's a pretty picture in his top hat. He's engaged to Carroll Baker, daughter of wealthy rancher Charles Bickford. Foreman Charlton Heston can hardly keep from trying to get Peck's goat—but that boy's a gentleman. Too gentlemanly, it turns out, for Carroll. But not for Jean Simmons. Jean owns land that has water on it. Bickford and Burl Ives are dying to buy the land. While these two feud violently with each other, Peck buys Jean's property. He plans to let everybody's cows soak themselves in the river, but everybody doesn't want it that way. There's plenty of action against some magnificent scenery.—CINEMASCOPE, UNITED ARTISTS

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING:

A CERTAIN SMILE (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Christine Carere who's engaged to fellow-student Bradford Dillman falls for flirtatious—and married—Rossano Brazzi. Christine betrays her friendship with Brazzi's wife (Joan Fontaine) and goes off secretly with him for a week of bliss. After a week, Brazzi's ready to forget the whole thing, but not Christine; she'd rather hop in front of the nearest car than give him up. There's a lot of heartbreak before the main characters find themselves.

INDISCREET (Technicolor, Warners): NATO officer Cecil Parker produces a man—Cary Grant—for one lonely girl—Ingrid Bergman. But he's married—or so he says—and Ingrid thinks their romance is only a temporary one. When Cary is called back to New York, he bids Ingrid a fond farewell, but not before she discovers that he's really unmarried. What an explosion! The results are amusing and tender.

IMITATION GENERAL (MGM): When General Kent Smith is killed at the front lines, Glenn Ford thinks that someone ought to take his place, so he secretly elects himself. Buddy Red Buttons isn't so sure that it's such a good idea. Both Red and Glenn are quartered in Taina Elg's house, and that's fun. But when the going gets rough, Glenn pulls the men through. There's just one hitch—a certain private named Tighe Andrews wants to show Glenn up for what he really is—a lowly sergeant.

THE BATTLING BEANS

Editor's Note:

You, lovely Mitzi Gaynor and you, husband Jack Bean, have often been called The Happiest Couple in Hollywood. We mention this because (one) we're awful glad for you and (two) we thought it might prove to be a real pain in the neck for us. You see, we wanted to do a story about you two for this issue. But we just didn't want any of those cootchy-coo, lovey-dovey, can't-bare-to-be-parted-a-minute jobs. So when we met you the other day—remember?—we decided to be ornery about it, and we asked, right off "Do you two ever argue?"

"Do we????!!!" you both laughed.

And thus began a session of the nicest, funniest, most refreshing husband-and-wife tattling we've ever sat in on.

Now we'd like to re-tattle about those arguments of yours.

Ready in your corner, Mitzi?

Ready in yours, Jack?

Sound the bell.

ROUND ONE

TIME OF BOUT: Last Christmas Eve

ARENA: Mitzi's kitchen

ACTION: Mitzi, just back from MGM Studios where she's completed a hard day's work on Les Girls, sits at the table poring over a recipe book. Suddenly, Jack—just back from his office—walks in. They hi, kiss then—

JACK: What you doing?

MITZI: Honey, I nearly forgot, but our Orphans are coming over tonight. . . . (The Orphans is the name Jack and Mitzi have given to all their unmarried pals) . . . and I've got to prepare a buffet. I can order all kinds of cold stuff. But we've got to have something hot, too.

JACK: We do?

MITZI: (pointing to book) Oh boy, here it is. Mushrooms à la Ritz—hot and easy. (She scans recipe for a moment. Closes book.) Darling, if you didn't garage the car yet, let's drive down to Farmers' Market toute suite. I've got to pick up seven pounds of mushrooms.

JACK: Seven pounds? Are you sure?

MITZI: Darling, have I ever mis-read a recipe?

JACK: You sure have.

MITZI: If you're referring to my spaghetti sauce last week, I think it's much better to have had extra than not enough.

JACK: A whole gallon extra?

MITZI: Please, Jack. Our Orphans are due in a couple of hours.

JACK: (taking her hand) Okay, Mommy. Forty minutes pass. Mitzi is back in the kitchen, happily peeling the mushrooms. **JACK:** I haven't seen that many of those things since I was a kid. We boys used to climb a hill near the house called Mushroom Mountain and—

MITZI: Oh Jack!

JACK: Mitzi, I know you never check recipes once you've read them but—

MITZI: I did once, and I felt restricted.

JACK: Yeah, I remember . . . But just this once, couldn't you check.

MITZI: (making circles with her knife) You're the most wonderful husband in the world. But will you please take care of



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the ice cubes and keep your nose out of my mushrooms! Besides, they shrink terribly after they're cooked and—

JACK: (retreating) Okay, okay—

Another forty minutes pass. Jack, who's done a few pre-party jobs, returns to the kitchen. He stops short when he sees Mitzi, sitting with her face in her hands.

JACK: What's the matter, honey?

MITZI: (pointing to a sideboard) Look.

JACK: (He looks. There, in all its gigantic glory, in a round fat bowl, sits a skyscraper of—mushrooms.

MITZI: (miserably) I cooked them and they didn't shrink as much as I thought.

... And I checked the recipe just now and it said seven ounces, not pounds. You were right darling. You know what this means?

JACK: (smiling) I know. We'll be having mushrooms and chocolate pudding, mushrooms and yogurt, mushrooms and mushrooms—

MITZI: (trying to smile back) No, honey. It means I'm gonna become the most horrible recipe-checker you've ever seen. It means that after a while you're not going to know whether you married me or that old cook book there. It means—

10 And though Mitzi goes on and on, Round

One is virtually over. And the verdict goes, hands down, to Jack. . . .

ROUND TWO

TIME OF BOUT: One night last month
ARENA: Jack and Mitzi's tv den

ACTION: Jack and Mitzi are watching a newsreel. The announcer says something about a Red demonstration in Tokyo.

JACK: Hard to believe Tokyo's the second largest city in the world after New York, isn't it, Mitzi'?

MITZI: Sure is. Because London is the second largest city.

JACK: Tokyo, Japan—my dear.

MITZI: London, England—my pet. Jack, you're so stubborn about facts. You know, someday we're going to have a big house, after we find time to move, and I'm going to stack one whole room with reference books and nothing else!

JACK: (chuckling) Should be fun. . . .

A few nights pass. Jack and Mitzi are now watching Playhouse 90. After the first act, Jack nods admiringly and says—

JACK: This director Frankenheimer—great, isn't he?

MITZI: The greatest.

JACK: Only twenty-six years old, too.

MITZI: Oh Jack, he can't be that young.

JACK: I said he's twenty-six.

MITZI: (throwing up her hands) Ohhhhh, if I only had those reference books. . . .

A few more nights pass. Jack and Mitzi are watching the late show—an old Barbara Stanwyck movie this time.

MITZI: (in the middle of an exceptionally fine scene) Golly, I've been nuts about Stanwyck ever since I was a kid.

JACK: Me, too. . . . Say, Mitzi', is this the picture she got an Academy Award for?

MITZI: It's amazing, isn't it, but Barbara Stanwyck has never received an Oscar.

JACK: (definitely) Of course she has.

MITZI: (just as definitely) She has not.

JACK: Sez who?

MITZI: Sez me!

Suddenly, Mitzi rises from her chair.

JACK: Where you going?

MITZI: (as she leaves) The other day, darling, I cleared out one of my closets. Then I went to the bookstore and spent my whole darn allowance on some books—books with answers to questions in them. Mitzi is back a few minutes later. Triumphant, she begins to read from a book.

MITZI: Ahem. In 1927, the first year

Oscars were awarded, the prizes went to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings. In 1928, they were awarded to Mary Pickford and Warner Baxter. In 1929, Norma Shearer and George Arliss. In 1930—(a few minutes later, concluding)—and last year, in 1957, the winners were Joanne Woodward and Alec Guinness. (She turns to Jack). Well?

JACK: No comment.

MITZI: And, much as I love her, no Barbara Stanwyck. (She kisses the book, then walks over and kisses her husband). So ends Round Two, a victory for Mitzi.

ROUND THREE

TIME OF BOUT: 7:30 a.m., one recent Saturday

ARENA: Jack and Mitzi's bedroom

ACTION: Jack and Mitzi are fast asleep. The alarm goes off. Jack jumps out of bed as Mitzi opens one eye and asks—

MITZI: Why up so early? It's Saturday.

JACK: Baby, last night at that party I met this fellow Joe Bigshot, remember? (Joe Bigshot, by the way, is a fictitious name for a Hollywood bigshot named Joe Something-else).

MITZI: Yes, I remember.

JACK: Well, he wants to see me about some business.

MITZI: On Saturday morning?

JACK: That's right. He asked me to call him at nine.

MITZI: But darling—

JACK: Never mind the but-darlings. I know how you're always late and—

MITZI: Jack, I'm only late because so is everybody else in Hollywood always late.

JACK: That's nonsense. You're late because you're a woman and women are never on time. Well, I'm a man and when one man makes an appointment with another, it's kept.

MITZI: (going back to sleep) Ha ha.

Nearly an hour passes. Jack has shaved, showered, shined his shoes, etc. He's even rushed together a breakfast. At nine on the dot he picks up the kitchen phone and makes his call. . . . A few minutes later he walks back into the bedroom.

MITZI: (inquiringly) Well?

JACK: (indignantly) Huh! I phoned. The maid answered. I asked for Mr. Bigshot. And the maid said, "Are you kidding, Mr. Bean? He won't be up till noon. Never is. Not even on weekdays." (He turns to Mitzi, quickly.) And don't you go saying "I told you so," either.

MITZI: But I didn't say a word, darling.

JACK: (defensively) You were going to.

MITZI: (smiling and patting the bed) Darling—come lie down for a while.

JACK: I'm all dressed.

MITZI: So?

Jack thinks it over for a second, yawns, walks to the bed and plops himself down. And so ends Round Three, making it a two-to-one victory for Mitzi.

ROUND FOUR

TIME OF BOUT: About 9 p.m., the following Friday

ARENA: Living room, bedroom, back to living room.

ACTION: Jack is in the garden and Mitzi is in the living room, on the phone—

MITZI: (into the receiver, struggling with her high school Spanish) Oh si, si. Nosotros would be very alegre if you would come over, right away, pronto. Si? Okay? (She hangs up) Dear, that was that nice Mr. Gonzalez we met in Havana last month, remember? He just got off the plane and he's only going to be here overnight so I invited him here. I'm going up to get dressed, darling.

JACK'S VOICE: What for?

But Mitzi is already gone . . . A little while passes and we shift now to the upstairs bedroom. Jack walks in, wiping his garden-soiled hands on a towel. He drops the towel when he sees Mitzi. She has changed from blouse and slacks to a strawberry-pink nylon chiffon cocktail dress. Tear drop pearls hang from her ears. Her hair is brushed back in the new angel fluff cut. She looks gorgeous. But Jack wants to know.

JACK: Why all glitzed up, honey?

MITZI: Because we've got to take Señor

Gonzalez out, that's why.

JACK: But honey. Señor Gonzalez has just flown to Hollywood from Havana. He's obviously tired. He phoned because he'd like to come over and see us for a while, and spend a nice quiet evening—right here at home.

MITZI: Really, Jack, I don't want to make a big magoo over this—but nobody spending one night in Hollywood wants to sit in anybody's house. I'm sure he wants to get to Romanoff's or Mocambo or the Crescendo—or maybe all of them.

JACK: Grrrrrrr!

Hours pass. It's now 2:00 a.m. Jack, Mitzi and Señor Gonzalez sit in the living room. Jack and Mitzi look at one another. The señor is fast asleep in his chair.

JACK: (whispering) He wanted to go out! When he arrived he said, "How nice to be in your house after such a long trip, a house where one can relax."

MITZI: Is that what he said?

JACK: Si, si, Señora Bean—that is what he said.

They begin to laugh softly and move toward one another, snuggling up close, as Round Four ends—with Jack an easy winner this time.

Editor's Note—again:

If our readers have been keeping count, they'll have noticed that the score is tied again—two rounds for you, Mitzi; two for you, Jack.

And maybe they'll agree that we should leave you two battling Beans at that.

After all, the important thing is that you were good enough sports to admit that—just like husbands and wives who don't live in glamorous Hollywood—there are times when you disagree about this or that little thing.

And that you're so crazy about each other that—unlike lots of people in glamorous Hollywood—you can be real Champs and admit it.

So you can put down your dukes now, Mitzi. And you can, too, Jack.

And yes, you can go off in a corner and clinch to your loving hearts' content! **END**

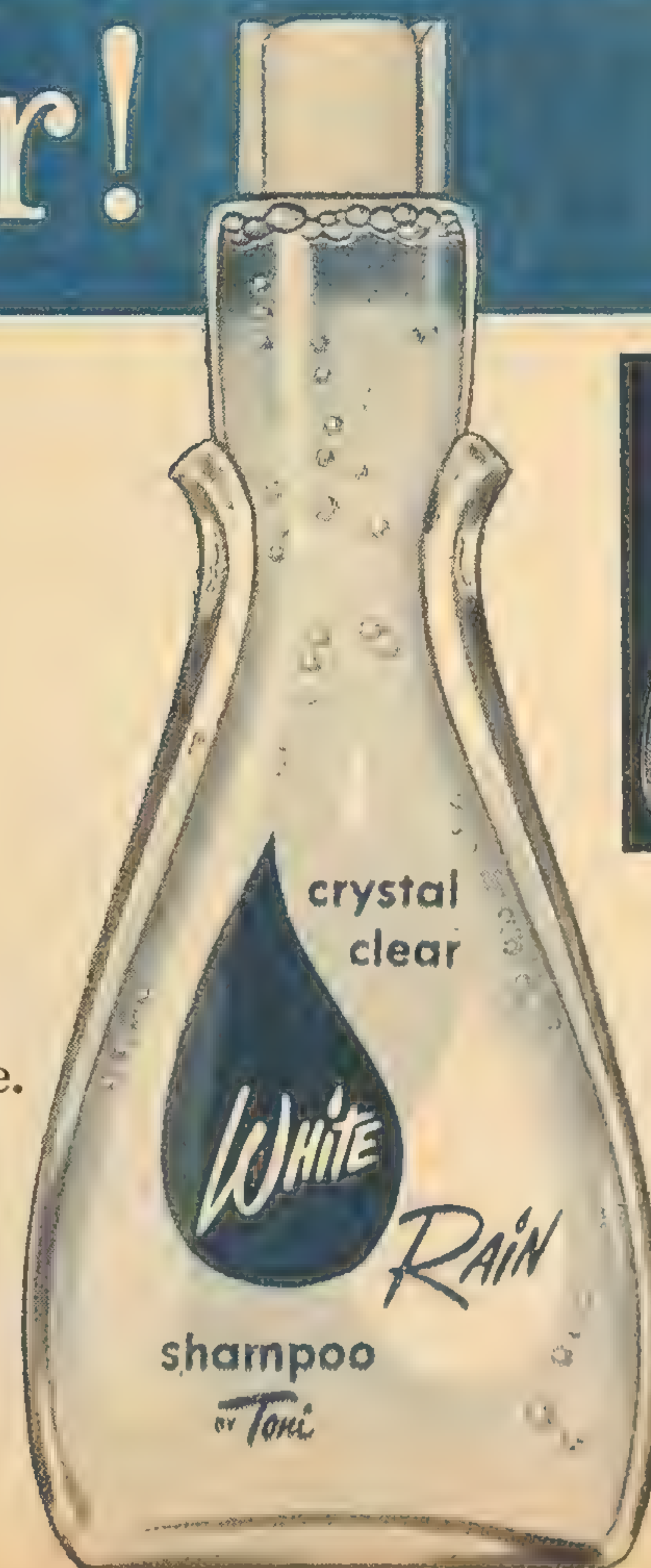
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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

★ A Big Birthday Party

IN THIS ISSUE: ★ Introducing Millie Perkins

★ Inside Those Studio Feuds



"It's so good to be home," beamed Marilyn at Jimmy McHugh's birthday party . . . And it was certainly good to see my charming friend again.



Pat Boone's teenage babysitter nearly swooned at seeing so many famous stars.

I GIVE A PARTY

"We'd love to come to your garden party for Jimmy McHugh's birthday tomorrow," Pat Boone told me over the phone the day he and Shirley and the children arrived back in Hollywood, "But there are a couple of things I'd like to ask you first."

I laughed, "Ask me anything. Feel free."

"Well," Pat began laughing now himself, "we have two fifteen-year-old girls Shirley and I have brought out from the East who are young friends and baby sitters for our children—and could we bring them? I mean, the girls. Not the children. They'd get such a kick out of seeing the stars at your party."

"Of course, bring the girls," I told him, sincerely delighted to have the young teenage visitors.

Pat went on, "And another thing. Wednesday is the night our whole family goes to prayer meeting. Would it be too late for your party if we came after the meeting?"

I told Pat "Certainly not," and I was quite flattered when the wholesome Boone clan came to the party with the two charming teenagers early, left in a body for prayer meeting—and then came back for the rest of the evening!



Dean Martin and Alan Ladd (above,) such gracious young men, talked about work, work, work . . . while lovely Dana Wynter and Hubby Greg Bautzer (left) beamed birthday greetings on Jimmy. The McGuire Sisters (below)—Christine, Phyllis, and Dorothy—chat with Anna Maria Alberghetti. And Dinah Shore looks fine.



More about the party. After not having entertained in quite awhile, I found myself hostessing two parties within a month. The first I told you about last month honored my Hearst newspaper bosses. Then, some friends of mine, composer Jimmy McHugh, Mike Connolly (of the *Hollywood Reporter*) and hotel executive, Hernando Courtright all had birthday parties around the same day, so out came the umbrellas, the party chairs, and the decorations all over again.

The famous party-giver, Perle Mesta, happened to be in Beverly Hills from Washington, D.C. at the time, and when she arrived as my guest I said, "Honestly, I'm not trying to steal your thunder as 'the hostess with the mostest'". Perle laughed and delighted me by staying right through cocktails for dinner and complimenting my help on their good food!

Another guest who caught every eye was **Marilyn Monroe**, back in Hollywood for the first time in two years. She, too, had arrived just twenty-four hours previous.

I've always found Marilyn to be a perfect darling, and to me there is no change in her personality. Outwardly, her hair is shorter and blonder (if possible) and she was wear-

ing a tight-fitting black sheath. She was so gracious to everyone who met her and kept saying, "I'm so glad to be home again. You all look so well." We could return the compliment wholeheartedly.

Dinah Shore, with **George Montgomery** of course, was also in black, a sort of modified version of the chemise, in chiffon. She's becoming quite the social belle while she's vacationing from her TV show and those two teenagers Pat Boone brought nearly fainted with excitement when they met Dinah.

With the exception of Marilyn and Dinah, most of the girls wore white or summer pastels including **Dana Wynter**, Jeanne Martin (with the effervescent **Dean**), both in white, Sue Ladd, pounds thinner in a pretty eyelet linen yellow gown, **Ann Miller** in red and white polka-dot chiffon with matching shoes, **Anna Maria Alberghetti** in beige and brown linen and **Judy Garland** in a very Chinese-y outfit were as colorful as the flowers in the garden.

Judy, bless her heart, came after her rehearsal for her Coconut Grove opening ten days away. And, even after all that singing, she turned loose and gave us a concert with

Jimmy McHugh and Nelson Riddle alternating at the piano that was just wonderful. She sang so many of the songs from her early days in vaudeville when she and her sisters were billed as *The Gumm Sisters*.

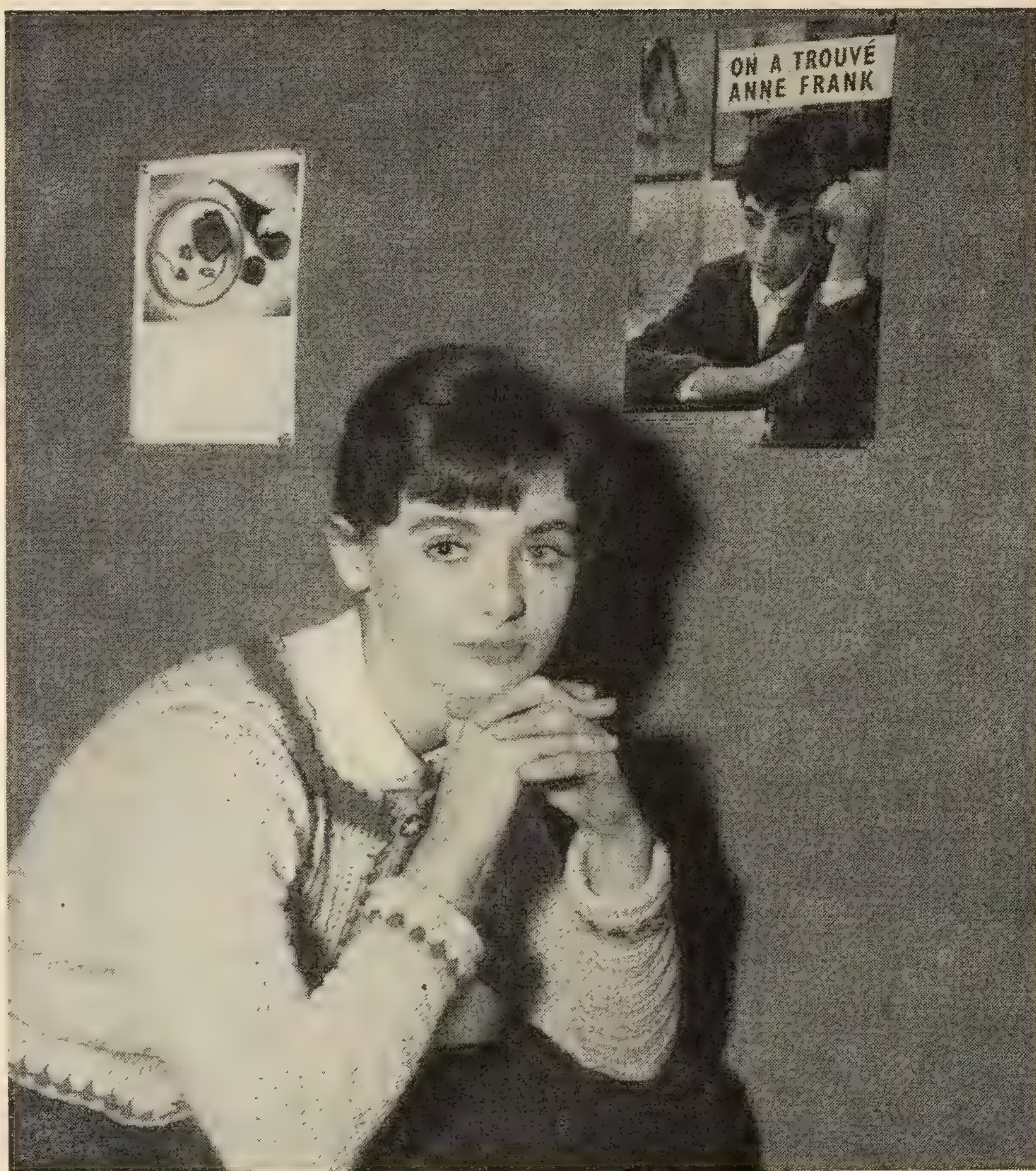
One particular song, *I'm Saving For A Rainy Day* brought tears to her eyes. "My Dad used to sing that," she explained, embarrassed. "It always makes me cry—I love it so."

If I've neglected the gentlemen guests, I haven't intended to. My young friend **Tommy Sands** was very much on hand—with his short, short haircut for his scenes in *Mardi Gras*. And I had quite a chat with **Alan Ladd** who tells me he's tired, tired, tired, from so much picture making.

"Be glad you're popular and working," I kidded him.

"Don't worry," he breathed with gratitude. "Every time I get so tired I can hardly stand up I keep telling myself, 'Lucky me!'"

And, when it was quite late and everyone had gone home after such a gay evening, I found myself echoing Alan's words and thinking how lucky I am to have so many wonderful friends.



I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—

I nominate for stardom—Millie Perkins. She's the girl who, without an ounce of previous dramatic experience (other than modeling) won the starring role in *The Diary of Anne Frank* and set all Hollywood to chattering that even famed producer-director George Stevens would have his work cut out for him making of a star of a complete novice.

That's before Millie's daily rushes started coming through the projection room. The results are—either George is one of the greatest star makers in the world. Or Millie was the greatest undiscovered natural talent for acting.

A shy youngster of eighteen, with dark hair and huge hazel eyes, she's now being termed a young Audrey Hepburn at 20th. Although her role of Anne is sheer tragedy, I found she has quite a sense of humor when I talked with Millie on the set.

She told me, "The day Mr. Stevens told me I had won out over hundreds of other girls for this great story, I celebrated by stopping in a drugstore on my way home and having a soda. On the stool next to me was a pretty girl I'd never seen before but who was very friendly and said, 'They're looking for a girl of your type for *Anne Frank* at 20th. Why don't you try for it?'"

"Without thinking, I blurted out, 'Oh, I already have the part.' You should have seen her expression! She thought I was the biggest liar in the world—and I don't blame her."

Born in Passaic and brought up in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, Millie began her scant career as a juvenile model for clothes and before she was fifteen was posing for covers on teenage magazines, *Glamour*, *Seventeen* and *Miss*.

George, who literally had been combing the world for a girl to play Anne saw her picture on the cover of *Seventeen* and sent a talent scout to contact her. That's how easily the big break came to Millie Perkins who is now on her way to stardom.



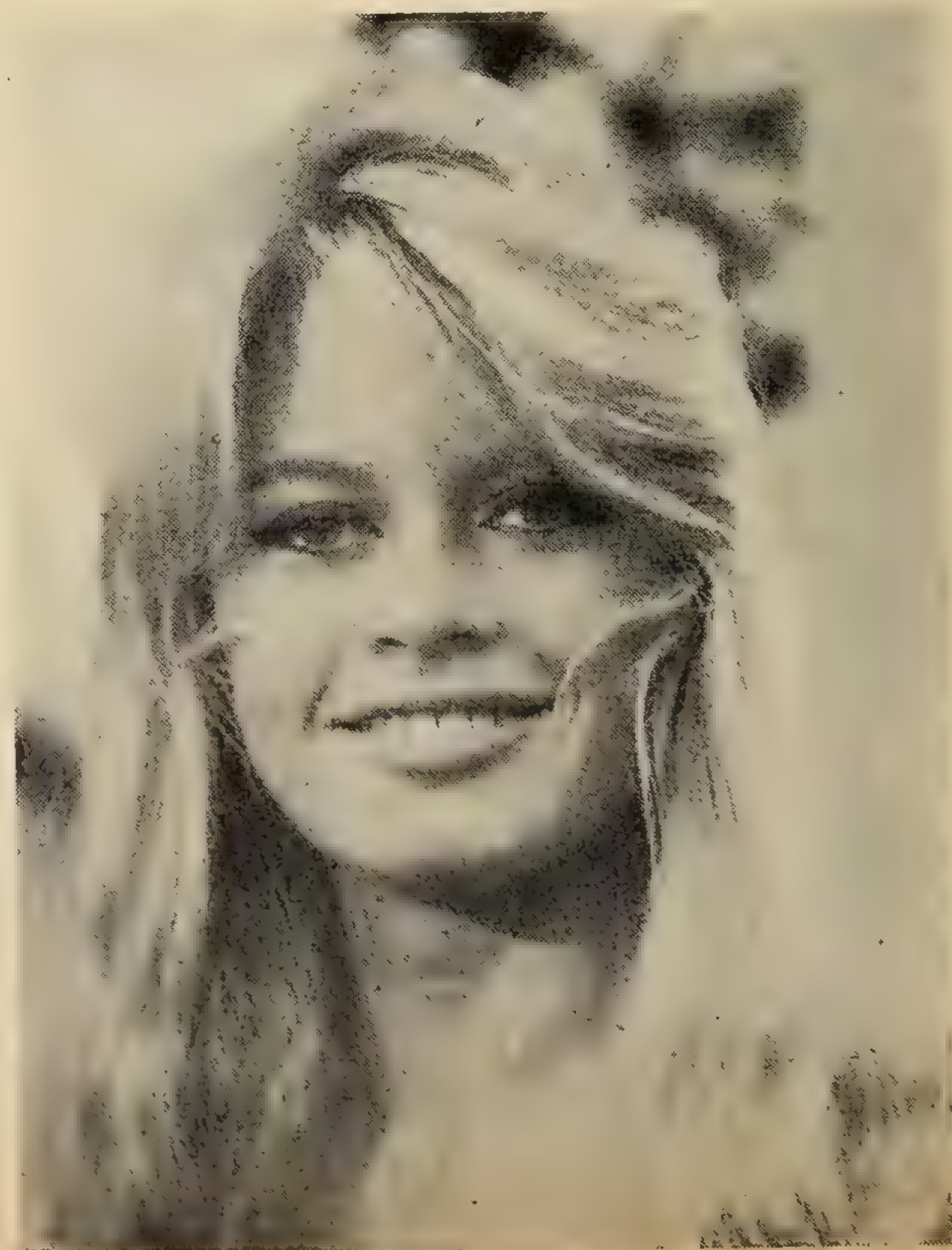
There's never been such pre-production heckling as is going on between 'sex kitten' **Brigitte Bardot** and **Frank Sinatra**, scheduled to make *Paris By Night* early in '59.

The French charmer, said to be pouting because Frankie by-passed a visit to her enroute to Monaco on his recent trip to Europe, is quoted as saying, "He will fall in love with me, naturally. But I am immune to singers."

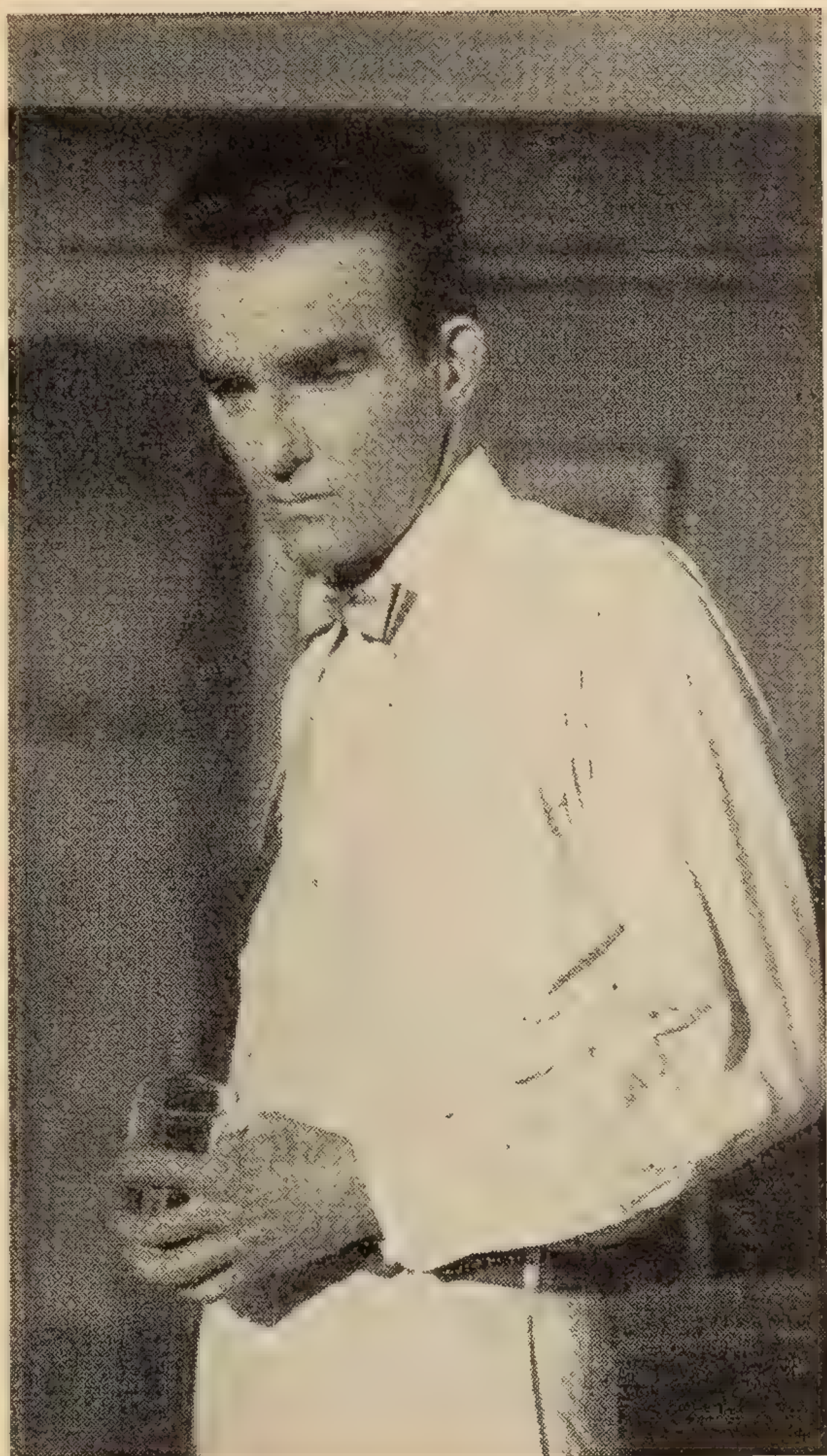
And, in far off Hollywood where we have heard much about Brigitte 'worrying' pounds and pounds off her co-stars, producers and directors with her temperamental antics, Frankie says:

"If anybody loses weight it's gonna be her!"
Well, this should be something to watch!

Brigitte Bardot is certain that Frank will fall head over heels for her . . . But Frank has other, different ideas.



OPEN LETTER to Monty Clift:



I hear that when you met Dore Schary, before you signed a contract for his *Lonelyhearts* you said to him:

"Do you think I'm crazy? Do you believe all those printed stories that I behave strangely, that I will hold up your production and cost you much money in production delays because of my eccentricity?"

And, Dore's answer (as repeated to me) was, "If I believed any of that I would not have signed you. I have great respect for you as an artist and as a person. I believe you will give a fine performance in my picture. I like you, Monty."

And then I hear that you reached across the desk and shook hands with Dore and said, "Thank you for your confidence. You won't regret it."

Good for you, Monty. That's the right idea. Like Dore Schary, I like you. I think you are one of the finest and most sensitive young actors on the screen. And I know you to be a loyal friend to people you really admire, like **Liz Taylor** and **Dean Martin**.

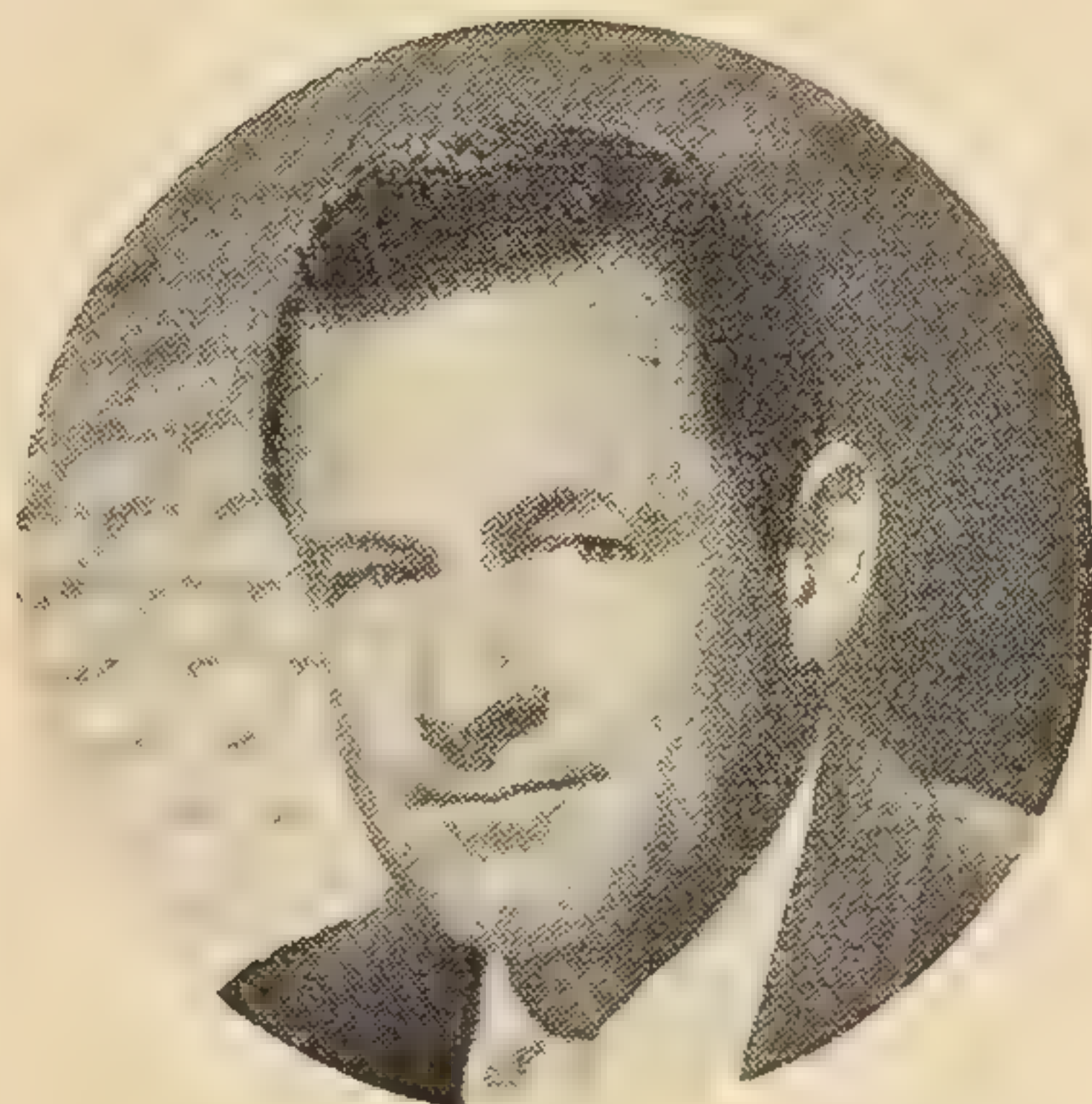
But there's one thing I wish you would get out of your mind and that is that the press is your enemy. Did you read the brilliant reviews on your work in *The Young Lions*? They must have more than made up for some of those exaggerated magazine stories in which some of your personal eccentricities were over-emphasized.

Hollywood had great respect for you as an artist and we of the press would like to know you better as a person.

How about holding out your hand to the press, just as you did across that desk to Dore Schary, and say, "Let's be friends and understand one another." You'll be surprised at the response.



NATALIE WOOD



BILL HOLDEN



DEBBIE REYNOLDS



GLENN FORD



JIM GARNER

Fussin', Feudin' and Fightin'— There's been plenty of it going on this month among some top stars and their studios.

Natalie Wood (on suspension at Warners) says: "I may never work again. I've worked hard ever since I was a child and I have found my greatest happiness being **Mrs. Robert Wagner**." Nobody believes that Natalie will never work again, including Natalie and Warners. What she wants is a raise.

Bill Holden says: "I consider that my contract with Paramount has expired and that I am a free agent." Paramount says he still has six pictures to make for them. This dispute has gone to court for clarification.

Debbie Reynolds says: "I'm disturbed that MGM hasn't sent me a script I like in over a year. Until something comes along that will really advance me in my career, something more than a cutie-pie part—well, I love being free to be with Eddie and the children." (This isn't a serious feud and I'm betting Debbie is back before the cameras by the time you read this).

Glenn Ford says: "The role Columbia offered me in *The Last Angry Man* is secondary to that of Peter Ustinov who plays the doctor. So I refused it." Columbia argues that Glenn's role is not secondary and that he himself asked to make this particular picture. Meanwhile, he can't work anywhere else until the battle is settled.

Jim Garner (doing the movie *Up Periscope* between his *Maverick* TV episodes) says: "I'll reluctantly live up to the contract I signed with Warners five years ago. It wasn't a good one, but I signed it. I think the studio is stupid not to give me a new deal."

Clint 'Cheyenne' Walker says: "I'm going back to farming. No more 'Cheyennes' under the present set-up."

Fess Parker (on suspension from Walt Disney for refusing to do *Tonka*) says: "I don't know what will happen. Perhaps it will be settled by my doing another story. I don't want to be unreasonable." And knowing Walt, I'm sure he doesn't either.

Over a period of many years I have made it a point not to take sides in these career arguments. As the old cliché goes, there are two sides to every problem.

But I do say that these long drawn-out cold wars benefit no one! Staying off the screen for long stretches at a time is not good for any actor or actress.

And the studios which have spent so much money building up these personalities are robbed of the financial return they should realize on their investments when said investments are not appearing in pictures.

The sooner these things are settled, the better for all concerned.



FESS PARKER

LOUELLA PARSONS in Hollywood *Continued*

PARTIES, PARTIES, PARTIES—and certainly few of us have seen a more dreamy one than the *Midsummer Night's Dream* affair which millionaire movie producer C.V. 'Sonny' Whitney and his bride Mary hosted at Romanoff's. Shakespeare himself would have gasped in admiration of this veritable fairyland.

All the women guests were asked to wear only pastel gowns. Only the pastel flowers and colors were used in the decor. Each table was covered with a pale pink, blue or lavender cloth over which was draped silver or gold net. The centerpieces were small lamps banked with sweet peas, yellow roses and misty green foliage over which butterflies of silk and sequins were suspended.

The long bar was banked by a garden scene of flowers, giant toadstools and flying elves!

Sonny and Mary received their guests under a fantasy tree of carnations shading from lavender to purple representing the tree under which Titania and Oberon courted. 'Twas a sight to see, my friends.

"I've never seen anything so lovely," **Jennifer Jones**, looking like a dream herself in a white Dior gown, said to me. "What a nice setting for David (**David Selznick**) and me for our ninth anniversary!"

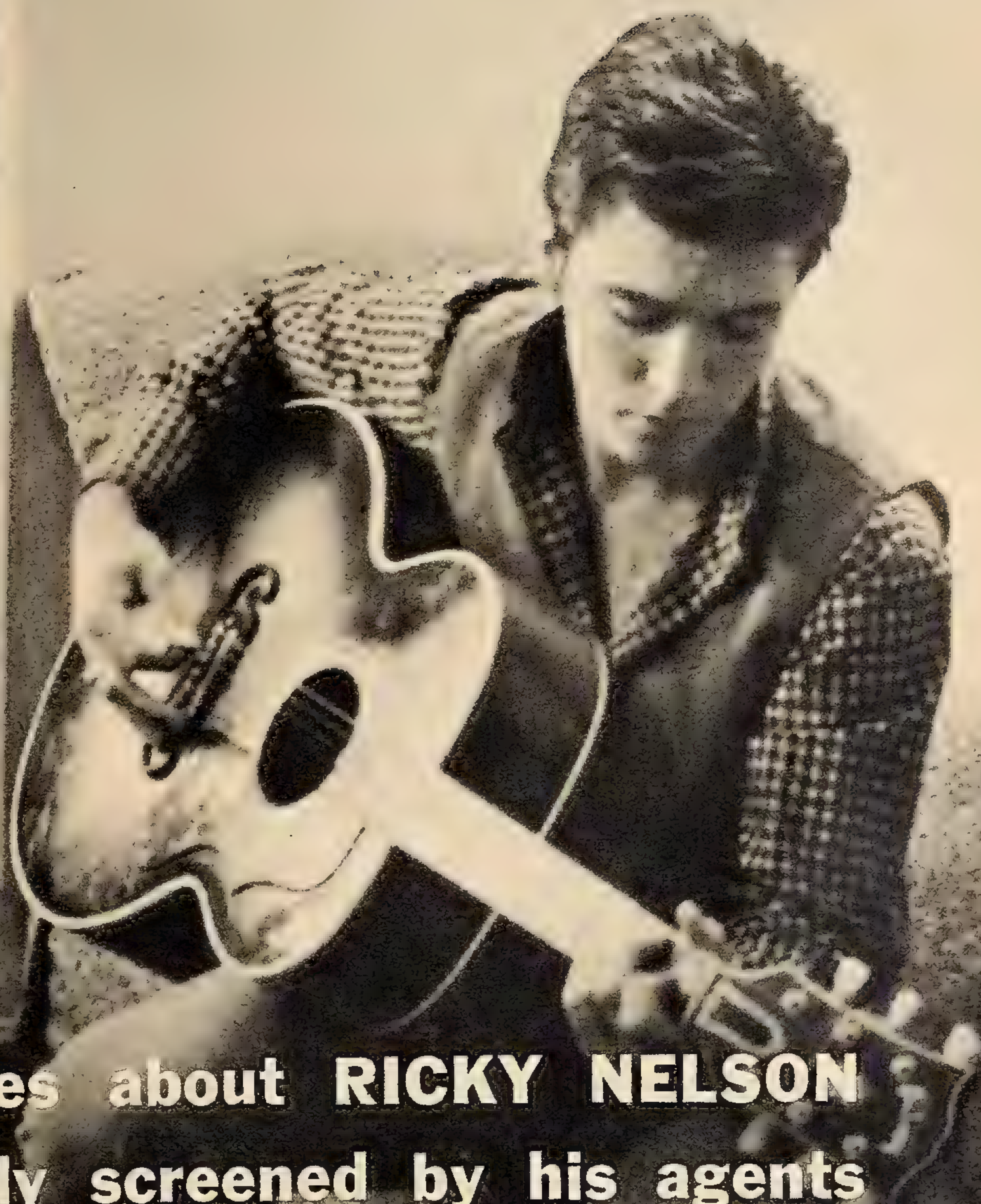
Adding to the beauty of the evening, in various shades of pastel colors I saw **Merle Oberon**, who flew in from Mexico City just for the party; **Mrs. Gary Cooper**, **Dana Wynter**, **Irene Dunne**, **Mrs. Jimmy Stewart**, **Joan Fontaine**, **Dolly O'Brien**, **Mary Pickford** and many Los Angeles socialites, all with their respective husbands, of course.



Judy Garland, and two friends take an exciting whirl in a barrel, as the bottom slowly but surely drops out from under their feet.



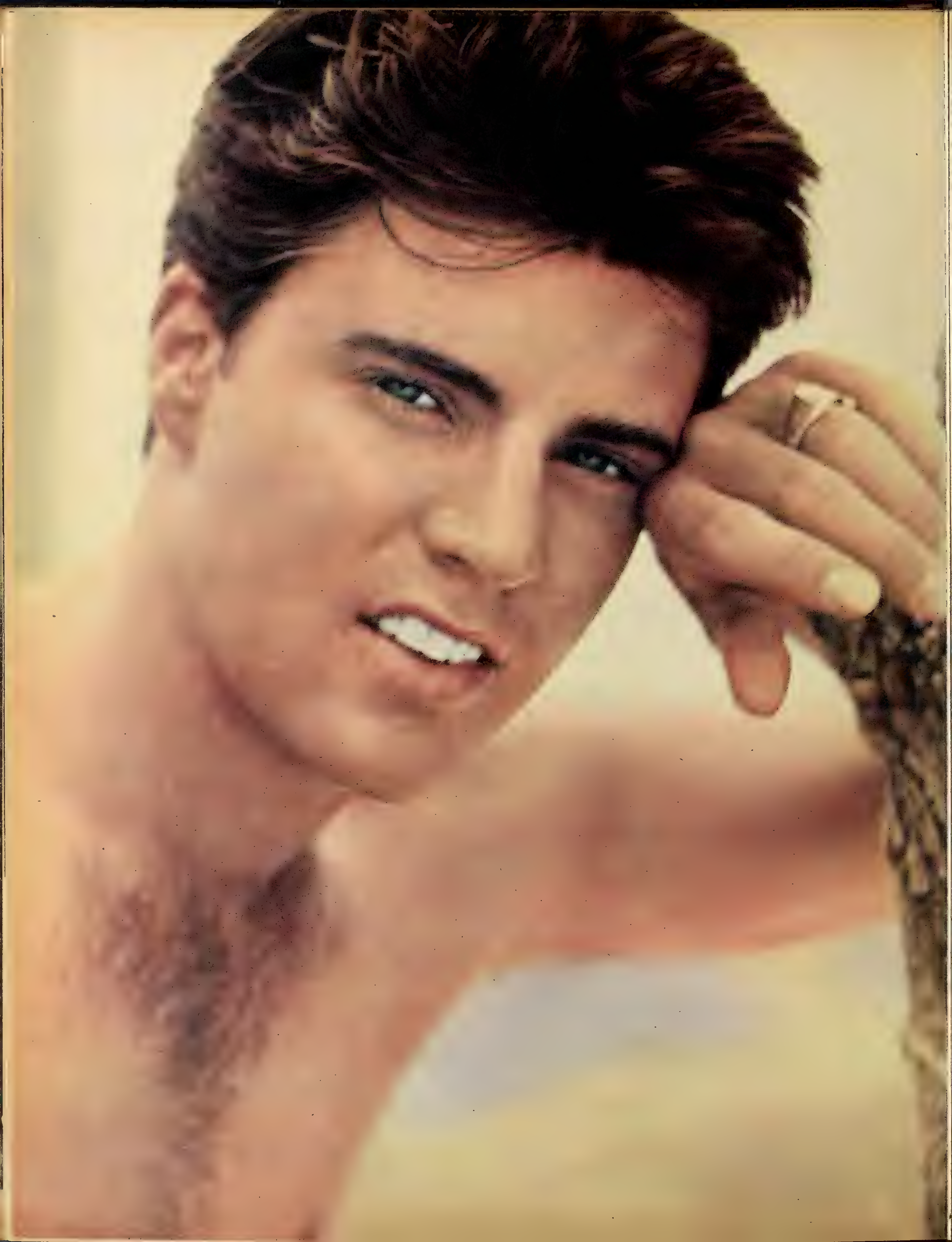
Lauren Bacall (left) admires the light-bulb on the end of Chuckles the clown's nose. But Shelley Winters felt that enough was enough . . . And so she decided to sit down and take it easy for a while.



Until now, stories about RICKY NELSON have been closely screened by his agents and his dad. Recently, MODERN SCREEN determined to pierce the curtain of censorship and find the truth. We went to the people who knew Rick best—the kids he grew up with, THE KIDS IN HIS OWN GANG. In our opinion, what they told us adds up to THE FIRST REALLY INTIMATE STORY ever published about Ricky Nelson—the most talked-about teenager in the world today.

please turn the page







the Uncensored ricky nelson story

Blonde, blue-eyed Terry Donnally (see picture on the right) flew in from Honolulu on Friday. She planned to fly to Dallas on Sunday. Hearing that the gang was finally talking about Rick, she gave up her Saturday to lend a hand. Terry is typical of the gang. Through the Los Angeles Tennis Club and Hollywood High, she and Rick have shared the teens together.

"When I read these stories on Rick, I get sad. People just don't know him. One thing they definitely know," she grinned, "is that Rick likes hamburgers, malts and girls. It's true. But there's a lot more to Rick than that. Our group went through this fame thing with him. None of us took it seriously—his first record I mean. Before that he was just one of us. Oh, we knew that he was on TV, but he played it casual and so did we. His work didn't have anything to do with our social life. I can remember a couple of times when we had a party on the night *The Adventures of Ozzie* (Continued on page 81)



Bruce Campbell, Forrest Stewart, and Terry Donnally—three of Rick's closest friends—gave MODERN SCREEN the lowdown.

by Dee Phillips



LIZ TODAY

The nights are still bad for Elizabeth Taylor. It would be a lie to say they are not painful. Her children still waken from time to time to the sound of her muffled sobbing, carrying faintly through the darkened house. Her servants still leave their beds at night to warm a glass of milk, to carry a pill to the bedroom where Liz lies moaning, dark hair tumbled on the pillow, eyes closed tight against the nightmares that will neither let her sleep nor wake.

But the days, one by one, are growing better.

One by one, they are bringing life back to Liz—life in the laughter of her children, the comfort of her friends, new sights, new work, new hope.

"I love and care for Liz dearly," said one of these friends, Roddy McDowell, recently. "She is a girl of great courage and humor—and tremendous spirit. She is fighting to stay alive as a human being, not only for the sake of her children, but also for the sake of her own life."

Not many people know it, but it was Liz' sister-in-law, her brother Howard's wife, who gave her the courage to begin that fight.

And she did it, not by treating Liz with kid gloves as everyone else had been doing, but by almost slapping her face!

It happened only a short time after the funeral. It had been a bad week. Liz, the children, the nurses, had flown to Palm Springs as soon as Mike was buried. It was a tragic error. She and Mike had almost lived in Palm Springs; everywhere she turned she saw him. They had had to bring her back after three days, on the verge of a complete breakdown. After that she was under sedation a good deal of the time, emerging only to sob hysterically, to refuse to eat, to talk brokenly of being only half a pair of scissors without Mike. Over and over she would moan, "Why wasn't I with him? Why couldn't I die with Mike?"

Until at last, the doctor would put her to sleep again.

Whenever she was awake, friends clustered around her—her brother, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, Mike Todd, Jr., Helen Rose, Eva Marie Saint, Sidney Guilaroff, Arthur Loew, Jr., Debbie and Eddie Fisher. Debbie came daily with news (*Continued on page 58*)

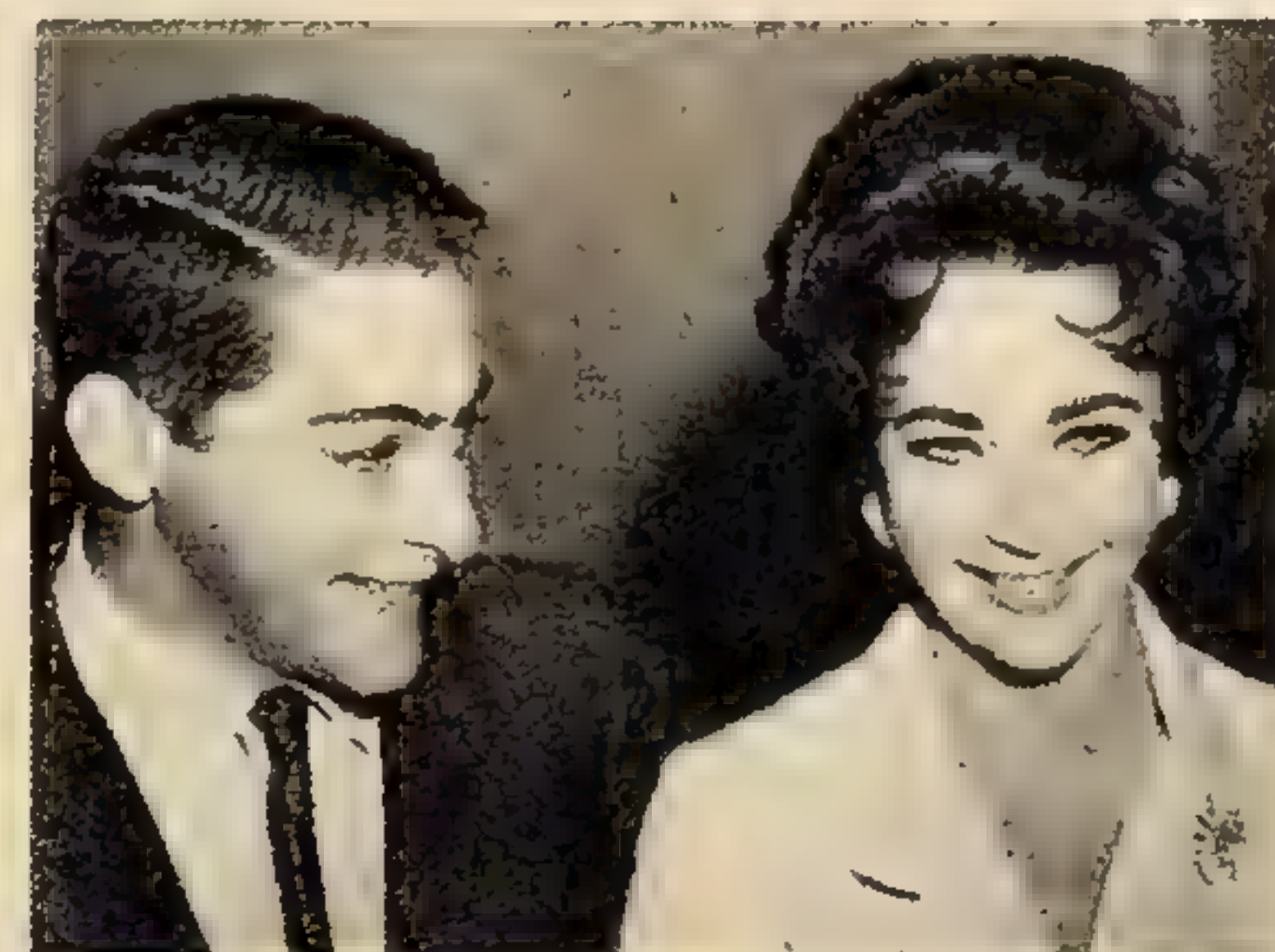
THE PEOPLE AND THE LOVES THAT MADE HER SMILE AGAIN



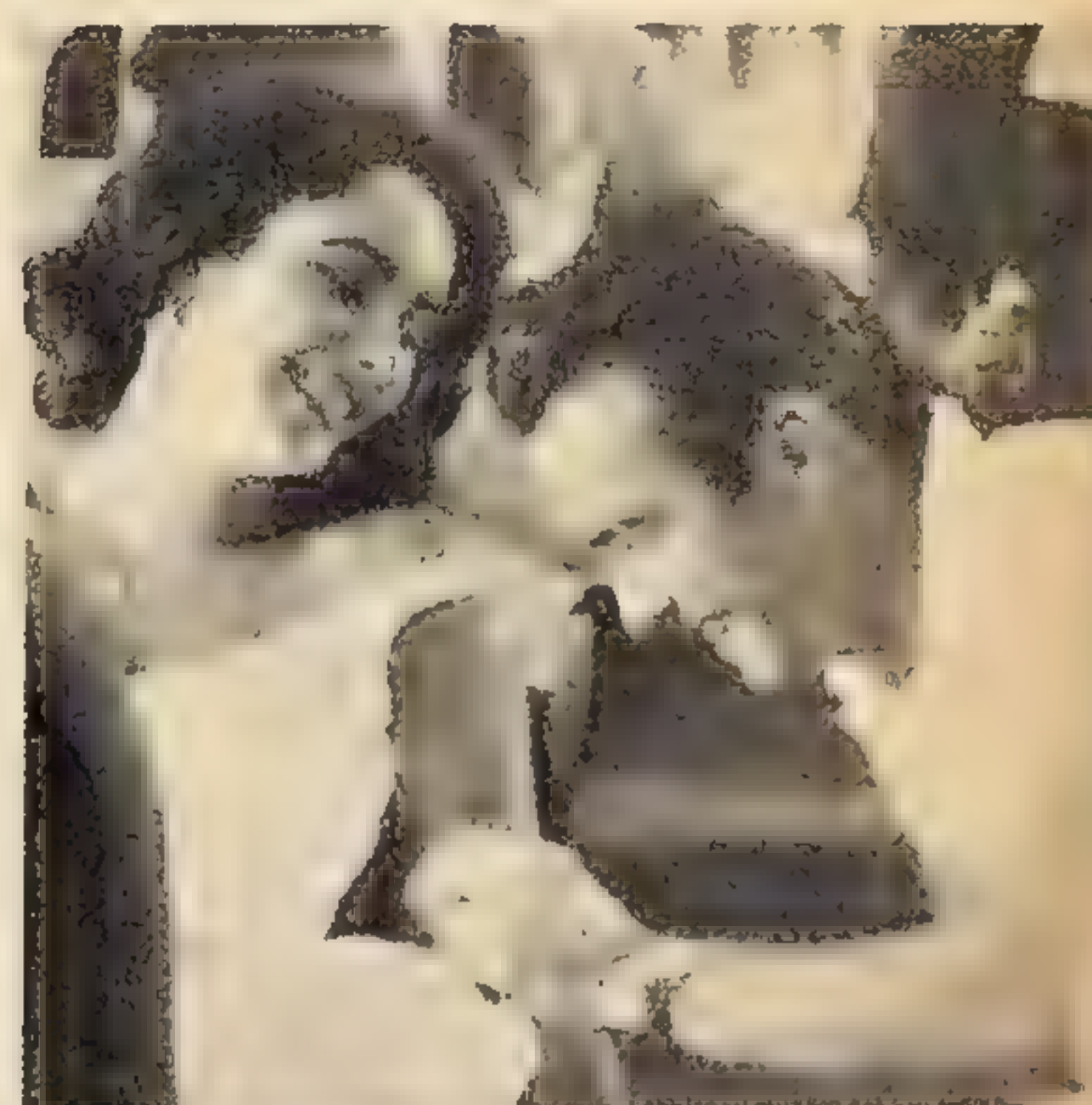
Debbie took care of Liz' children Michael and Chris for her



Eddie made her stand bravely in front of the world, and smile



Mike Todd, Jr. found her a place to live without unhappy memories



Monty Clift gave her the courage to fly again, to laugh again
Arthur Loew, Jr. brought Liz to his ranch to rest






EVERLY




BROTHERS





by Paul Denis



PHIL Everly was a spindly blond six-year-old, but he knew how to tell a joke.

"Dad, I've done a good deed today."

Dad said: "Fine, Phil . . . what did you do?"

Phil: "You're going to be proud of me . . . I kept two boys from fighting today!"

Dad: "I am proud of you, Son! Now how did you keep those two boys from fighting . . . and who were they?"

Phil: "It was me, and another boy . . . and I ran away."

Audiences laughed, and Ike and Margaret Everly were proud of their little boy just as they were proud of their older boy, Don, eight, who sang so well.

It was 1945, and Phil and Don had joined their parents' musical act. It was no longer Ike and Margaret Everly in spirituals and country songs. It was now The Everly Family, in songs, snappy sayings, bass fiddle thumpings, and geetar plucking.

It was the year the Everlys had settled in Omaha, Nebraska, for the season. They always quit touring during winter so that their growing sons could finish their school term in one place.

Then, during weekends and summers, the family would get into their jalopy and tour the mining towns and farm areas around Kentucky,

Ohio, Nebraska, Tennessee and Oklahoma. They would entertain at festivals, weddings, church socials, revival meetings, country music jamborees, picnics and street corner political rallies . . . anywhere they could earn some money for food and lodgings.

It was a precarious life. But Ike Everly could not forget how he had worked in the same mine in Ohio County in Kentucky as his father had . . . how he had drifted from one back-breaking job to another . . . and how he had, finally, found some measure of happiness when, in 1932, he joined a band of country musicians in need of a guitarist. Soon after that, he had married the girl next door, Margaret Embry.

Each year now, the Everlys would drive from one small radio station to another, asking for an audition. Once they got the job and settled in that town, they would stick it out until the boys finished their school year. They were like gypsies, periodically looking for new work, driving their much-repaired jalopy, carrying a cooler of milk and home-made sandwiches so they wouldn't have to spend (Continued on page 63)

**You can live on spaghetti,
walk in pain,
play on a broken guitar—
None of it matters
if you have faith**



by Doug Brewer

NATALIE AND BOB were just about to take off on their honeymoon. There was late-afternoon sunshine. There was shining white rice. There was the sweet sound of music that still flowed from the reception room behind them. There was a lot of smiling, too, and oohing-and-ahhing and everybody was behaving just the way you're supposed to behave at the end of a beautiful wedding.

Everybody but Nat's pretty little sister, Lana, that is.

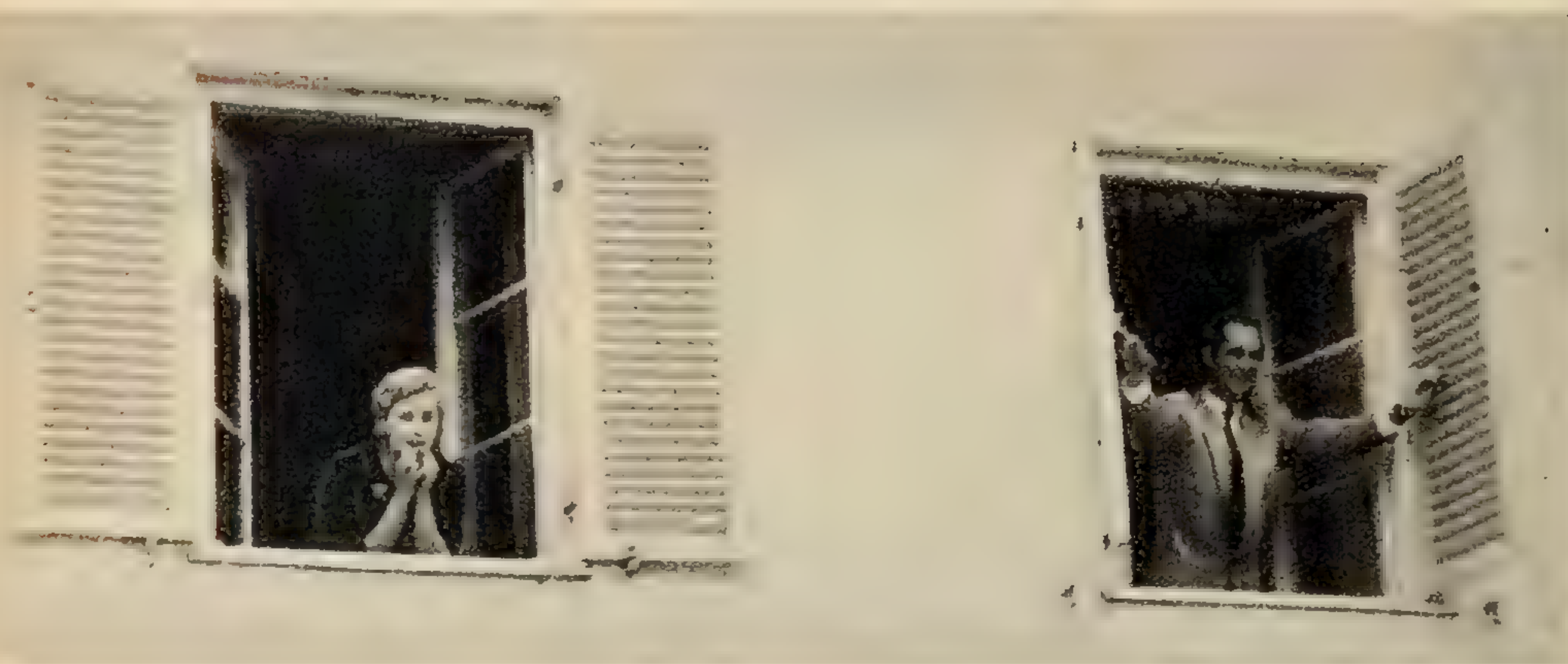
Not that Lana meant to say the wrong thing to the snoopy newspaperman. But, like Nat, she'd been brought up to be an extremely honest girl. And so when the man with the pencil and pad took her aside and asked her what she thought about her (Continued on page 74)



THE MYSTERY OF MARIA SCHELL

As we write this, the internationally famous movie star, Maria Schell, (Yul Brynner's co-star in The Brothers Karamazov) has disappeared somewhere in Europe. Here, for the first time in any American magazine, is the full, strange life-story of the little

Swiss blonde who found suddenly that she had to pay a terrible price for having her dreams of stardom come true....



A few months ago, Maria Schell burst like a bombshell across this country—across the world—in *The Brothers Karamazov*. She was hailed as the most beautiful, the most exciting, the most talented actress to come out of Europe since Garbo. For weeks, all you heard were people singing her praises, all you saw in the papers was her incredible smile, her wide blue eyes, her brushed-gold hair. She gave press interviews, talked of her new Hollywood contract, introduced her

husband, German director Horst Haechler, to everyone, chattered about how she might play opposite Charlton Heston in *Ben Hur*.

And then—she disappeared.

It was as if she had vanished off the face of the earth; it was as if she had never been. A newspaperman in Europe claimed to have seen her, to have been told that she was going on a vacation with her husband—but she said that even *she* didn't know where.

And that was all. The broad, radi-

ant smile was gone—and no one knew where.

But a few people knew *why*. Why this girl who had dreamed and fought all her life to reach the top should disappear the moment she got there. Why this frail blonde who had traveled across war-torn Europe, pretended to be a Communist, almost lost her lover, made enemies right and left in pursuit of her dream—should walk out on it now, should hide from the world that acclaimed (Continued on next page)

by Héloïse La Nouvelle





The day Maria married Horst Haechler should have been the happiest day of her life. But voices all around her insisted, "It won't work—the wife more famous than the husband!" Yet it did work, blissfully . . . for a while.

her to be such a great actress. Here is the answer to that question.

It began on her wedding day. . . .

April 26, 1957—a shining, beautiful, glorious day. She woke up before six that morning and already the sunlight was filtering through the curtains and warming her room. Around her, the house was quiet—but in another hour there would be footsteps and voices. Her mother's voice: "Sshh, children—let your father sleep another half

hour. Please let him get some rest."

Her father's voice, a low rumble: "Nonsense, I'm up. Let's go nudge the bride—"


It was so good to be here, to have them fussing around her, making plans, laughing, teasing, bringing back her childhood. *I'll shut my eyes for just another minute, she thought. Today I'm entitled to dream. Today all dreams come true.*

It was well after nine when they woke her up, and she opened her eyes smiling. "Has anyone spoken

to Horst? Are his folks all right? They'll be here on time?"

"Everyone's fine," her mother assured her. "Everything is ready—you must get dressed."

"Of course," Maria agreed. She threw back the covers, ran to the window. "Oh, a perfect day," she breathed. "Everything just like I've wanted it all my life. Sunshine, our old priest to marry us, the Meadow-church—oh, beautiful. And nobody knows a thing about it but us. Everything (Continued on page 69)



sparkling
soaring
skyrocketing
excitement
for your lips!

Now! A moist, glowing lipstick that gets **more brilliant**

as you wear it!

Max Factor **hi-fi** Lipstick

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IF YOUR LIPSTICKS lose their life and fade away, MAX FACTOR has developed your perfect lipstick! *Hi-Fi* glides on . . . clearer, truer, sparkling . . . and stays sparkling! Even gets more brilliant as you wear it. Because *Hi-Fi* refreshes its excitement! You'll love it in exciting new Sparkling Scarlet and 12 other fabulous shades by MAX FACTOR. 1.25 plus tax.

confessions

of hugh o'brian's private secretary



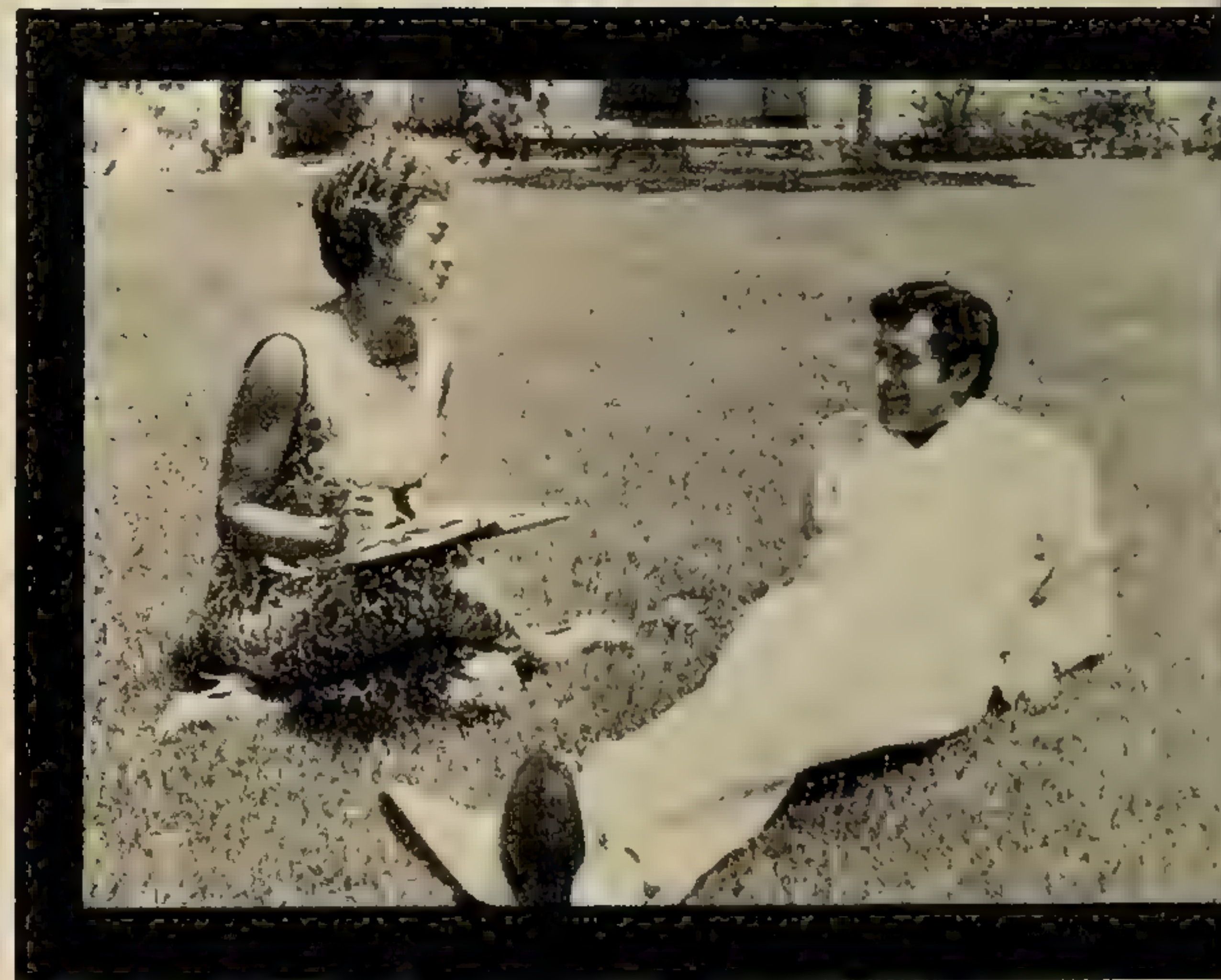
by goody levitan

■ The sun was bright and warm. My boss, Hugh O'Brian, leaned back in a deckchair beside the Beverly Hills Hotel pool.

Both of us were dressed in bathing suits, our usual working garb for hot afternoons. Hugh usually gave me his dictation while lounging around the hotel pool.

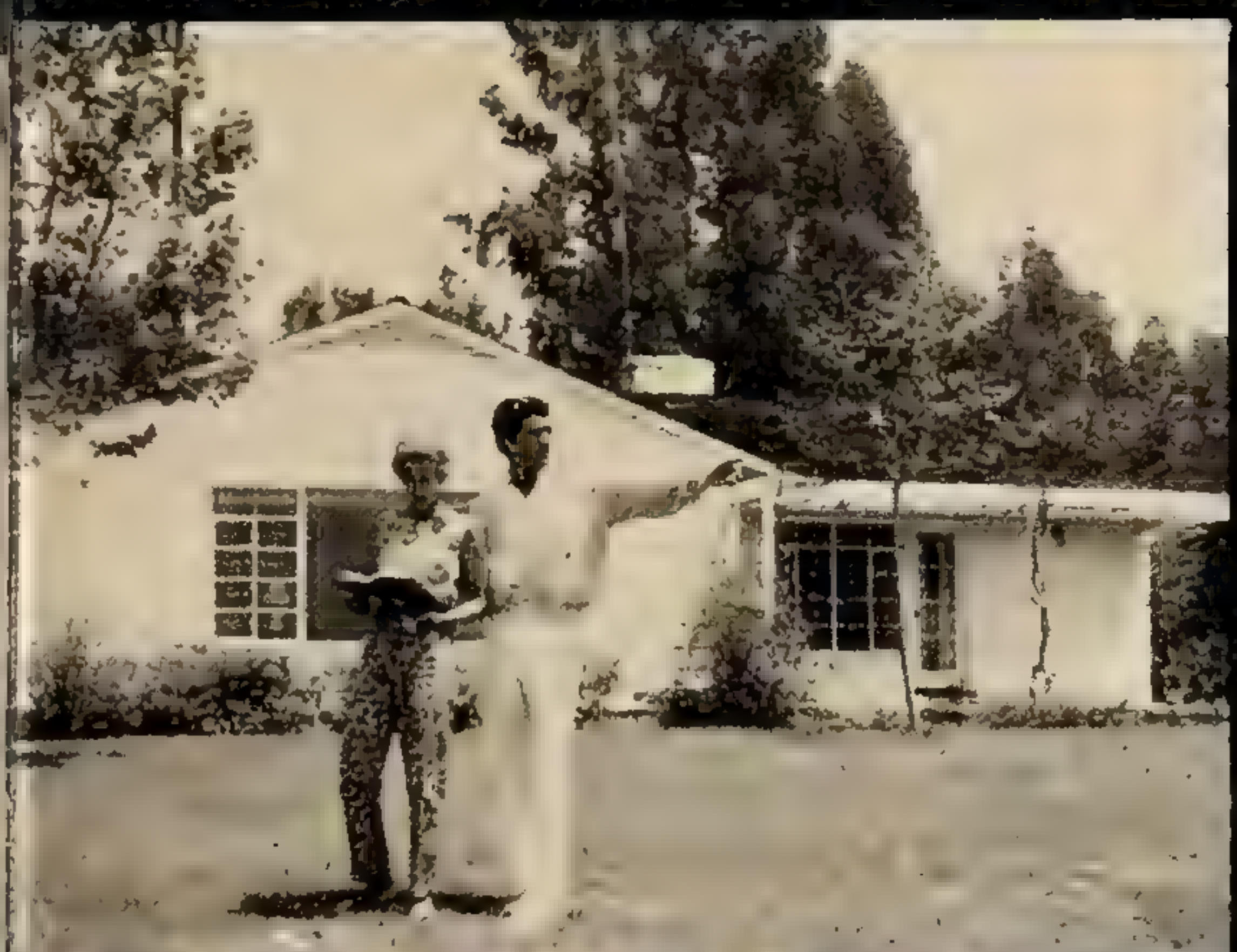
As I took down a letter to a lawyer in Chicago, Hugh suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence. I didn't have to look up to know the cause. "What's she look like?" I grinned.

"Keep your mind on your work, Goody!" he ordered. But his was no longer on it and when I followed his glance my eyes came to rest on a shapely blonde who was nicely filling out the briefest bathing suit I've ever seen. Two seconds later Hugh dove into the pool and shortly afterwards happened to come up where (Continued on page 72)



As Hugh's private secretary I've picked out his house, his dates, and I've even saved his life. Believe me, it's a full time job!

W
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at
a
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as told to George Christy

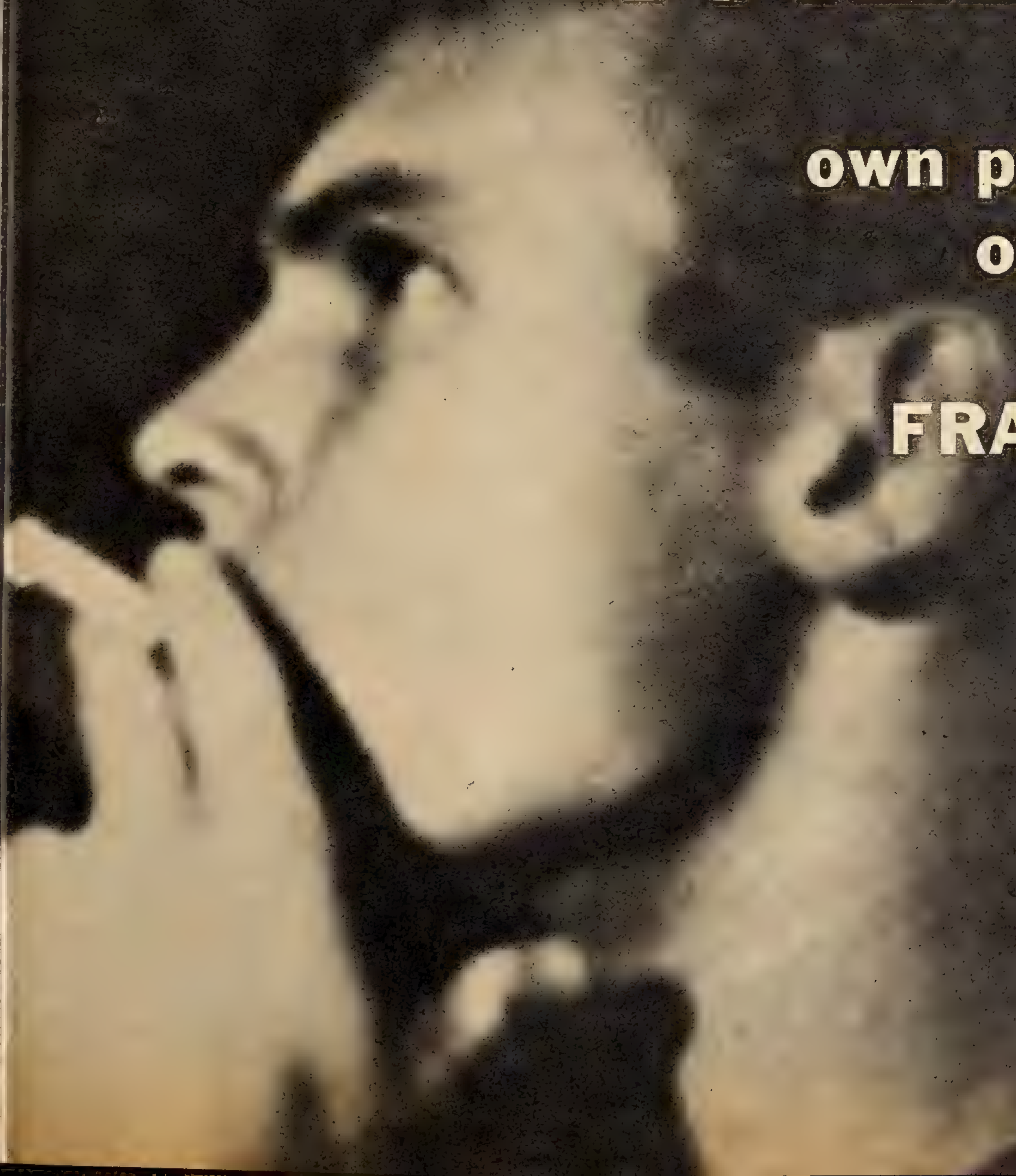
You know something important's happened to you if you can't put a girl out of your mind. Lots of times when you go to do something, there she is—like a ding-a-ling bell in your brain, calling you. Some nights you can't fall asleep without her whispering an imaginary good-night. Some mornings you wake up and right off—a little sleepy, perhaps—there she is again, haunting you and beckoning with a smile.

Is this the way love sneaks up on people? I don't know. But let me tell you a story of what's happened to me. . . .

I first met France Nuyen on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Dick Clayton—he's my manager—asked me to drop by with him to see her. France was getting ready for the première of her movie, *South Pacific*, which (Continued on page 61)

IS TAB FINALLY FALLING?

read his
own personal story
of his meeting
with
FRANCE NUYEN



NEVER BEFORE TOLD

DICK CLARK'S SECRET INSPIRATION

Without a tragedy 15 years ago, Dick might never have found the great happiness he and his family now share ...

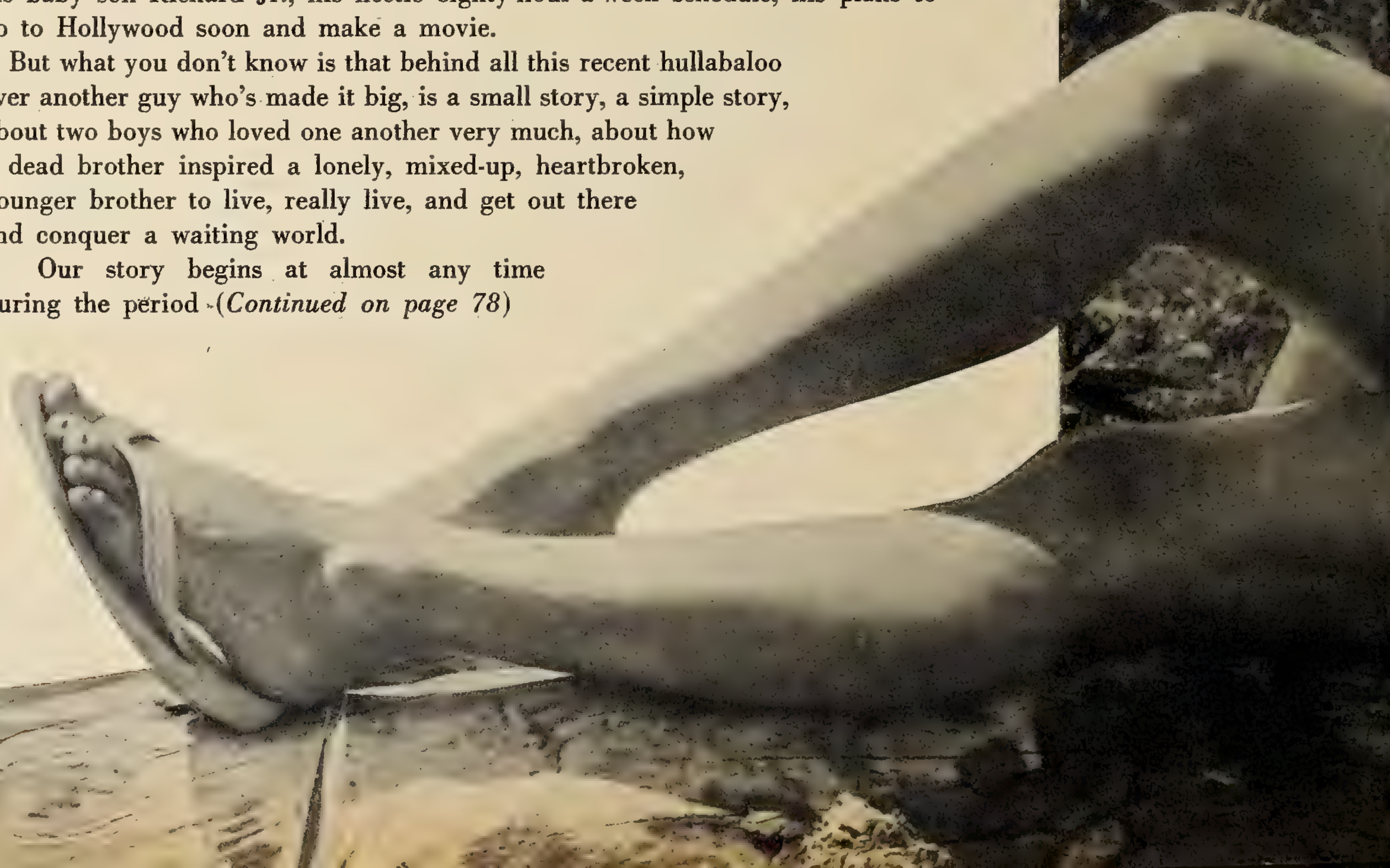
The telegram was clear, all too clear. An Air Force colonel had asked for volunteers to fly one of the most dangerous missions of the war. Brad Clark had been the first to volunteer. He'd gone up smiling. He'd come down in flames. He was a hero. And he was dead. . . .

This is the story behind that telegram. It is Brad's story. But, even more, it is the story of Brad's kid brother—Dick Clark.

You probably know lots about Dick by now—all about his fabulous success on television as m.c. of a teenage dance show, about his lovely wife Barbara, his baby son Richard Jr., his hectic eighty-hour-a-week schedule, his plans to go to Hollywood soon and make a movie.

But what you don't know is that behind all this recent hullabaloo over another guy who's made it big, is a small story, a simple story, about two boys who loved one another very much, about how a dead brother inspired a lonely, mixed-up, heartbroken, younger brother to live, really live, and get out there and conquer a waiting world.

Our story begins at almost any time during the period (Continued on page 78)



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SHOULD INGRID BERGMAN, ABOUT TO MARRY FOR THE THIRD TIME, BE CONDEMNED OR FORGIVEN?

An old friend of Ingrid's helped us decide.



I'd like to remain anonymous . . . because I misjudged Ingrid and I'm one of her closest friends. I've known Ingrid as long as anyone in Hollywood. But it's sad how easy it is to make that kind of error. . . .

We were in France, twenty-five miles out of Paris, in a village called Choisel. I had driven there with Ingrid in time for lunch—and it hadn't been a nice drive. Stiff and cold, I sat beside her and watched the quiet French countryside roll by. I didn't want to talk to Ingrid or to see her.

True, I was one of the ones who thought she had done the right thing when she left Peter Lindstrom. I had been in her house, had heard his harsh, cold voice talking to her, had seen him with my own eyes countermanding things she told her little girl, making it plain that only he was boss around here. So when Ingrid ran away and the storm broke loose over her head, I stuck up for her, loud and clear. But now, this! To have her marriage to Rossellini turn out to be nothing much after all. To have him chasing after other women, leaving her. And then to have Ingrid instantly—*instantly*—pick up with another man, plan another marriage, go skyrocketing off again—well, it made a farce out of her whole life and all her loves. *It made fools out of all of us who had believed that what she found with Rossellini was so beautiful and rare that it was worth defying the world and* (Continued on page 76)

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A HEART-TO-



HEART TALK*



WITH JAYNE

*...about a blessed event

US *We're so happy for you. We know how much you and Mickey have been hoping for a baby. When did you first know the good news?*

JAYNE On April 10, just before I left for England, my doctor in Beverly Hills confirmed the wonderful news.

US *But the story didn't come out until four months later. How did you manage to keep the secret for so long?*

JAYNE I swore my doctor to secrecy. I told him I wanted a good baby doctor. I made two visits to the doctor in disguise. You'd never have recognized me, for no one did! By the fourth month I hadn't gained a pound and I started wearing sack dresses—for obvious reasons. Mickey and I kept our secret—such a very personal precious one, just between the two of us!

US *How did you break the news to your daughter Jayne Marie?*

JAYNE Well, that was a disappointment. I had hoped to tell Jayne Marie one night at our special bedtime—I always take her on my lap and we talk and confide to each other. I sing her one of three lullabies—and then when I kiss her good-night, we exchange a secret.

But before I had a chance to tell her, she heard the news flash on the radio.

US *Was she pleased?*

JAYNE She was so excited. She ran to me, and kissed and hugged me, and then to Mickey and kissed and hugged him. And she kept saying, over and over, "I just can't believe it is true. I want a baby brother!"



Nothing could have made Mickey and me happier than the news that we were going to have a baby.

US *And you? Are you hoping for a boy?*

JAYNE I just want a baby. I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl.

US *Do you think Mickey would prefer a boy?*

JAYNE Mickey has never said, but I can't help but feel—he being so masculine and athletic—that he would love a son. And I'd like to think of him as Mickey Hargitay The Second.

US *You're not worried that Jayne Marie might feel just a little jealous...?*

JAYNE Jayne Marie is so delighted about having a baby coming to us that being jealous has never entered her pretty little head. I have read in my child-care book about a first child's reaction to the arrival of a second child. So already I have been careful to make Jayne Marie feel that this new baby is equally hers.

Last night when I sang her lullaby, she whispered, "I'll help you bathe the baby, Mommy, and I'll help dress the baby and I'll take such good care of the baby." I thought she was asleep—but no. For suddenly her eyes popped open. "Mommy!" she exclaimed. "We'll have the baby for Christmas."

(continued on next page)



JAYNE continued

US *You're looking so well and radiant. Your happiness certainly shows!*

JAYNE Our baby is the glorious fulfillment of our marriage. It is the God-given enrichment of our lives. I went through thirty-six hours of labor with Jayne Marie, but I am sure that now—since I am in top physical health and I am emotionally secure and happy—it will be wonderful. I am not afraid—the reward is so much greater than the pain you go through. I am not dieting. I have learned to eat correctly and for health since I met Mickey.

US *Then you're not concerned that your fans will consider you less glamorous now?*

JAYNE Having a baby is the most beautiful thing in the world. I don't believe that my fans will find me unglamorous. Today's Paris fashions—the sack, trapeze and the new waistless Empress Josephine with the high bust and belt and flowing skirts—are just perfect for

me. And America's Mr. John's Gainsborough collection is made to order. As soon as the news of the baby was out, the telegrams of congratulations started pouring in. And after our wedding, we received thousands of letters of congratulations and more than half said they hoped Mickey and I would be blessed with a baby soon.

US *And your parents—they must be thrilled.*

JAYNE Mickey and I longed to tell my parents our precious secret right away—but long-distance wires have a way of not keeping secrets. But when I did call, Mother said, "You must come right home to us in Texas. We can hardly wait to see you. And of course I'll be with you when the baby is due."

US *How many children would you and Mickey like to have?*

JAYNE We hope to have at least four.

US *Was your studio upset at your pregnancy? Will your picture schedule have to be changed?*

JAYNE We finished *The Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw* early in my pregnancy. In fact, I got over my morning sickness when we were in Spain on location for it. The baby is due December 5th, and I have a picture scheduled to start the last of December.

The studio was pleased with my news. I think they expected it, for we gave them warning by saying we wanted a baby. Studios are not heartless, for they are topped by people, people who are understanding—and who have babies of their own. 20th Century-Fox is wonderful to me.

US *How do you feel about breast vs. bottle feeding?*

JAYNE I hope to breast-feed my baby—for that is the natural way. And I'd like the 'rooming-in plan' in the hospital, so the baby can be with me right from the time of birth. That is as it should be. Oh, I'm so happy. I have everything a girl could wish for. A sweet daughter, a wonderful, wonderful husband . . . and soon, a precious new baby. Having a baby is a woman's greatest blessing and the richest fulfillment of her creation.

END



Time takes care of some heartaches but others have to be conquered by you yourself. The stories that follow are of young people who hated where they were, or what they were, or the way the world treated them. So they changed themselves, and they changed their worlds. Maybe one of their stories will apply to you . . .

A SPECIAL SECTION

you can beat these TEENAGE HEARTACHES

CAROL LYNLEY:
they called her
"square"



MARK DAMON:
he knew he was
"too poor"



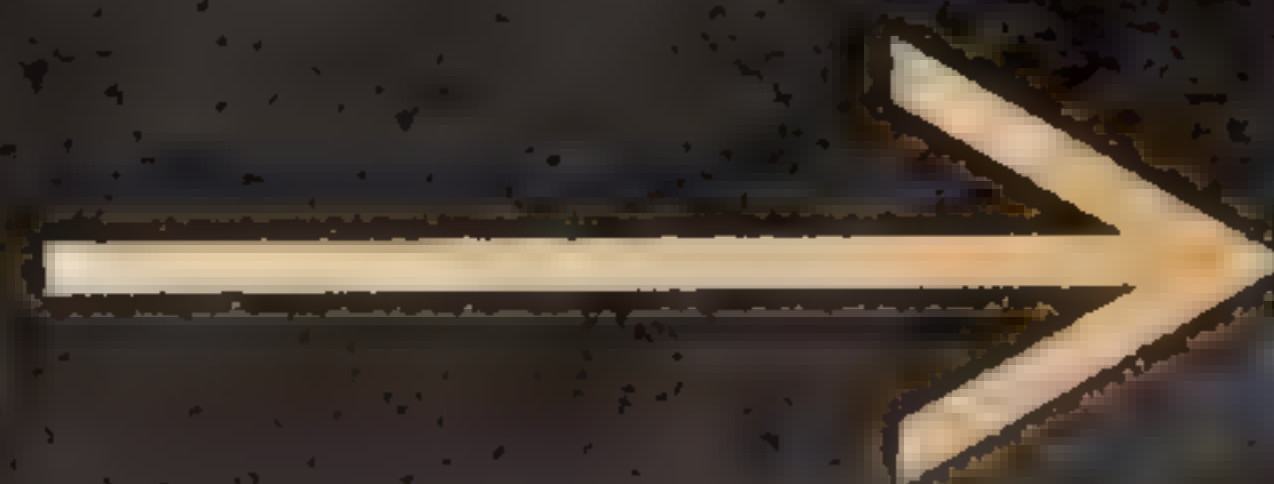
DICK SARGENT:
he thought he was
"too rich"



DIANE JERGENS:
they called her
"stuck-up"



PAUL ANKA:
they called him
"pest"





DICK SARGENT: MESSED-UP RICH KID”

With June, Dick fought loneliness.



In a few months a movie called *Bernardine* would be released and a fellow named Dick Sargent would be a star. The fan mail would begin to pour into 20th Century-Fox studios. People who had previously nodded at him would rush up to him and greet him.

But for now Dick Sargent was still an unknown. And he was pretty new to Hollywood. And he was a pretty lonely guy.

He felt even lonelier the first time he saw June Blair.

He'll never forget that morning. There he was at the studio, sitting in the drama workshop class along with about a dozen other newcomers, listening to a director talk about the finer points of this technique and that, when the door opened and she walked in.

She was, right off, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

The director stopped long enough to welcome her and introduce her to the class. Then he pointed in Dick's direction and said, "Miss Blair, will you take that seat next to Mr. Sargent?"

Dick watched her as she walked towards him and smiled.

Now Dick is not a pushy-type guy. He is far (Continued on page 55)



DIANE JERGENS:

**“They
called
me
STUCK-UP”**



Peter is the love Diane thought she'd never find.

In another few weeks Diane Jergens will be a bride. MODERN SCREEN will be at her wedding to Peter Brown; next month we'll be bringing you the pictures of that wedding and the love story that goes with them. We know already what you'll see—a radiant, beautiful bride—a gloriously happy moment.

But this month we are telling you a different story—the story of Diane's years of being unpopular and misunderstood . . . years so bad that they might have poisoned her whole life—might, indeed, have kept her from ever falling

in love, ever marrying. It's a painful story, but we don't mind telling it now. For Diane is well on her way to happiness.

And after all—the happy ending is only a few weeks away. . . .

It was awfully warm in Minneapolis for the end of May, but Diane Jergens felt a little cold shudder go down her back.

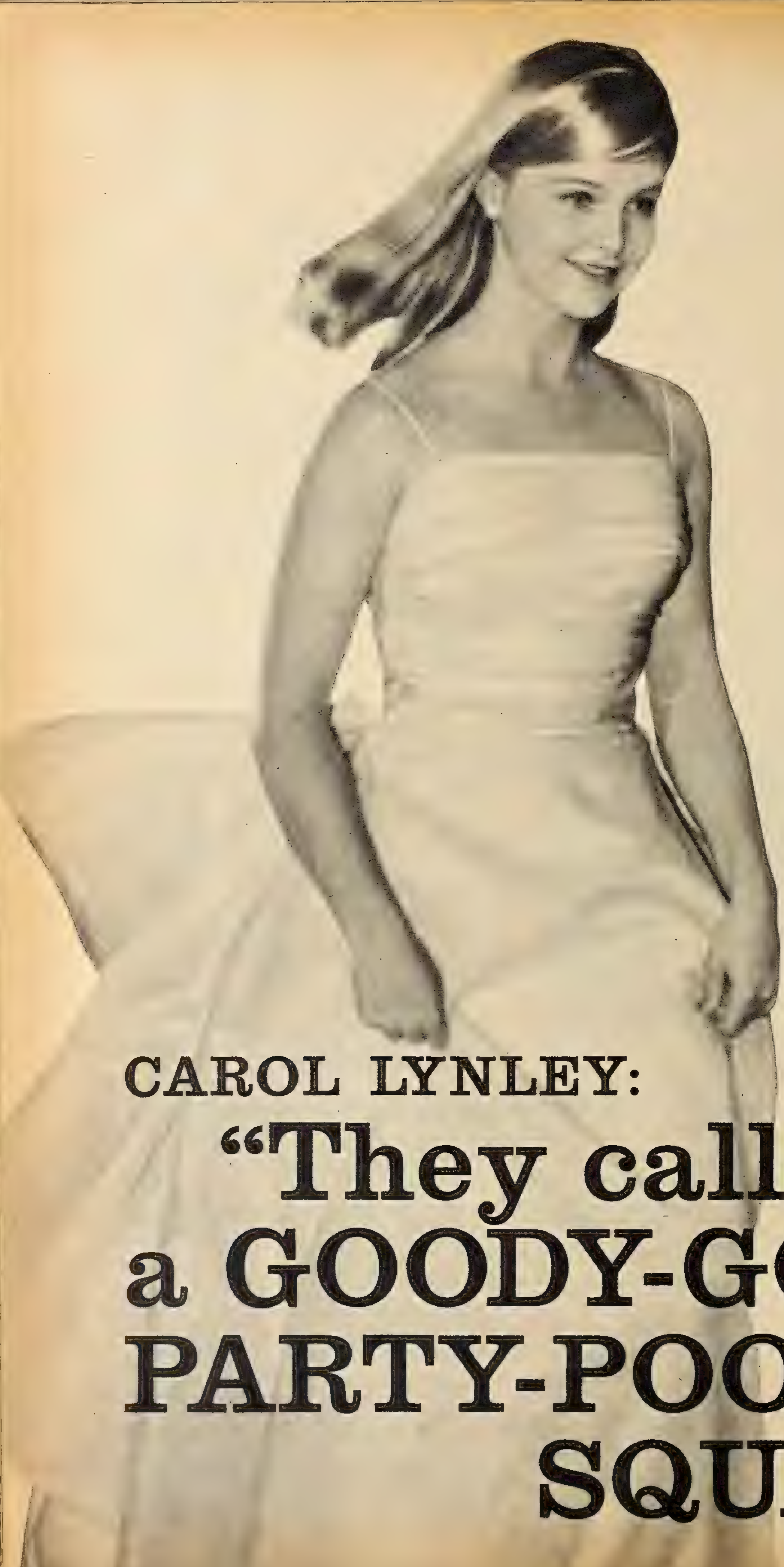
“I just thought you'd like to know about Eddie,” the girl told her nastily. “Not that I suppose you'll show up at the prom anyway. You're too busy trying to be a movie star. . . .”

And she turned and walked away.

So that was that.

Diane Jergens, fourteen years old, did her darndest not to cry. Not here, right in the middle of the main hall at Nokomis Junior High, anyway. Later, when she got home she would barricade herself in her room and turn the phonograph on loud, so that her parents couldn't hear her. Alone and miserable, she would throw herself on her bed the way she had every night for almost a month, and bury her head in her pillow. (Continued on page 51)

by Linda Matthews



Carol Lynley is sixteen. She's beautiful. She's a successful model turned even-more-successful actress. She's on her way to earning more money than she can count without the help of an adding machine. She'd need that same machine to help her keep up with the number of date offers she gets every night of the week. One day last June she received twenty-seven prom invitations from college boys ranging from Yale to the Yukon—all promising expenses paid and a ball. She's got all this—and lots more.

And still, she's upset!

As Carol says, "I just wish some people would stop trying to make me into something I'm not. I mean, I was born Carol Jones on February 13, 1942, in The Bronx, New York, and only sixteen years have passed between then and now and yet some people won't be satisfied until I start acting like a glamour girl in my middle twenties with all kinds of marvelous stories to play up. They can't believe I (Continued on page 65)

by Edward Tone

CAROL LYNLEY:

**"They called me
a GOODY-GOODY
PARTY-POOPING
SQUARE!"**

MARK DAMON:

“I hated being POOR!”



It was a windy day, I remember—and whooping gusts of wind chased around the street corners and rattled the windowpanes of our crowded tenement in Chicago's tumbledown West Side. I hadn't started school yet. I was almost six.

My mother and I were waiting for the stranger. My baby brother Bob was sleeping in his crib.

“When the gentleman comes,” my mother told me, “you behave like a gentleman. He's coming to help us.”

My mother always tried to appear calm in front of us, but I knew she was upset, that things were bothering her. I had heard her crying at night for a couple of weeks, and I remember being scared everytime I heard her cry. She tried to amuse my brother and me with funny stories all day long, but at night when she went to bed and the lights were out, I'd hear her sobbing in her pillow and I'd go to her and ask what was the matter. And she'd say, “Nothing, my son, nothing. I'm only clearing my throat. I must be catching cold.”

Although those winters in the late thirties were miserable winters,—long, bleak stretches of biting-cold weather that chilled you to your bones—my mother was lying to me. It wasn't a cold that bothered her. It was worry, and the fear (*Continued on page 66*)

as told to Tony Stevens

RIGHT Sandra Meek, official hostess for Las Vegas sure didn't seem to want to get that brand new gold lamé swimsuit of hers wet, but Paul pulled her in anyhow! BELOW Rodeo Queen Sandra got her rightful revenge at last.

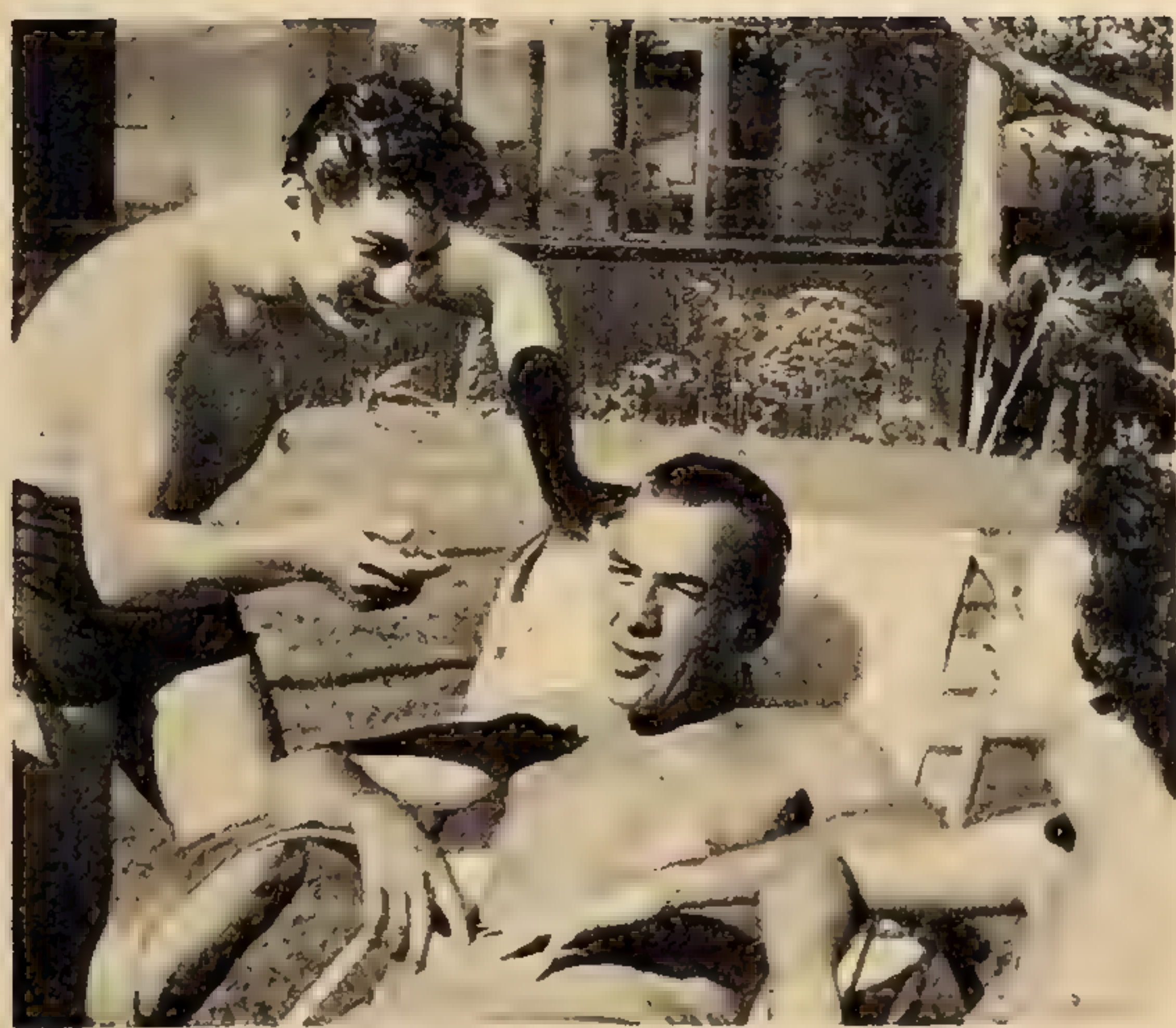




PAUL ANKA:

"They
called
me
a

PEST..."



Even at the Desert Inn, Paul has to pester someone—here Ed Sullivan and Sandy.

When Paul Anka was a plump six-year-old lad in his home town of Ottawa, Canada, he discovered workmen laying sewer pipes in front of the Anka house.

He quickly brought out a water-filled bucket and floated a saucer in it. Then he urged the workmen to pitch pennies into the saucer. For every penny that stayed in the saucer, he would sing a song . . . and keep the penny.

Naturally, he also kept the pennies that missed the saucer.

That afternoon, he earned thirty-five pennies with this game.

When he was ten and vacationing with his parents at their friend Johnny Karam's hotel, in Gloucester, Massachusetts, he decided one day to entertain the

guests in the dining room with imitations and songs. He was so charming, the guests threw coins to him, and Paul was not above picking them up. He picked up thirty dollars' worth of coins that way.

He began to learn, early in life, that there was money in entertaining folks. In fact, Paul Anka always knew it. "He was a going (Continued on next page)

PAUL ANKA: continued

concern from the day he was born," says his father, Andrew Anka, who ran a restaurant in Ottawa until recently.

Paul's home town remembers Paul as a big, lovable pest. "He hounded everybody who had show-business connections," says one of his Ottawa friends.

Paul's father sighs, "He would have gone off to New York at twelve, if I had let him. He always wanted to demonstrate his songs there."

Paul, born in Ottawa July 30, 1941, was baptized Paul Albert Anka. And from the time he could crawl, he

chattered away and charmed everybody within reach of his pudgy hands.

An elderly neighbor, Harry Bradley, says little Paul fascinated him. "He would come over and sing and entertain us, and we would give him twenty-five or fifty cents. He liked talking to older folks; he was always so eager to learn. And he had confidence. When he was eight, he told me, 'Some day, Mr. Martin, I'm going to be a big name!'"

Andrew Anka says, "Paul always knew what he was saying and what he wanted."

There was the time Paul was ten and his sister Marion eight, and daddy bought a piano for Marion. When Paul wasn't busy with his paper

route, he monkeyed around the piano. He bought a *How To Teach Yourself To Play Piano* booklet and learned to tinkle out a melody. His proud parents promptly turned him over to piano teacher Mrs. Winifred Rees. She spotted him at once as a budding musician. But, after six lessons, she suggested he drop out and come back only if he could have more time to practice.

Paul then went to Dr. Frederick Karam, who conducted the choir at St. Elijah's Syrian Orthodox Church, where the Ankas went Sunday mornings, and took lessons in music theory and voice. Paul took nine lessons, and dropped out. It seemed he couldn't stay (*Continued on page 77*)

These teenagers don't think Paul's a pest. He was the hit of the party at MODERN SCREEN'S Helen Weller's house.



they called me stuck-up

(Continued from page 45) And maybe then she'd cry.

And why? Because Eddie had a date for the prom. Because with the dance only a week away and everyone in school dated up for it for months already... she had still hoped that maybe at the last minute, maybe Eddie would ask her. Not that she had a crush on him, not that he was particularly smart or nice or good-looking—not that she liked him, even. But he *had* spoken to her a couple of times in the hall at school, he *had* picked up some books she dropped, he *had* smiled at her one day.

When you're as lonely as Diane Jergens, that's enough to make you go home hoping, to iron the formal you bought so excitedly six months before, to think about corsages and moonlight dancing.

It's enough to break your heart when the dream doesn't come true.

Oh, there'd be plenty to cry about tonight.

Two and a half years ago, it hadn't been like this for Diane. Her crowd had been too young to really date then, but she'd had plenty of friends, lots to do. She'd been happy as a lark what with pajama parties and beach parties and a best friend to walk home with, giggling. Not to mention her singing and dancing—she'd been doing that since she was five years old or so, at charity affairs and civil functions, and sometimes even professionally. She had a whole slew of costumes and routines, and sometimes she'd get dressed up and do her act for the kids. They loved it.

But that was two and a half years ago, before the Variety Club in town told her she ought to be a professional and gave her mother and her a pair of tickets to Hollywood.

"Stick around," they told her

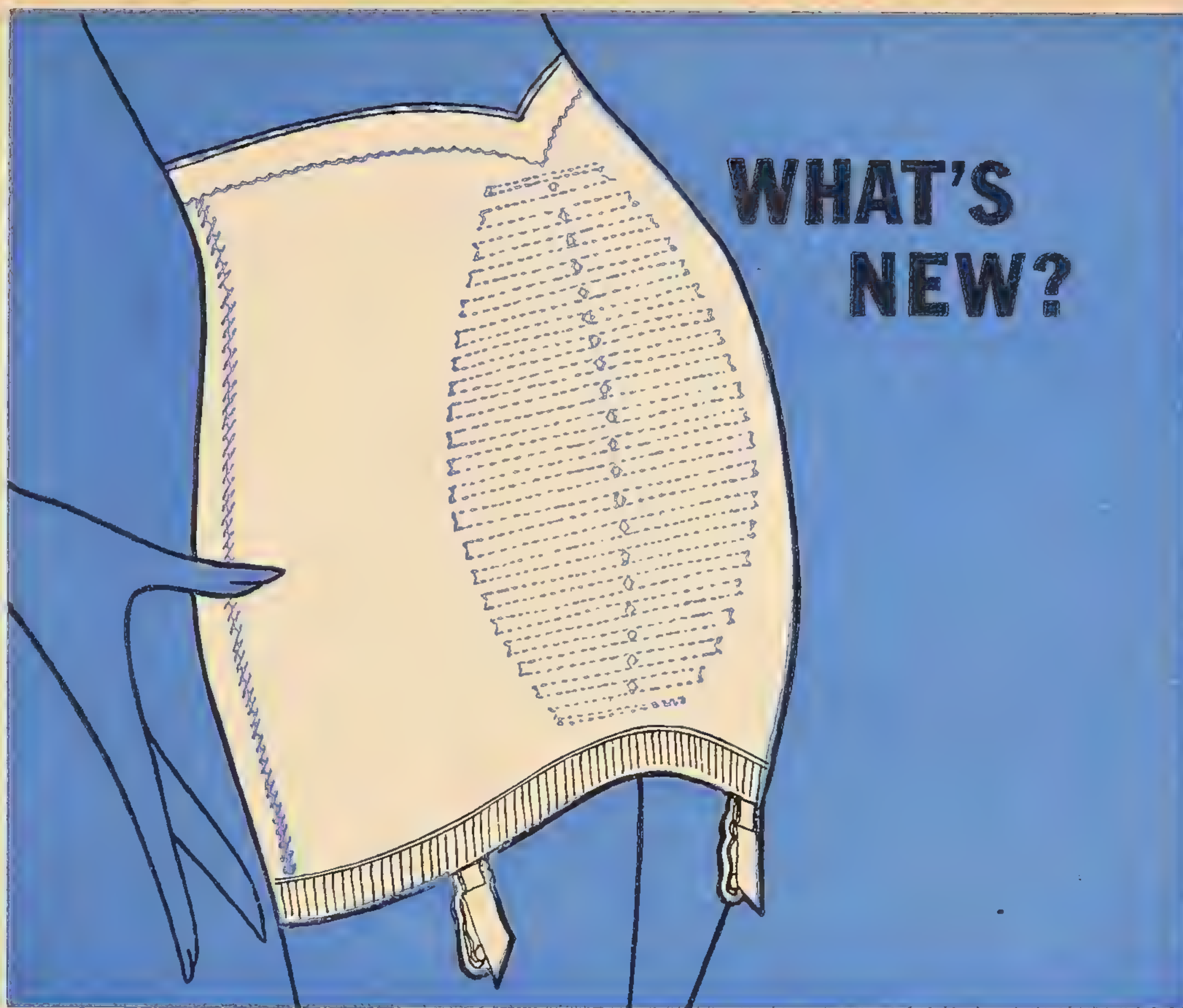
They had gotten on the train, she and her mother, in a blaze of excitement, and ridden all the way to the Coast telling each other to calm down, don't get your hopes up, it's just a dream. But by a miracle, the dream had come true. Universal-International tested Diane, told her she was a second Shirley Temple. They changed her name from Irgens to Jergens and gave her a contract. They also gave her dancing lessons, singing lessons, acting lessons. "You'll be a big star eventually," they told her. "Stick around."

So Diane and her mother stuck. They moved into an apartment in the Valley and tried to keep busy. Because when they weren't busy, they were lonesome. Even Diane, in her daze of happiness and work, was lonesome for home, lonesome for friends, lonesome most of all for her beloved father. When the weeks stretched out into months and the months began to look like a year, Mr. Irgens, back in Minneapolis, couldn't take it either. He wrote:

I'm finding someone to take over the business. I'm coming West. Diane has to have her chance.

As far as Diane was concerned, life was pure heaven after that. She threw herself into her schoolwork and her practicing. She made friends among the other movie kids—kids who talked like old-timers about routines, and bits, and breaks. She wasn't exactly setting the world on fire—in fact, she'd scarcely been in front of a camera. But she didn't mind. She was learning.

And then one night, when a year and a half had gone by, her father read a letter aloud at the dinner table. A letter from home. The business, it said, needed him. The city missed his services as alderman:



You . . . looking at *least* a size slimmer in *maidenform's** exciting new girdle! It's Diminuendo*, with exclusive *stitched-control* panels fore and aft! No bulky set-in panels or seams — no bones about it! Airy nylon power net, girdle or pantie styles — 5.95 and 6.95.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1958 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The bowling team wasn't the same without him. Wouldn't the Irgens please come home?

Diane looked at her father's face, at her mother's wistful eyes, and woke up suddenly from her year-long daze. Of course. She'd been blind as a bat. Maybe a neon-sign business wasn't very glamorous compared with movie-making—but it was the business her father had built up himself, in the town where he was somebody—and he missed it. And her mother—didn't she miss the familiar streets and people?

They had given up a lot to give her her chance. Now it was her turn to do something for them.

"I think we ought to go home," Diane said suddenly.

Her parents turned to stare at her.

She winked back the tears. "I miss the kids," she said quickly. "Honest I do. And it isn't as if I don't have all the time in the world. I can take lessons and practice just as well at home as here. You'll see. I want to go."

And that was that.

How to be a celebrity

The Irgens went home. They dusted off their old furniture, and tried to pick up their lives where they had left them. For Diane's folks, it was easy.

For Diane, it was something else.

She went back to school, not in the grammar school she used to attend, but to junior high. She saw a lot of familiar faces right away. All the kids from her old school were there.

But the old feeling wasn't. At first the kids treated her like a celebrity. They deluged her with questions.

"Tell us about Marilyn Monroe!"

"Hey, Diane—you ever meet Rock Hudson?"

She was a little bewildered, but she

figured it was natural—after all, everyone wanted to know about her favorite stars. So she dug back through her memory and came up with all the stories she could think of—of who patted her head, and who shook her hand. The kids were fascinated. Every time Diane tried to change the subject, to talk about what had happened at home while she was away, who was going with who—they steered her right back to Hollywood.

But when they talked about themselves, she was left out.

"Oh, you don't know him, Diane. He moved to town while you were away. It's such a long story, you'd be bored. . . ."

"No, I wouldn't," Diane would beg. "Tell me."

But the kids were too busy with their dates and their parties, their swimming and bowling, to let her catch up.

So, desperately, she would try to turn the conversation back to movie stars—anything, just so long as it included her. Until the day she overheard a couple of the boys in the hall. . . .

"Who, Diane? Oh, she's cute all right—but boy, is she stuck on herself. Movies, movies, movies, that's all she talks about. And a name-dropper, too."

Diane crept home, stricken. It wasn't true, it wasn't. But what could she do?

Left out

She talked it over with her parents that night. Don't worry about it, they told her. It'll straighten itself out as soon as you get back into the feel of things. Besides, you'll be starting your dancing lessons soon. We found a wonderful teacher. That'll take your mind off it, honey. . . .

But it didn't. The dancing lessons were marvelous—she loved every minute of them, even loved her practice hours. But the invitations to (Continued on page 53) 51

modern screen beauty

new
excitement
in
beauty **the**

BARDOT LOOK

Are you one who suffers a secret inferiority complex—about your figure, your beauty, your hair, even your look? In filmdom the stars meet these same fear challenges constantly. There is always the fear of the new star on the threshold—not only with more acting ability—but also with perhaps a better figure, a greater clothes sense, a more dynamic personality, or—a completely devastating new look! Brigitte Bardot is the new dazzling personality of this season. She is the toast of two continents and she has really brought a rousing excitement to gals—and to the world of feminine beauty. Don't miss her in *La Parisienne*, a United Artists release. Bardot may not be your answer to beauty but she is top stuff with the guys and has surely made all gals take a serious look in the mirror and reevaluate themselves. Bardot, and the (Continued on page 64)



All photos U.A.

(Continued from page 51) join the crowd at school came fewer and fewer now, and when they did come:

"Diane, we're going bowling on Tuesday. You want to come?"

Diane would bite her lip. "Oh, I can't—I have a lesson. Listen, couldn't we make it another day?"

"No. We always go on Tuesdays. Sorry." And Diane would just stand there.

When things got too bad—when the girls forgot to save her a seat in the cafeteria, when their conversations stopped abruptly if she walked by, when they asked her nastily if she had a date for Saturday night, knowing the answer would be no—on those days, Diane found herself crying helplessly wherever she thought she could be alone—in the girls' room at school, in her own room at night. Sobbing quietly and miserably, and telling no one, because it wouldn't be fair, her parents had given her her chance.

Only—where did she, Diane, belong? Where would she ever belong if no one could like her, no one could even want to take her out for a coke.

She danced her heart out. She told her parents that it was practicing that made her look tired, too much reading that made her eyes so red. She might have fooled them forever, and retreated more and more into herself, if it hadn't been for one thing: The Irgens loved each other. Love gives a person a great deal of insight.

By the time the school year was over, they had found out what was wrong.

The prospect of her being a star, making lots of money, hadn't been enough to keep them there. But now, the knowledge that going back would give her her lost happiness—that was enough. They were taking Diane back to Hollywood.

They were on the Coast in time for the opening of the fall term at Hollywood High.

At first, when her parents told her they were taking her back, Diane had been stunned—then overjoyed—and then, terrified. All these months she had told herself she would be fine, if only she were back in Hollywood. Now she had to prove it. What if it wasn't so?

Then what an utter failure she'd have turned out to be!

Gone was the youngster who had bounced and bubbled with enthusiasm and happiness. It was a nervous, almost shaking Diane who started school the first day of the fall term at Hollywood High.

At first she was afraid to talk about herself, afraid to mention her career. She would pause at the edge of a group of chattering kids, listen a minute, and then walk away alone. Until the day she realized how much of the conversation was about acting, about career, about dancing teachers. Until the day she finally got up enough nerve to say something about the teacher she had had in Minneapolis—and to her infinite surprise and relief, the kids turned around to listen, to ask her questions, to discuss it professionally.

After that, she began to feel at home in the group—at least on a professional level. There she knew she could be respected. But personally—she was more scared than ever. It seemed perfectly possible to her that the only reason she was liked was for her talent, that as a girl she was still a dud. Every time a boy walked by, she froze. When one of the fellows stopped to talk to her, she found herself tongue-tied.

Her second year in school, she went out on a few dates and the dates were miserable. Diane couldn't think of a word to say. If the boys asked her about her career, she couldn't answer—she didn't want to be called a name-dropper again. If they didn't ask, she was sure they would have nothing to talk about—and so, they didn't.

Gradually, though, she began to get her confidence back. There were a few boys, she discovered, who seemed to see through her shyness, to help her come out of herself. They called for second dates, for thirds. Sometimes they would even ask her to go steady, and in gratitude and happiness at not having to worry any more for a while, Diane would accept. But she never fell in love, and finally she and the boy would go their separate ways again.

By her senior year in high school Diane had matured into a stunning blonde with a tremendous dancing talent, a beautiful singing voice and a promise from Jimmy McHugh to employ her when she graduated. She had loads of friends, plenty of dates—and was gaining confidence.

Her dates included 'older men' in their twenties and college boys. But she discovered that they didn't have much in common, that she was happier dating actors. It didn't make her feel insecure—she knew now that every guy is not for every girl.

And then the guy who is right for this girl came into her life—Peter Brown, the handsome young Warners actor who made such a hit in *Darby's Rangers*. They're engaged and soon will be married. They find each other fun, interested in the same things—and easy to talk to. They can tell each other outright when something annoys them; they expect a lot of each other because they're each ready to give a lot. They're in love and they know it because they don't want to hurt each other, or test each other—only to be together to be good to each other, to make a home as warm and loving as the Irgens' home was, during those bad, dead years when everyone was calling unhappy Diane 'stuck-up.'

END

You can see Diane in *MARDI GRAS* for 20th Century-Fox.

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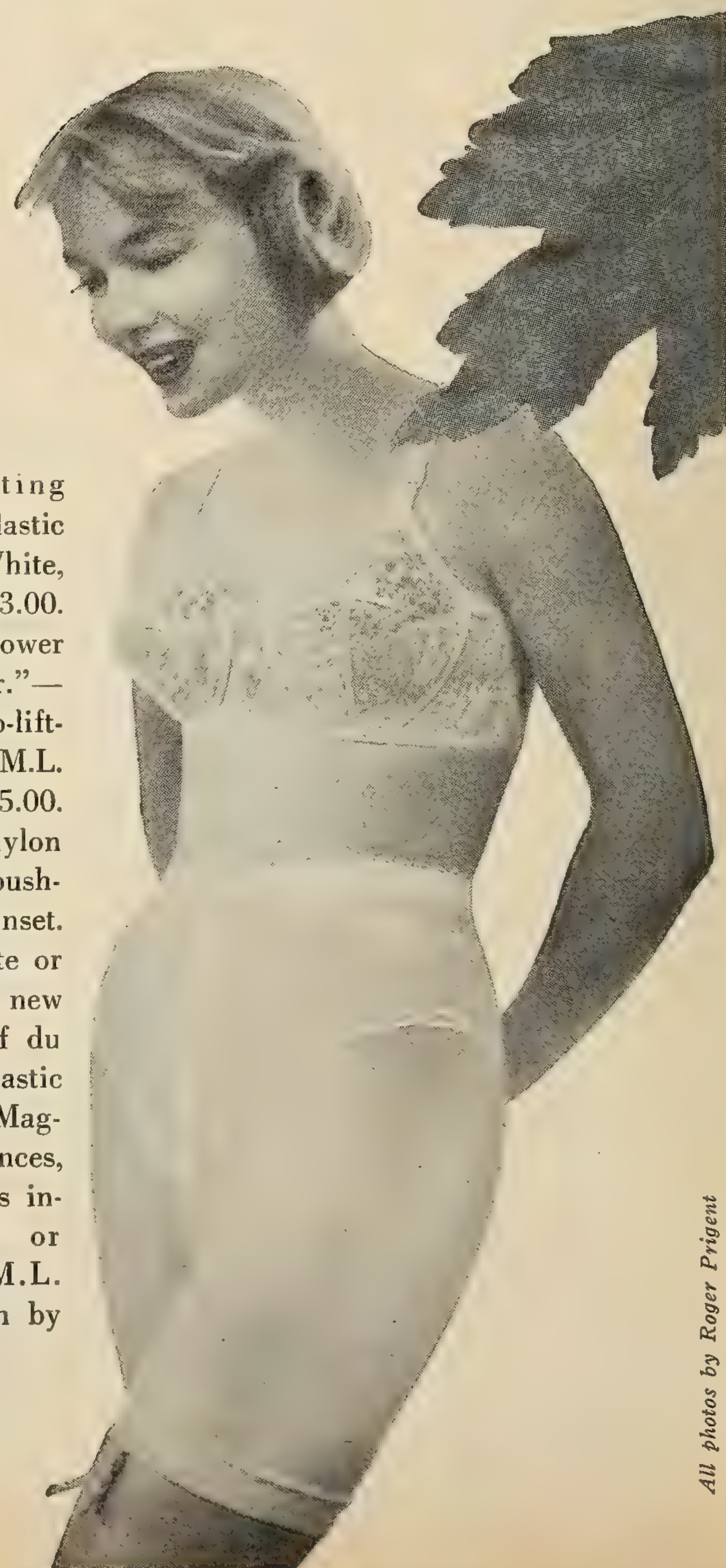


NEW FIGURE SHAPES FOR FALL

*News in fashion
dictates the full rounded look*



Left: Perma-lift's self-fitting nylon lace bra. *Neveride* elastic band holds bra securely. White, black or burnt red. About \$3.00. Perma-lift's sheer nylon power net girdle— "Stem-line, Jr."— has a special tummy and hip-lifting band. 15" length. S.M.L. White or black. About \$5.00. *Right:* "Magic Push-Up" nylon lace bra with exclusive "push-up" foam section on Magic Inset. *Neveride* elastic band. White or black. About \$5.00. The new "Stem-Line" panty girdle of du Pont Fiber K power net elastic (with no rubber) features "Magic Open Oval". Weighs ounces, controls miraculously. Dries instantly. Never wrinkles or shrinks. 15" length. S.M.L. White. About \$12.50. Both by Perma-lift.



I was a messed-up rich kid

(Continued from page 44) from pushy, in fact. But he made up his mind then and there that he would be very debonair about all this, turn to her as soon as she was settled and introduce himself.

He cleared his throat for the Cary Grant effect.

He turned, very slowly, the way Gregory Peck might have turned.

He was just about to say something when he caught June's profile and, unable to help himself, all he could say was "Wow!"

June turned now. "What was that?" she asked, pleasantly.

Dick gulped. "N-nothing," he said. "I just—" He knew now that he was beginning to blush and that his knees were beginning to shake.

He shrugged and turned away and he thought to himself, "Nuts—do I always have to goof?"

Not really a goof-ball

Now Dick is not a goof-ball by nature, either. But there were times in the past when he just sort of fouled things up. And he remembered them, very distinctly and disgruntledly, now.

Like the time in college when he signed up for golf—and flunked the course!

Like the time, in college too, when he appeared as a spear-carrier in a play and fainted from the heat midway during a big crowd scene—to cries of "How far does a guy have to go to steal a scene?"

Like the morning when he was rushing out of the house to test for Bernardine and he fell down the stairs. And his dog, Orson, stood beside him, licking the daze out of his master's face, his canine eyes seeming to ask, "What's the matter, Boss, don't you ever do anything right?"

Dick shrugged again.

And then he sneaked another look at that gorgeous profile to his right.

And then he turned back to the front of the classroom and the director and all that talk about techniques.

But, he sat there with just two things on his mind. One was to quiet down those shaking knees of his. The other was to drum up every ounce of courage in his six-two-and-a-half frame and—come the end of the hour—turn to June again and ask her where she was headed and then say something like *Gee that's funny, I'm headed the same way. Can I walk you?*

It all might have worked out fine, too, if June hadn't jumped up from her chair as soon as the director gave the end-of-class signal and gone rushing out of the room.

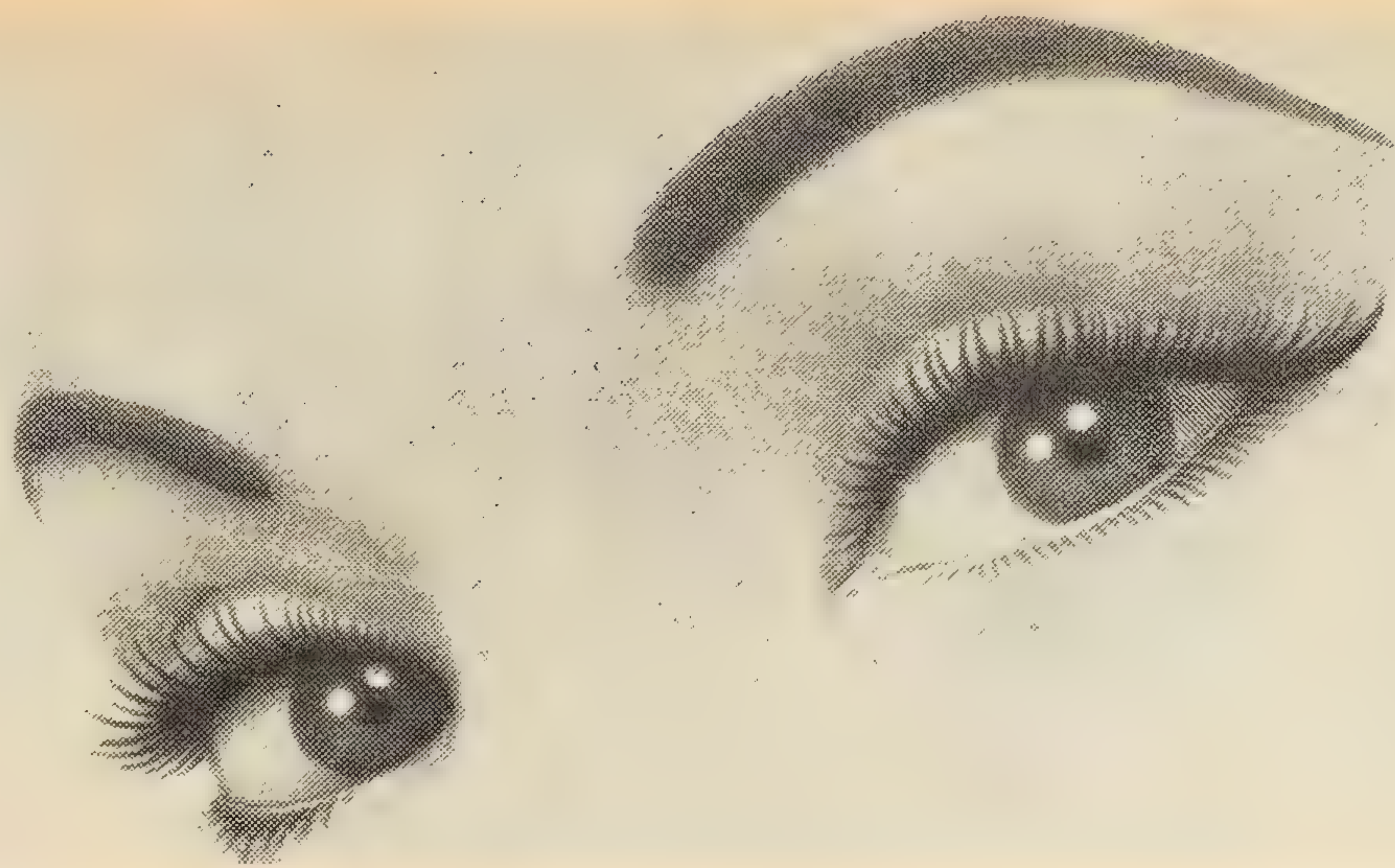
Dick slumped back as he watched her leave.

And then he began to think things. He could see it all. There was a big white convertible sitting in front of the building right now, he figured. Behind the wheel was a guy, a good-looking guy with shiny white teeth and black wavy hair and the best sunburn this side of Malibu. He would wave at June, this skunk would, Dick figured, and she would wave at him and then she'd jump in beside him, maybe even kiss him, and then they'd be off to lunch at some swank little restaurant up on the Strip, a French place probably, with wine and *pâté-de-something-or-other*, just the two of them, all alone and very happy with each other.

Dick gritted his teeth.

"Nuts," he mumbled again.

And, lonelier than ever, he sat there, watching the others leave now, trying hard to forget about a girl he didn't even really know. . . .



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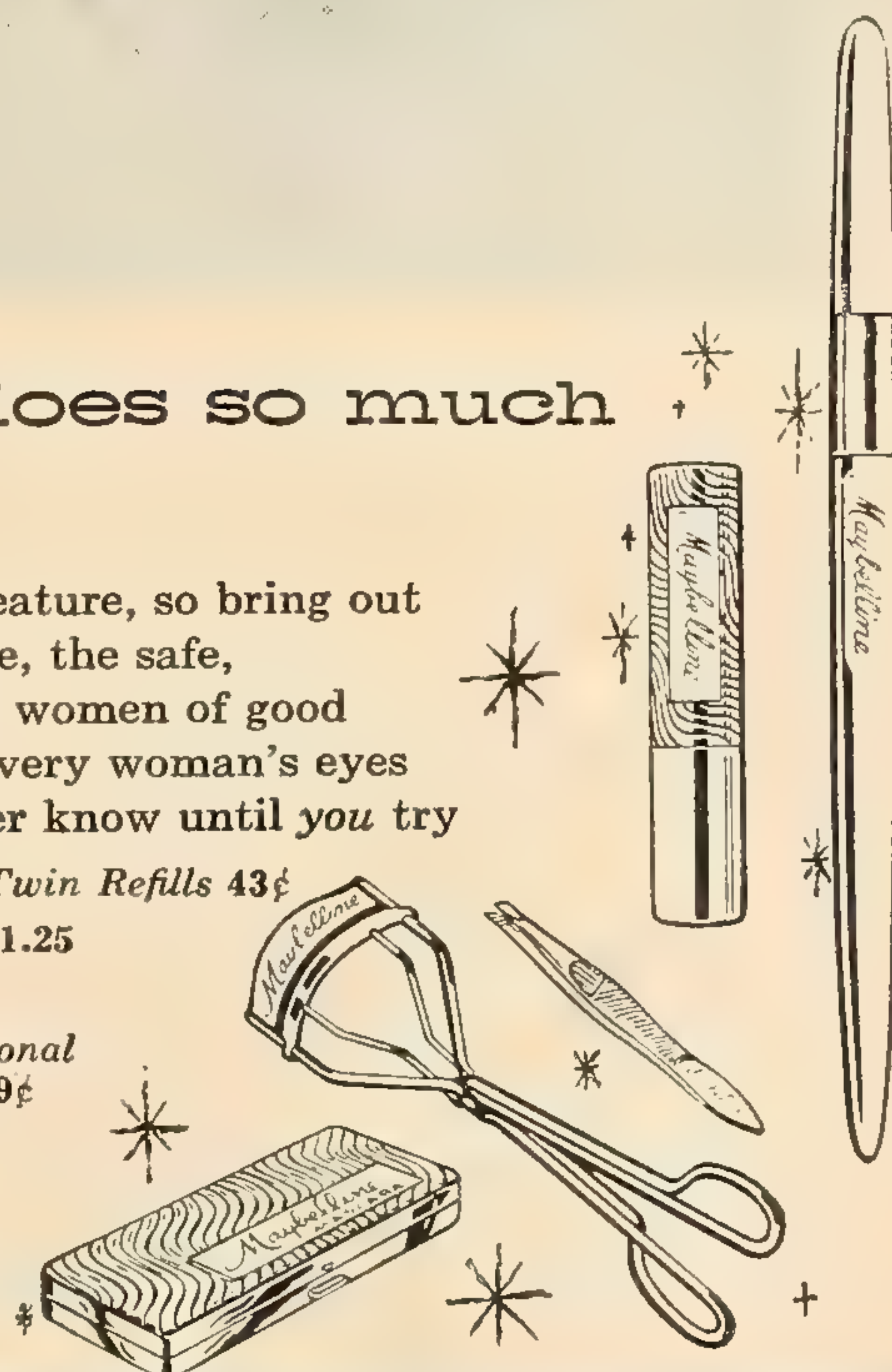
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It was a little before midnight that night when Dick reached for the phone alongside his bed. He'd been trying to sleep for the last hour or so, but it was no go. Everytime he'd close his eyes he'd see a face, a certain beautiful face topped by beautiful long auburn hair. He tried to forget that face, from early that afternoon. But that was no go, either. So now he reached for the phone and called a friend who knew everything and anything about Hollywood.

"By the way," Dick said, very casually, after a few minutes of forced chit-chat, "do you know June—what's-her-name—oh yeah, June Blair?"

"Sure," said his friend. "She's really something, huh?"

"I guess so," Dick said, so casual now that it hurt. Then he said, "I was just wondering—I mean I'm just asking out of curiosity—who does she date steady?"

"No one," said his friend.

"But the convertible—" Dick started to say.

"What?" his friend asked.

Dick cleared his throat and got back to the original subject.

"Oh yeah," his friend said. "Nice girl, Junie. She's not only good-looking. But she's smart. Only thing is she's a little shy. I remember trying to fix her up as a date for a pal of mine a couple of weeks ago. She said, 'Thanks, but no.' I could see she didn't like the idea of a blind date. Well, you know how some type gals are about these things."

"I know," Dick said, thoroughly approving of the type.

They talked for a few minutes more.

And then Dick thanked his friend for the information, hung up, snapped off the light, threw his head back on the pillow and grinned himself to sleep. . . .

It was after class the next day when

Dick did it. He forgot about the debonair approach. He decided to let Cary Grant and Greg Peck remain alone in their suave niches. He knew only that he was Dick Sargent and that he liked June Blair and that he would like it very much if she would go out with him some night that week.

And so he asked her.

And so June looked at him with those greenest of eyes and smiled and said, "I'm very glad you asked me, Dick. I'd love to!"

A fancy-shmancy premiere

Their date came about a few nights later. Dick wasn't taking any chances that June might get bored or not have a good time. So he arranged for them to go to the very fancy-shmancy black-tie-and-evening gown premiere of *Island in the Sun* and then to a big party at Romanoff's later.

Nothing, it turned out, could have been better or more fun.

Nothing, that is—Dick realized midway during the party—except being alone with June for a little while.

He kept the thought to himself.

But then, while they were dancing, June asked him, "Why so quiet?"

"Oh, I was just thinking," Dick said.

"About what?" June asked.

"About how I'd like for you and me to be on the beach now," Dick said, very honestly, "walking near the water in our bare feet and just kind of talking."

"Sounds nice," June said.

"It does?" Dick asked, suddenly standing still, there in the middle of the crowded floor.

June nodded.

"Well, c'mon," Dick said, taking her arm and leading her away—quick, before she changed her mind. . . .

It was a lovely night at the beach when Dick and June arrived. The moon, nearly full, shone bright and seemed to hold the ocean in place with a long silver ribbon it sent streaming over the water. The water itself was calm and lovely. The sand was warm. Dick and June took off their shoes and left them in the car. They held hands and began to walk.

They walked in silence, for a long, long time, till finally they came to a little hill overlooking the water. They climbed the hill and sat.

For a while longer, neither of them spoke.

Then, suddenly, Dick began to talk.

"You know, when I was a kid," he said, "I lived up in Carmel. The beach there is beautiful, even more beautiful than this. And when I wanted to be alone I used to come to a hill like this. And from it I used to look down the coast, at the rocks, at a nunnery way up on a higher hill—at the vastness, the ocean, the beach, everything. It made me feel real small and unimportant. But it made me feel good, too."

The mad woman

"I wish I'd had a place like that to go," June said, looking first at Dick and then down at the water. Slowly, very slowly, she began to talk about her own childhood—the same story she was eventually to tell MODERN SCREEN readers in the August '58 issue—about the poverty of those early years, about a mother who was too sick to take care of her properly and who turned her over to another woman, a mad woman as it turned out—a woman who for years beat and tortured and threatened her and very nearly ruined her life.

"Yes," June said again when she'd fin-

ished her story, "I wish I'd had a place like that to go to, a pretty quiet beach, a nice quiet normal life, a life like yours probably was, Dick—without any problems, anything to ever worry about or feel different about."

"I had problems," Dick said simply.

June smiled.

"Not like yours," Dick said. "But—" He stopped. He looked away. He was silent now but it was as if he was asking *Why would you want to hear anything about me?*

June seemed to catch the quiet question. She brought her hand up to Dick's shoulder and held it there for a moment, till Dick turned back around to look at her again.

June, he saw, was still smiling. And it was the warmest, loveliest, most sympathetic smile he'd seen in a long, long time.

And slowly, very slowly, he too began to talk—as June had a little while earlier—about himself, about the people who'd been close to him, about the ups, the downs, the little and the big things that had happened to him through the years, the things that made him what he was right now, this minute.

"Everything was great up until the time I was twelve," he said, starting somewhere in the middle. "Until then, the family had money and we lived in one of the most beautiful spots in the world. I loved my dad. I loved my mom. I even loved my sister, Eadie, though I guess I thought I hated, loathed and despised her at the time. It was funny with Eadie because—though I couldn't be crazier about her now—my mom really favored me when I was younger. I guess it's because Mom had lost a son by a previous marriage before I came along and so her love kind of doubled up on me when I did come along.

Eadie resented this. And I resented her resenting it. And so things weren't so good between us there for a while.

"But, anyway, things in general were still pretty swell. I had my family, my friends, my dogs . . . I had about everything a kid could hope for.

A fabulous man

"My dad was a fabulous man. He was only a high school graduate when he went into World War I as a corporal, but he came out a colonel by the end of the war. After that, he went on a self-study course and in a few years he was one of the smartest men in all of California. He did well from then on. Everything he did was good and profitable and just right. Until World War II started, that is, and he decided he wanted to go back into the service.

"I'll never forget the night before he was supposed to report back to duty. We sat around after dinner, talking. I was very proud that I was allowed to stay up late for such a special occasion, proud that my dad was going to go off to be a hero again. I remember being a little concerned about something my dad himself was concerned about—the fact that he'd been gassed a little in that first War and his heart had never been first-rate since and that he'd been taking special pills for the past few weeks to keep his blood pressure down for the physical he'd have to take at camp the following day. But still, to me, this was only a little something to be concerned about. What was important was that my dad, this dad I idolized, was off to do another good job and that he was allowing me to stay up late just so I could say good night to him.

"Except that that goodnight turned out to be good-bye. Because when I woke up

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Please check the space to the left of the one phase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE THE EVERLY BROTHERS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ more than almost any stars ☐ a lot
☐ am not very familiar with them
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE MARIA SCHELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE HUGH O'BRIAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-

pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DICK CLARK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DICK SARGENT:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE DIANE JERGENS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE CAROL LYNLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE MARK DAMON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I LIKE PAUL ANKA:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

Age NAME ADDRESS

. CITY STATE

the next morning my dad was dead. He'd had a heart attack during the night. And he was gone just like that. . . ."

Dick looked away from June and to his right, out at the silver-black waters of the Pacific as he went on:

"Things really changed after that. I seemed to grow away a little from the rest of my family. Suddenly, I didn't seem to want any friends any more. I was turning into a messed-up kid."

"It was at about this time, too, that I went off to military school."

"And boy, how I hated that!"

"I guess for one thing I was smarter than most of the other kids, and that didn't help. And then at the same time I began to find it hard, physically—to feel like anything other than a tall, frail, idiotic-looking kid. I was really something to see. I shot up six inches in this one year between twelve and thirteen. Well, there's nothing like a jump like that to throw your equilibrium off, and gradually I developed into a real goof-ball. I couldn't do sports well. I was ashamed to stand in formation with the other kids, because I was so much taller. Everything seemed to embarrass me."

Smiling with TB

"So what did I do? I got sick. I got TB, in fact. I think I had a subconscious desire to get it, just so I could get out from the academy. Whatever the reason, I got it and nobody could seem to understand why I was smiling the afternoon they carried me away on a stretcher off to a hospital, while a dozen instructors stood at the academy door tsk-tsking the fact that I probably would never be able to come back."

Dick smiled now at the recollection of that afternoon and he turned to June again.

He told her next about the following few years in another school, a better and somewhat friendlier school. And then about the toughest years of all—the years in which the self-styled tall, frail, idiotic-looking kid tried to grow up and decide what he wanted to do with his life.

In the back of his mind, always, was the big wish to become an actor—even if it meant peanut butter sandwiches every day at least once a day for year after year after year. Which it did.

Because when Dick was graduated from high school, what money his family had had after his father's death was gone. And nobody pays you anything for *wanting* to be an actor.

So came the choice—the theater and all its hardships; or a nice respectable try at the business world. Dick wasn't sure. He thought it might be wise to try them both.

He went to college with what money he'd earned from odd jobs here and there, majoring in business for a while and then switching over to drama. And with the money he had left, he stocked up on the peanut butter.

Then, college over with, he started out to conquer the world. Or, at least, those few high-priced acres of it known as Hollywood, California.

Nothing, but nothing, happened at first. And he used to give up acting every six months. To fill the gaps, he went back to tackling those odd jobs.

Then he got an unexpected check from his grandfather's estate. Not a big one, but enough to use half the money as a down-payment on a house.

With the rest, he figured he could live comfortably for at least a year while he made the studio and TV rounds.

Then came the call from the family doctor in Carmel.

"Dick," the doctor said, "Your mother has just had a heart attack—"

"How much is it going to cost, Doctor?"

Dick asked firmly, interrupting him.

The doctor named a figure.

"I've got it," Dick said.

What to do with life

What he didn't say was that that was all the money he had in the world—less a few hundred dollars he'd have to raise somehow, that from here on in the fluke luck was over, that from here on in it was going to take a decision, a really big decision, about what he was going to do with the rest of his life.

He made his decision a few nights later, while sitting in a quiet Carmel hospital room, a few feet from his sleeping mother's bed.

"I'm going to be an actor," he decided, very simply, "come hell, high water or both. . . . I'll rent out the house. . . . I'll fix up the garage attic and live there. . . . I'll go back to peanut butter sandwiches again, for as long as I have to. . . . I'll hound every casting director in town till they're so tired of me they'll have to give me a job. . . . I'll stop being a kid. . . . I'll be a man. . . . And with God's help I'll get there, I'll get there, I'll get there!"

And so he did.

There was a job for Dick soon after—his first professional job, on the Joan Davis TV show.

Next came two assignments for West Point, another TV plum.

Then the movies beckoned. The movies didn't happen to beckon very hard—this first time round for Dick being a one-day stint in *Love Me Tender*, a Hollywood first for Elvis Presley, too. But it was a job and it paid \$75 and it was a step in the direction of a second movie—*Bernadine*. . . .

Then he threw himself back on the sand. His eyes caught a fistful of stars directly overhead. "Hey, look," he cried.

June leaned back, too: "How beautiful."

"You know, it's funny," Dick said. "At night I'll wish on the first star I see, always, and then I don't know whether to wish for me or someone else, and so I usually confuse the star by asking for so many things."

"I do the same thing," June said.

They looked at each other for a long, very long moment.

Then June looked back up. She picked out a star and took her wish. "There," she said. "Now it's your turn, Dick."

"I already took mine," Dick said, "—and only one this time."

"I guess I can't ask what it was," June said, smiling.

"Uh-huh," Dick said, smiling back.

Then Dick asked, very quickly, "June, this Saturday, would you like to go out? For the day, I mean. We can listen to some hi-fi records at my place and then we can come to the beach and then maybe we can go back to my place for a bar-becue."

June nodded. "Yes," she said.

"Yes?" Dick asked.

"Yes," June said.

"Well!" Dick said. And with that, he jumped up from where he lay and helped June up, too, and together they started to walk toward the car.

It was just before they got to the car, in fact, that Dick turned and looked up again and winked at a certain winking star.

"Thanks," he said.

"Did you say something?" June asked, turning too.

"No," Dick said, trying to hide his smile and taking her hand again and beginning to run towards the car, as if by running it would make Saturday come that much sooner.

END

Dick and June will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's MARDI GRAS.

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ideas in this magazine devoted
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So get with it—

pick up

DELL 1000 HINTS FOR

teens

only 25¢—anywhere

liz today

(Continued from page 23) of Liz's sons, whom she had taken to her home. She talked constantly of them to Liz.

"Liz, you should have seen Chris today. I gave him a glass of milk with his lunch, and the first thing I knew, he was pouring it into his egg. And he looked up at me with this innocent face, and said, 'I'm makin' puddin'.' Isn't that a riot?"

Anxiously, she would watch Liz for a response, a smile, even a nod. But the flushed face on the pillow wouldn't even turn towards her. Defeated, Debbie would at last go home.

And in the darkened bedroom, Liz would repeat, "I want to die . . . I want to die . . ."

Instantly, a dozen people would be at her side.

"No, Liz, you don't mean that."

"Poor child. Here, I'll fix your pillow."

"Poor Liz. . . ."

"Liz, it's God's will that you live. . . ."

The sobbing would begin again. "I wish I had been with him. . . ."

The first step

And then one day, her sister-in-law strode to the bedside. She and Liz had not been as close as many sisters-by-marriage, partly because Howard Taylor preferred to raise his family outside of Hollywood, outside show-business circles. But she had been with Liz since Mike's death, running the house, seeing that doctor's orders were carried out.

Now she walked to Liz and stood in front of her, hands on hips.

"Elizabeth, you ought to be ashamed!"

In the shocked silence, her voice was loud and clear. "You have three children. Two sons and Mike's own baby. It's your duty to get yourself strong and well to look after them, no matter how you feel."

She bent over Liz.

"Mike would be furious if he could hear you now!"

The silence continued as she turned and left the room. Eyes followed her to the door, then turned quickly to Liz.

And saw that she had stopped sobbing. That her eyes were opened. That she lay against her pillows, not dazed, not numbed—but as if for the first time she had heard something that made sense, something she needed to hear.

Ten minutes later, she sat up.

"Where are my children?" Liz Taylor asked.

She had taken the first step on the long, hard road back.

That was the day of the Academy Awards. That evening, for the first time, Liz came downstairs and seated herself before the television set. She remained there, watching calmly, until the announcement that a technical award was given to the Todd-AO camera process. That was too much; that brought back too clearly the memory of the other Oscar night, of Mike kissing her and bounding down the aisle. She went to pieces and had to be helped back to her room.

Several people followed her, clucking sympathetically, almost in tears.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to take it. . . ."

"Don't try to think, dear, just lean on me. . . ."

The decision

Listening to them, the three men closest to Liz came to a decision. They were her brother Howard, her 'dear son'—Mike Todd, Jr., and Arthur Loew, Jr., who had been her friend since childhood—once a frequent date, now a beloved friend.

Liz had to be gotten away from these

well-meaning, but tragically wrong people.

She had had enough of tears and sympathy.

She had to learn to stand alone.

She had to look forward instead of back.

The next day Arthur suggested to her that she spend a while at his sister's ranch near Tucson.

Liz hesitated, said she'd think it over, then said no. She wasn't up to it, said she couldn't. . . .

An hour later, Arthur had his sister June on the phone, talking to Liz. And again, Liz heard words that made sense.

"You must come. You must get away from places filled with memories, Liz. The change of air will do wonders for you. And besides, my mother would love to see you."

They were words Mike would have approved.

So she went, for three weeks.

She found herself treated as an honored and beloved guest, but not as a bedridden invalid. She made a trip to see Arthur and June's mother a short distance away. She visited Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger on their nearby ranch. She awoke to the smells and sounds that had been so dear to her as a child—horses, drying hay, animals everywhere. Associations that had nothing to do with Mike, but with the world that had been hers before him—and would be hers again.

She returned to Hollywood much stronger, and took her babies home.

She was still not ready to face strangers, to return to work. But she could go through a day without breaking down.

At the time of Mike's death, he and Liz had been living in a sprawling old house in the hills for almost three months. By the time Liz got back from the ranch, the lease was up and the doctors were advising very strongly against Liz' staying on—if she wanted to avoid the nervous collapse that had been so close. While she was gone, several of her friends hunted for another place she could rent until she was ready to buy or build a permanent home.

No memories of Mike

Arthur Loew took her to see two of the houses they had found. She looked at the first, and didn't care for it. She walked through the second one slowly, room by room, pausing at windows, touching the walls.

Finally she turned to him and said wistfully, "This is just the kind of home Mike liked so well. . . ."

Arthur nodded. Then he took the real estate agent aside.

"Sorry," he said. "Nothing doing."

An hour later, Mike Todd, Jr., spoke to Liz.

"I think you should take a cottage at the Beverly Hills Hotel. It'll have lots of room for you and the kids and the nurse, and you can get all the service you need. Besides. . . ."

He didn't have to finish the sentence. By now Liz knew the unspoken words.

There were no memories of Mike at the Hotel.

That was the trouble with having lived with Mike Todd. There was almost nowhere in the world they hadn't been together.

She was still hiding, and she knew it. But she needed time. Mike always gave her time.

So she moved into the hotel, and every weekend she left it for La Jolla, where she and the children stayed with Howard and his wife. What they said to her there, what they did for her, nobody knows.

But it was after one of those weekends that Liz called the studio.

"I'm coming back to work."

It was a hard decision. *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* was not an easy movie to make under the best of circumstances—but for Liz it was now a thousand times harder.

The scenes she had to do dealt with death—Big Daddy's death by cancer.

And there was one scene that had to be photographed at Santa Monica's Cover Airfield, when Big Daddy arrived by plane.

No one knew how she would get through that one, how Liz—who had been so carefully shielded from memories—could stand plunging into them this way.

The night before the scene was shot, she woke up screaming at three in the morning, seeing in her dreams Mike's plane going down in flames.

She reached for a telephone, dialed Eddie and Debbie's number. Eddie answered, sleepy.

"Eddie," she sobbed, "it's me, Liz. I'm sorry to wake you. I'm sorry—"

He was awake instantly. "Any time, honey," he said. "Anytime at all."

They talked for almost an hour, till Liz was able to go back to sleep.

She got through the scene the next day like a trouper.

Another step had been taken.

One terrible moment

She began to spend more and more time with her children. They gave her one terrible moment—it happened the day the boys came home to her. She had welcomed them with open arms, trying not to cry.

Michael had looked around the room. "Where's Mike?"

Liz had taken a deep breath, prepared for the question. "Mike isn't here, darling. He's dead."

Five years old, Michael had understood that this meant Mike had gone away for good. He nodded, silent. But Chris, three, had never heard the word. He picked it up as if it were a new toy.

"Mike is dead," he had chanted. "Mike is dead, yes, he's dead, Mike is dead, dead, dead—"

Until Liz, still trembling constantly on the brink of hysteria, had clapped her hands over her ears and began to scream.

But that was the only time, the only bad moment. Since then she told friends, she vowed never to lose control in front of the children—and she kept her vow. Her first smiles were for them, welcoming them home. She watched them at play, held them in her arms, and more smiles followed. She kept her tears for herself. That was what Mike would have wanted.

It wasn't all progress, though. There were days of agony when she slipped the disc in her back that had troubled her for years. It put her to bed at a time when she was just finished with *Cat*, and looking desperately for something else to do, something to keep her looking ahead, something to keep her too busy to remember. But for days she was forced to lie flat in bed, to groan with pain—and to remember Mike flying her from Mexico to New York on a stretcher, Mike telling her, "I'm going to make you well—me, Mike Todd."

There was nobody this time to make her well except herself.

And she did it. She had to get well, because she had to face the press—meet newsmen for the first time since their cameras had pointed at her at Mike's funeral. Then she had been drugged, only half aware of what was happening. Since then she had been in hiding, protected by her friends. Now she was going to start a new movie, *Busman's Holiday*, and there was a press conference set up. Mike had never missed a press conference in his life. Neither would she. Mike Todd, Jr. went to the conference with her, and watched her greet newsmen with

dignity, with smiles. He heard her say gently:

"Please, ask my sweet son your questions. The men in the Todd family do most of the talking."

She was on display for the first time; she knew that reports of her behavior, her calmness or her hysteria would be broadcast through the world, and she was determined to come through.

Twenty-five and very old

With Mike, Jr.'s help, she made it. She even smiled when they asked her if it was true she would sing in the picture.

"I'll have to make the recording in the bathtub," she said. The newsmen grinned. Then Liz said, "It's been a long, long time since I've sung. I haven't sung since I was very young."

The grins faded. She was twenty-five years old, and her youth had become, overnight, a memory.

When plans for the picture were suddenly cancelled, her friends were stricken. Work was what she needed, work had done her good, kept her busy. Whenever she was idle, her appetite disappeared, the children couldn't seem to make her laugh, the nightmares began again, the Fishers' phone would ring in the middle of the night.

Worried, Montgomery Clift called her from New York and begged her to fly out for a few days, see some shows with him. She went, drugged against the long hours on the plane. Monty has always been good for Liz, and he didn't fail her this time. He fed her Hawaiian food, remembering that she liked it, and saw that she ate every bit. He took her to shows, and to Eddie Condon's to listen to jazz, and for long walks to bring color back to her pale cheeks. He cooked spaghetti for her at his apartment, and when he put her back on the plane for the Coast, it was with the promise that he would be out to join her soon.

He did her so much good, in fact, that she deliberately refused sedation on the way home, though they were to fly almost directly over the place where Mike's plane went down.

The time had come, she told Monty, to stop running away. It would be harder—but it was the only way back.

Her friends on the Coast knew how hard it would be. They tried not to leave her alone for a moment. Arthur Loew—though there was no question of romance between him and Liz—gave up his dozens of dates to be with her everywhere. He took her to a screening of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. He took her to Tucson again. He even took her to a nightclub, where a comic, famous for picking on the celebrities in his audience, teased Liz good-naturedly about her looks, her acting.

She wasn't up to laughing, but neither did she run.

And then Eddie Fisher asked her to come to his opening at the Tropicana in Las Vegas.

The hardest test

It was probably the hardest thing Liz had been asked to do since the tragedy. She and Mike had been many times to Vegas. An opening, with its gaudy, loud, expensive excitement, was the kind of thing Mike had loved, had enjoyed to the fullest, had filled with his roaring laughter, his dynamic presence.

This was the hardest test of her new life without Mike—and Liz elected to meet it. She said yes, and Arthur Loew said he would take her.

She dressed for the opening in black—a simple, sleeveless French jersey cocktail dress—and she wore her magnificent diamond and ruby necklace, earrings, and

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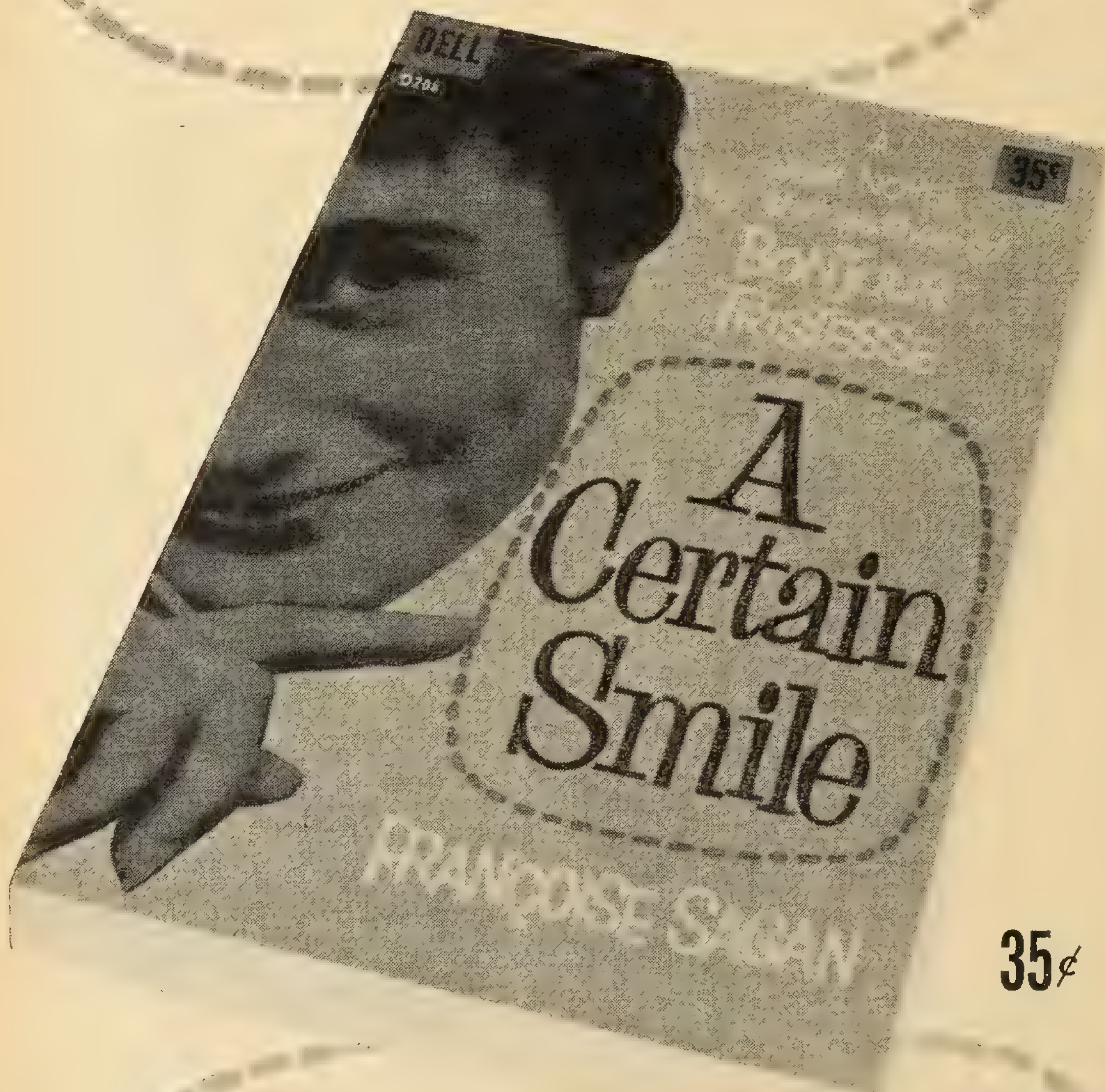
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bracelet. She went backstage to wish Eddie luck, and when he wanted to make the photographers, with their flashbulbs and pressure, leave—she wouldn't let him.

"Let them stay, and take pictures. That's what they're here for. I didn't come to be a damper on your big night."

She meant it. She went back to her table and tried to throw herself into the gaiety of the room. For the first time, she was surrounded by people who weren't there to comfort her, but to applaud someone else. She laughed at jokes. She tried to eat. When she thought no one was looking, her face sobered and her eyes traveled wistfully over the crowds, laughing and dancing. Arthur Loew saw her, and reached across the table.

Ray Bolger's philosophy at the track: "The less you bet, the more you lose when you win."

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

"Would you care to dance—just once, Liz?"

She hesitated for a long moment, then she smiled and put her hand in his. He led her out to the dance floor, and for the first time in months, she felt a man's arms around her.

They danced one dance, Liz almost stiff with tension, with the necessity to smile.

When he led her back to the table, Rock Hudson, sitting nearby, stood up and walked over to her. "Would you care to dance with me?"

Rock had been her co-star in *Giant*. He had been one of her closest friends during her marriage to Mike Wilding. She stood up again.

But there is a limit. They danced a few steps, then Liz smiled wanly.

Rock walked her back to her table.

But she didn't break down. Because Mike would have been furious if she had spoiled Eddie's opening.

The show began. If she remembered how Mike loved Eddie's voice, called him 'my kid,' if she wept because Mike would have wanted to be here—then she wept inside. Nobody saw a tear.

She was Liz Taylor, widow, at a party her husband should have been at. And she was determined not to spoil it.

The show ended. Eddie Fisher took his bows and then began to introduce the celebrities in the room. After each name, there was a round of applause.

He came to the end. He took a deep breath and then he said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce my very dear friend, Elizabeth Taylor Todd, who has done me the great honor of coming here tonight."

The sound of the applause was incredible. It was thunderous, it was universal, and it had a quality that was almost impossible to describe. It was not the applause of fans for a star. It was the applause of people for a woman, for bravery, for courage. It was the sound of admiration and respect.

And Elizabeth Taylor, dressed in black, rose slowly to meet it. She stood up straight and tall, with her jewels flashing, and acknowledged the ovation. She bowed her head. She smiled. So that everyone could see how Mike Todd's widow was coming back to life. So that they could know she was doing what Mike would have wanted her to do.

So that Mike Todd, if he was watching anywhere, could be proud of his Liz. **END**

Watch for Liz in MGM's CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF.

is tab finally falling?

(Continued from page 35) was scheduled for the following night. France had confided to Dick that she was really distressed.

If she was upset when we arrived, she didn't show it at all. She welcomed us to her small studio apartment, made us feel completely at ease. She was wearing an Oriental kimono, and I commented on it.

"I like to lounge in loose clothes," she said.

She had been painting a portrait of a mother and child with a fine-line brush and India ink. Dick asked her to show me some of her other paintings.

In her broken-English dialect, she said sweetly—without false modesty or embarrassment, "If you like. But they are nothing. I just paint for fun, to do something with the time."

"I've always wanted to paint," I told her, "to capture a quality or a mood on paper. But no go. I always end up with a mish-mash—"

"What means this mish-mash?" she asked softly, smiling.

"Mish-mash," I said laughing, "means a mess!"

She laughed too, and there was a lively, star-like twinkle in her dark eyes. She opened a bureau drawer, took out a couple of her drawings and showed them to me.

Learning from weeping

Then France showed me a mural she had painted, a wide-branched tree that cried. The tears fell onto the ground, and beautiful rose blooms grew from them.

I wondered about it. "Is it supposed to mean something?"

"Oh," she said, "my father's people believe you learn from weeping. Not selfish weeping, but honest weeping. You sow the tears and you can grow something beautiful—inside," and she pointed to her heart.

Do I have to tell you I was entranced, fascinated with her? I looked at her long black hair, dark slanting eyes and pale lemony coloring. She was only seventeen or eighteen, but she had such understanding. I asked about her parents. She told me her father was Chinese, her mother French. She was what people here call Eurasian. Her father, a navigator, sailed to Marseilles on a mission, fell in love with a Frenchwoman and married her.

Remember I mentioned that things weren't going right for France? Dick began to pry at her troubles. She didn't want to bother us with "such silliness," she said.

The trouble was this. Her studio wanted her to go to the premiere of *South Pacific* as a Hollywood glamour girl.

"They want me to get dressed up in lots of furs and fancy clothes. They give me these clothes from the wardrobe department. But these clothes," she said with a tone of melancholy, "these clothes, they are not me. I am not Marilyn Monroe. I cannot wear her kind of dresses. This is my trouble," she said.

The studio asked her then to buy her own. But she couldn't afford the elegant Beverly Hills shops where evening dresses sell for a king's ransom.

"So, I borrow a dress dummy," she said, "and I make my own clothes. I buy some silk for ten dollars. And for a coat, I have a problem because coat material, it is so expensive in this country. Everybody says if I get Hollywood salary I can afford Hollywood clothes. But I am not a star. I'm only a starlet, and I get a small salary and I send it home to my mother to pay the bills on

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our house in France. Anyway," she said, "don't you think a girl should dress for her—whatyoucallit?—personality?"

Dick and I agreed with her. "So what did you do?" I wanted to know.

"Wait!" she said. "I show you." She went through the mural-walled foyer to her small bedroom.

I looked around at the things she did with the place, this tiny doll's home of an apartment. It had been furnished in a nothing-special way by the studio—but with an embroidered scarf, a vase of lemon leaves, a mural of a crying tree and a few other simple touches France managed to bring her special spirit into a very ordinary room.

No sooner did I tell Dick, "Why didn't you bring me here before?" than she came out of the bedroom wearing a floor-length Oriental sheath—a knock-out. I think Oriental dresses are much sexier than the tight-fitting dresses lots of guys like on girls. Oriental dresses suggest, rather than point out—and suggestion can drive your imagination crazy.

Fan-fan's dress

Her sheath, of flowered silk—orange and yellow blossoms against a shimmering white background, was cut simply. There was a slit along the side of the skirt, all the way up the calf of her leg.

"You like?" she said shyly, her eyes looking at us fearfully as if we were a Supreme Court jury.

"Oh yes," Dick and I chimed.

She smiled, then ran into her bedroom and came out with an olive-green cape thrown over her shoulders. The cape was lined with the flowered silk of the dress. It was breathtaking.

"France!" I said, overwhelmed.

"You call me Fan-Fan," she said with a smile in her eyes.

"Fan-Fan," I said, "this cape is terrific. Where did you get it?"

She turned around for us to admire it. The cape had rich, deep folds that fell to the floor with great elegance. Here and there along the back of it a delicate pattern of silk posies had been sewn on the heavy wool.

"Fan-Fan," I said, "Where'd you get it?" I harbored a suspicion her mother sent it to her as a gift from the dress salons of Paris.

She twirled around once more. She was so thrilled we liked it. The cape, she said, cost her \$2.50—a surplus blanket from an Army and Navy Store; the pattern cost her \$1.00.

Dick and I were bowled over. I would have sworn it was a Dior design, the kind you see on the cover of *Vogue Magazine*, the kind that costs a sweet fortune. . . .

No sooner had I met Fan-Fan than I lost touch with her. She was called to New York for personal appearances. But, I wondered about her often—almost every day. She had me curiously intrigued. What was she really like? Was this wonderful child-like quality always a part of her? What fascinated me especially was that she had a child-like air yet the quiet understanding of a woman.

Was it a month later—it seems like forever—when Dorothy Wood called me about Dick's birthday. . . . Dot and her husband are both dear friends of mine—and of Dick's. Her husband was out of town on business for a couple days and she said she was lonesome.

"How about it?" Dot asked over the telephone. "A paint party for Dick? You know his birthday is coming up soon. Anyone you want to invite who knows Dick and wants to paint him a picture?"

Dick had just bought a small one-bedroom house, furnished it sparsely out of 61

economic necessity. Dot's idea of paintings as gifts was a good one. They'd brighten up the bare walls and add a lot of charm.

"I'm not much of a painter, Dot—but I'll try. Say, you know who's a terrific artist?"

"Who?"

"Fan-Fan."

"Who?" she said, implying I had gone nuts.

"Fan-Fan. France Nuyen. Do you know if she's come back to town?"

"Oh, France," she said. "I've met her. Isn't she a dream of a girl? Dick told me she was here for a couple of days for some photo layouts or something. She's got to go back East for interviews. *Life* magazine's running a story on her."

"Listen," she said. "I'll buzz France and see if she can make it tonight."

"I'll be sure to be there," I told her before we said good-bye.

A special angel

That night when I went to Dot's for dinner, I didn't know what to expect. It was a warm June night with a young summer moon, a silvery crescent in an evening sky without stars.

Fan-Fan was there. She was wearing an ivory cotton dress and her long black hair fell on her shoulders. The inscrutable look in her face gave her a Mona Lisa quality. I wished I could paint her.

She said hello. The way she pronounced my name it sounded like "Top."

"I'm so glad you could come," I said to Fan-Fan. She looked at me shyly and smiled.

"Start thinking up ideas, you two, for Dick's paintings," Dot said. "France has to leave early—so we won't have much time."

Dot retired to the kitchen.

"Why must you leave?" I asked her, sitting next to her on the white-iron patio settee.

"I must go to New York. They say I must be there tomorrow morning for interviews. So I will fly tonight."

For a moment neither of us spoke. We looked out at the vast night and breathed the sweet honeysuckle air.

"How're you going to the airport?" I asked her.

"I take TWA limousine."

"No," I said very grandly. "Don't do that. Let me drive you. I have my truck with me." This sounds funny, I know. But it's true. I was driving my blue Ford pick-up.

She said, "Okay, Top!"

We sat there, looking at each other and making small talk—but with Fan-Fan small talk is an art. She makes it into special talk.

I said, "My mother calls the people she likes her special angels!"

"Yes?" Fan-Fan said softly.

"So I want you to be one of my special angels," I told her.

"Okay, Top," she said, and we both laughed.

Then I asked, "When you come back to Hollywood, can I have a date with my special angel, Fan-Fan?"

She laughed again, and said shyly, "Yes, Top."

Dot came out after a while, told us dinner was ready. It was after nine o'clock. We were dining at a fashionably late hour, Hollywood style.

It was a wonderful dinner. Dot served broiled shrimp with an herb-butter sauce, a huge garden salad, fresh fruit cup for dessert and demi-tasse.

"What time should you be at the airport?" I asked Fan-Fan.

"Twelve o'clock," she said. "Midnight, 62 you call it."

"Why don't you call the airlines for a double-check? Sometimes the planes leave late," I told her.

Fan-Fan went to the telephone to make her call. I told Dot I was driving Fan-Fan to the airfield.

"Can I come too?" Dot asked excitedly.

"No," I told her brashly, quickly, without thinking. I saw a stunned, hurt expression come over Dot's face. She was crushed by my curtness and refusal.

Fan-Fan hung up the telephone, announced her plane was on time.

In the next hour we painted pictures for Dick. Dot painted a colorful, roly-poly clown, Fan-Fan painted a yellow and black butterfly, and I tried to paint Fan-Fan but made a mess of everything.

"Oh well," I said, "at least Dick'll have two pictures he can be proud of. Mine's a mish-mash."

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"Hey, Top," Fan-Fan said. "Mish-mash means mess!"

"Good girl," I told her.

Fan-Fan asked Dot to come to the airport with us. Dot said no, she had things to do.

We piled into the truck and Dot told us good-bye.

Soon, Fan-Fan and I were driving along the highway to Los Angeles International Airport.

"Why didn't Dorothy come with us?" Fan-Fan asked in a low voice. "She seemed so sad when we said good-bye."

"I didn't want her to," I said. I told her I wanted to be alone with you."

"Top," she said, "you are mean." Then, out of the blue, she said, "I bet you kill bugs."

"Yes, I do."

"Poor things," she said. "I never kill them. I try to understand them."

Then she told me I was selfish. I was wrong to hurt Dorothy like that. You

should always think of the other person, consider their feelings.

Fan-Fan was right. Dot had been our hostess, prepared a wonderful meal—and I slapped her in the face, you might say, by not letting her join us.

"I feel terrible," Fan-Fan said. "Dot is all alone. Her husband, he is away."

"Oh, Fan-Fan," I said, hating myself. "why did I do it, why did I hurt her?"

Fan-Fan turned and looked at me. I took my eyes off the road for a minute and looked at her. "Nothing is torn," she said, "that cannot be mended." She made me promise I would call Dot in the morning and apologize for my rudeness and selfishness.

"In the Orient," she said, "it's correct always not to think of yourself, to think of your friends. Isn't that true here?"

I was ashamed to say it should be, but wasn't true of me—always.

Tab learns a lot

We arrived at the airport. I checked her suitcase for her. We didn't have much time, but we tried to sip a quick lemonade in the sandwich shop. The airlines announcer, all too soon, began summoning the passengers for Fan-Fan's flight over the loudspeaker. I gulped my lemonade. Fan-Fan, like a lady, refused to be rushed, simply didn't drink the rest of hers.

In a few minutes we were in the breezy outdoors with the din of the airplane motors roaring in our ears.

"Goodbye, Top," she said. "And thank you." We shook hands.

"I have a special angel date," I said. "Remember?"

"I remember," she said, smiling.

She walked through the gate, climbed the curved stairway to the plane's entrance where the uniformed hostess greeted her. Fan-Fan turned, looked for me in the group of good-bye-waving people. She smiled and blew me a kiss—then ducked into the plane.

I waited. In a few minutes the propellers of the airplane were whirling furiously, and, before I knew it, Fan-Fan was high up in the sky—a red tail-light winking at me out of the darkness.

Hands in my pockets I headed for my pick-up truck in the parking lot. Fan-Fan was right. I was wrong to have told Dot not to come along. She would have enjoyed the ride—and loved being with us. In the morning I'd call her and apologize.

I got into my truck, turned on the ignition and drove the long way home.

I've been thinking of Fan-Fan ever since—in my dreams, during the work day, suddenly in the hush of evening when I hear a plane roaring through the sky. Five or ten years ago I would have never appreciated her. I wouldn't have allowed myself to. I was smug in my rah-rah Americanism. "Only an American girl for me," I used to tell people. But, now I've come to learn life is much more interesting with an open mind. This is a big wide swinging world, and half the fun of living is discovering.

Now I can't wait for my date with Fan-Fan the angel. It hasn't jelled yet. When I've been in New York, she's been on the road—and vice-versa. But the time'll come soon when we can get together. I know it will.

I'm not sure, but I don't think this is a love story. It's a how-do-you-do story that's beginning to border on—

Oops, before I say it, let's wait and see!

END

Tab appears in Warners' DAMN YANKEES, and will soon be seen in THAT KIND OF WOMAN for Paramount.

France will soon be seen in IN LOVE AND WAR for 20th.

everly brothers

(Continued from page 25) cash in restaurants. When they got into a new town, they would hurry into the gas station—Mom heading for the Ladies' Room and Dad and the boys for the Men's Room. Then they would wash up and freshen up so they would look presentable at the audition.

In time, the family had jobs on radio stations in Chicago, Kansas City, Waterloo, Knoxville, Evansville and Shenandoah, Iowa.

Each year, Mom Everly would remind the boys, "You must get your schooling."

In Shenandoah, a town of almost 8,000, the Everlys had a show over KFNF, 5:30 to 6:00 a.m. During the severe Iowa winters getting up at 4:00 was quite an adventure. Mom would light the oil stove to take the raw bitterness out of the frigid air; everybody would dress and hurry out to the old jalopy and wonder.

When it was below zero, they wondered:

"Will the car start, Dad?"

"Will we have to push it far today, Dad?"

If they managed to make the show, they would go through their hymns, old Hank Williams songs and typical country tunes. Then they would drive back home, have breakfast, and Don and Phil would go to school.

There were sicknesses, minor accidents, many discomforts—and a lot of loneliness. Phil and Don saw so little of boys their own age. But problems didn't matter much when a boy's heart is young and his mother brings him faith.

Don and the chair

Once, Don was standing on a chair to get closer to the mike. It was a folding chair, and suddenly the chair did just that—it folded! And Don was caught in its terrifying grip. He kept singing *Put My Little Shoes Away* to the bitter agonizing end, and then ran out of the studio weeping.

"Are you crying because your feet got hurt, Son?"

"No . . . I'm crying because I ruined the show."

Already the lad was putting the perfection of his performance ahead of his discomfort or pain.

In time, the family brought the boys splendiferous but inexpensive cowboy suits, high boots and cowboy hats. But the boys were growing so fast they needed bigger clothes. Of course, Mom was good at ripping and sewing seams so that a suit almost grew with the body—but leather boots could not be stretched.

Since there was no money for new boots, the boys often went to shows in their stocking-feet. They put on their too-tight boots at the last moment before making their entrance.

They sang, their feet cramped in pain. But no one knew, because the boys had learned to smile above the pain and saved their tears until they got out of sight of the audience.

Sometimes they picked up movie magazines with photos of their favorite stars, and sometimes they had enough money to see a new movie. Phil became an Alan Ladd fan after seeing him in *Whispering Smith* and went around for months calling himself Whispering Smith. He even wrote Ladd for an autographed photo, and received one. He gazed at the photo and sighed, "How wonderful it must be to be a famous star."

Not even 25¢

Another time Phil discovered the joys of Abbott and Costello movies, and he wrote them for their photo. He got it, plus a card suggesting that, for twenty-five cents,

he would be mailed a larger one. Phil didn't have twenty-five cents, and Don didn't have twenty-five cents to lend him, and Mom and Dad didn't have twenty-five cents to spare. So Phil never did send for that extra-size glossy photo of Abbott and Costello.

Often, they would become discouraged, but Mom always reminded them there were better times coming.

On some of their week-end trips out of town, they went through Brownie, Kentucky, where they were born—Don on February 1, 1937, and Phil on January 19, 1939.

Later, they would explain to their friends about Brownie, "It's not even a real town, it's so small," they would apologize. "But it's just outside of Central City!"

Somebody was bound to sneer, "And what's Central City?"

Phil or Don would say, defensively, "It's got a population of 5,000 . . . and it's in Muehlenberg County!"

While Dad drove the car, Mom talked to the boys about the good and bad things in life, about the Bible, and people, and God. "God gave everybody a talent and a mission in life," she explained. "God gave Phil a talent for dramatics, and ability to cope with situations. God gave Don creative and artistic talent. With faith, each of you can achieve your mission in life."

The Everly Family act was run on the basis of equal partnership. Everybody had chores; nobody had special privileges; the boys had equal voice on music, routines or anything that came up. They were treated like adults. They were not given allowances. Instead, they had to live on their share—one fourth—of the family act's bookings.

In 1950, when Don was thirteen and Phil eleven, the family radio show in Shenandoah finished a three-year run.



You're bewitching
when you go **BLONDE**

Brighten time-darkened hair—today!

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



At drugstores
everywhere
75c and \$1
plus tax

IT'S FUN to look romantic! Bring dazzling blonderness back to hair that's darkened . . . or lighten it just a shade. Burnish dark hair with golden highlights, or add a dramatic blonde streak. Beautiful blondes have preferred Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, the complete-in-one-package home hair lightener, for over 50 years. Ideal for lightening arm and leg hair, too.

Mom and Dad, foreseeing the end, had decided to quit show business.

Dad told the boys, "We're quitting, but you must go on." Then he joked: "I'm at a critical point of my life . . . too old to work and too stubborn to starve."

Starting again

They waited until the end of the school term, then the family moved to Knoxville, where Dad enrolled at a barber's college, and Mom at a beauty-culture school. Because their earnings were low, Dad was part-time janitor of the apartment house they lived in, and Mom cleaned the hallways and stairways.

Dad explained to the boys that he and Mom had sung the old-fashioned way, the way the older folks liked them. But the boys liked to put more beat into the songs, and this had annoyed some of their sponsors. One sponsor had called the boys, contemptuously, "Bobbysoxers!"

But from then on, the boys rehearsed their own songs, tried for new harmonies and new effects, and still continued at school.

But nothing big happened, and one day Dad button-holed an old friend, Chet Atkins, the singer, and told him Phil and Don weren't getting anywhere in Knoxville. "I'm going to send them to Nashville; there's more opportunity there. Would you try to help them?"

Atkins promised to help.

After Don graduated from high school, Mom took him and Phil to Nashville, rented a small fieldstone house in suburban Madison, where it's cheaper, and told the boys, "You'll be great! Remember, nothing can stop you if you have faith!"

She got a job in a local beauty parlor, and Dad stayed in Knoxville, at the barber shop. Phil went to high school, and in the afternoons and week-ends he and Don 63

made the rounds of the local music publishers, the disk jockeys and radio stations. They got work Saturday nights on the *Grand Ole Opry* stageshow, but were not considered good enough to get on the radio or tv network show that emanated from the same stage. They weren't really getting anywhere.

Yet sometimes, there was a lift to their hopes, as when Don sold a song, *Thou Shalt Not Steal*, to Kitty Wells, and another time when Justin Tubbs recorded a song Phil and Don had written.

Once, they were so broke, they couldn't afford to buy a new string for Don's guitar. A box of six strings cost \$2.50. "We can buy a lot of hamburger, spaghetti and potatoes with \$2.50," said Don.

"But you can't go on without the full strings," said Phil.

Don scurried around, found a sympathetic guitarist, and borrowed a bass string. Then he prayed he wouldn't break the string—he knew he was always hard on the fifth and sixth strings—and at the end of the show, he returned it. On the next date, he borrowed a string and later returned it. He did this for several weeks.

Then they got another lift when a big company, Columbia, recorded them in a session of four tunes. But the boys were apprehensive. They felt they had been nervous and scared and their voices were not full. And when the record came out—*The Sun Keeps Shining* and *Loving Me*—their fear proved to be right. It was a complete bomb.

Columbia never bothered to release the other two tunes.

Dad had moved to Hammond, Indiana, to work in open construction work in 10° below. It was a hard winter, but Mom kept urging the boys, "Don't quit . . . keep trying." She joined Dad in Hammond, and sent them money when she could. But most of the time the brothers had to struggle to get their three meals a day.

Don became adept at whipping up the cheapest, most filling meals: spaghetti, hamburgers, sandwiches, milk. Finally, they gave up and notified Mom they were coming up to Chicago because they had heard jobs were easier to get. Mom wrote them back:

Stick it out a bit longer . . . I have faith in you.

Then the brothers came up against a new problem. Don fell in love. Her name

was Sue Ingraham, a pretty brunette secretary a little younger than he.

After a few months' courtship, they wanted to marry. But Don didn't have a steady job, he had no money in the bank, and no real prospects. Besides, Sue's parents thought she was too young.

In desperation, Don borrowed four dollars from Phil toward buying a wedding ring, and Don and Sue drove across the border to Georgia, to a small town where parental consent was not necessary.

They drove back the same day for their honeymoon in Don and Phil's house.

The break after the bomb

Sue's salary as a secretary helped while the brothers struggled to find work. About four months later—March of 1957—Don and Phil walked into the Rose-Acuff music publishing firm in Nashville. They had been recommended to Wesley Rose by Chet Atkins and a local disc jockey, Bob Jennings. For an hour and a half, the brothers sang their songs, and Rose was so impressed, he phoned Archie Bleyer of Cadence Records in New York.

"On your next trip to Nashville, I'd like you to listen to these boys," said Rose.

Bleyer said he had heard the boys' first record—that bomb—and had not liked it. But he promised to listen to them anyway.

The following month, Bleyer listened to the boys and decided to let them record a new tune, *Bye, Bye Love*. The boys learned it in one hour, and cut it.

Then Bleyer asked the boys to come along to a restaurant for dinner. Don said, "Sorry, sir, but we left our money home; we can't come with you." The boys were broke, but too proud to say so and too proud to mooch a free meal.

Bleyer explained, "It's customary for a recording company to take its artists to dinner. You'll offend me if you don't come."

The boys went.

Still cautious, Bleyer played a tape of the recording for his seventeen-year-old step-daughter. She liked it. Then Rose tried it on his own daughter and his nephew. They liked it, too, so Bleyer decided to release the record.

The record was a runaway hit. Out in April, it was in the Top Ten by June.

Don, refusing to believe his luck, told Bleyer, "If the record continues to go well, I'm going to buy a box of strings." The record passed its first million sales in

August. Don bought the strings.

By June, the boys were being offered big-money bookings. Phil waited until October before he got up enough nerve to make a big purchase: a new hard-top MG. Don waited a few more months and bought an Oldsmobile sedan.

In time, Sue and Don reconciled with her family. Mom and Dad Everly had never opposed Don's marrying, so there was no problem there.

The boys then came out with *Wake Up Little Susie* and *All I Have to Do Is Dream*, also million-record sellers. They guested on all the top tv shows, and got \$10,000 a night with personal appearances.

Don, encouraged, bought a plot of land atop a hill in Nashville and will build a modern house for Sue, himself and—some day—their children. "And we will have a lot of dogs around," Don says, "big hunting dogs . . . They're the only dogs with a purpose in life."

They are very conscious of insurance, investments, stocks. Each month, their manager, Wes Rose, gives them a detailed report of their finances.

Rose or his brother Lester accompanies the boys on the road. They take a suite for three, usually relaxing by watching tv and sending out for snacks. Don and Phil talk incessantly about hunting dogs, clothes, movies and cowboy stars. But, along with the light chatter, Don can be heard asking, "We pay taxes . . . do we get old-age pensions too?" and "Taxes are so high, it's hard to save money."

The boys turned down four movie offers.

They don't want to start in the movies unless they get sympathetic roles.

Don is five-foot-ten, 140 pounds, with dark hair and gray-blue eyes. Phil is five-foot-eleven, 160 pounds, with blond hair and gray-green eyes. Don is twenty-one and Phil nineteen. They have put in a combined forty years of hard work and high hopes, and their first big year brought them \$100,000. Their second year should bring them twice or three times as much.

When fans gush too much, the brothers become embarrassed. "It wasn't just us who did it," Don explains, while Phil nods his agreement. "Without Dad's patience, we would have never learned about singing and music. Without Mom's encouragement and faith, we would have quit long ago. In our minds, we're still The Everly Family."

END

the bardot look

(Continued from page 52) "Bardot Look," is a challenge to every gal. What is the answer of the Hollywood stars to such a new challenge? They do something about it immediately.

They resolve to pick up the pace of their popularity rating. They change the type of their clothes, restyle their hair (even give it glittering highlights or change the color of it completely), add to their accomplishments, re-do their make-up. In short, they take on a new look that peps up personality, career, romance, popularity and just about everything in life itself.

Gals who are not in the limelight can fall into many "unpleasant and unpretty personal carelessnesses" for they do not generally recognize that they have a box office poll. Hollywood star, or no, every gal is in the limelight—has an audience—just as stars do. This new fall season is a good time to take stock of yourself. Look around at the gals in your crowd. Do you measure up? Do you keep pace with the new look? If not (and what gal really doesn't need at least a little re-doing?), why not try the all-encompassing

power of the "Bardot look!"

The Bardot figure may be hard to duplicate—but you can at least adopt a minimum diet and continue your exercise routines. As added aid and best friend select some of the new fall bras and foundation garments that have been styled to control your figure and yet give you just that yummy Bardot-like, and so desirable, fullness.

Change your hair-do—color? That's easy, with a wonderful new home perm and a good professional styling job.

Change your make-up. That takes a bit of doing but as you see the new you emerging you'll love every minute that you spend in the transition.

Start with your eyes. Analyze them. Be sure that you are dramatizing them with correct make-up to give them a real come-hither allure. Be sure that you accentuate your lower lashes as well as your upper lashes. Double lash make-up will frame your eyes like a picture. Use a colorless eye pomade to keep your lashes soft and silky. Curl your lashes to make them more appealing. (Use it on your lids for added gleam.)

Use an eye-pencil to extend the outer corners of the eyes—it will make them look larger, more open and interested.

Blend on eye-shadow to fully recess the eyes—try blue, green, even violet. Deepen the color at the lash line. Reshape your brows a bit—try the scissor handle tweezer for precision shaping. Of course, darken and intensify your brows. Use a-heap and plenty of mascara (for daytime as well as dates). Try the new roll-on mascara. The new formula is made without turpentine and it will not sting the eyes. Change your mascara colors to match your costumes—or, your mood. This elaborate eye make-up will help you with the "Bardot look," and for sure!

Now the lipline. Try to copy the Bardot lipline. Fill the lipline to lush fullness (even outline it first with stick or brush—then fill).

Your make-up—try it pale and doll-like. Use rosy undertones on your foundations and powders or all-in-one combinations. Remove unwanted facial hair with a depilatory—for added daintiness use it on your legs and arms and, under your arms, too.

Change your personality! Well, you will, and automatically, when you have re-done yourself. You will find that you, yourself, have met the new challenge, the "Bardot look"—and successfully! The guys will tell you so!

they called me a square

(Continued from page 46) haven't got strange romantic desires lurking inside me. And they're not satisfied that I'm not in love with at least half the young actors in tv and movies."

There was the time recently, Carol points out, when a certain magazine ran a story about her and young James MacArthur, her co-star in *The Light In The Forest*. The implication was that these two attractive kids had met that first day of shooting on the set, said hello and fallen immediately and passionately in love. It all would have been fine if it were true. But it wasn't. Fact is, Carol and Jim have never even dated. Says Carol about her supposed boyfriend: "I have never seen anyone surrounded by so many girls. A girl would see him off at one airport and there would be another to greet him when he landed. Wherever he would go, girls would ask for his autograph—or just be around, really, surrounding him." Carol made it very clear that she liked Jim a lot, that she thought he was a swell fellow and all that; but she made it clear, too, that the only time she surrounded him was when they were working together—and their working day usually ended at 5:30 p.m.

Then there was the time Carol was supposed to be mad about Tony Perkins. It all started when she read the following item in Dorothy Kilgallen's syndicated newspaper column:

Guests at producer-director Josh Logan's party at the New York Luau the other night noted that Tony Perkins seemed enthralled with Carol Lynley, and vice versa. They paid more attention to each other than to the festivities.

It came to a head a little while later when Carol picked up a magazine and saw pictures of herself and Tony taken at the party. Under the pictures was the caption:

Beautiful Carol Lynley didn't want to fall in love—not till she was 21. Then she met Tony.

Carol couldn't help squirm as she told us about this meeting. "Tony Perkins was the first person to arrive at the party," she said. "I was second. There was nobody else around for a while and so, since we'd never met, we introduced ourselves and began to talk. Then a photographer walked in and said, 'Let's take some pictures.' Somebody else rushed along with a couple of ice cream sodas and told me and Tony to begin sipping. So we sipped. And so the photographer began snapping away. And then, when it was all over, other people began drifting into the room and Tony started talking to some of them and I to others and, believe me, we have never seen each other since."

Then there was that other time, back in Hollywood again, when a certain press agent thought it would be a great idea for Carol to do some stepping out with Johnny Saxon. The agent got the idea the afternoon he and Carol were driving back from a studio conference and he'd suggested they stop at a health food stand for some Hollywood-type snack supplies. They were there a few minutes when another customer walked over to the stand—a tall, handsome, black-haired youth.

"Carol," the press agent said, pointing, when he saw the boy, the brain wheels beginning to spin already, "you know who that is?"

Carol looked. "No," she said.

"John Saxon," said the press agent.

"Oh?" Carol said.

"You want an introduction?" asked the agent.

"Do you know him?" Carol asked back.

(Advertisement)

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by

special glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this kind of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

Use ARRID daily and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

You rub ARRID in—rub perspiration out . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

"Saw him in *This Happy Feeling* the other night," the agent said. "He was great."

"I mean do you know him, personal-like?" Carol asked.

"No," the agent said.

"Then I don't want an introduction," said Carol.

"But," the agent started to say, "but wouldn't it be nice if you two met now and maybe he asked you out tonight or tomorrow and—"

"And," Carol interrupted, "somebody took our picture after five minutes and said we were in love? No, thank you."

"But—" the agent started again.

He didn't get very far, though. "Because," says Carol, telling about the wind-up to the incident, "I just didn't want to hear any more of that kind of talk and so I picked up a bag of sesame seeds, the closest thing to where I was standing, paid the salesman and went back to the car. . . ."

"Now please don't misunderstand me," Carol continues. "It had nothing at all to do with the fellow being Johnny Saxon. I don't even know him. The fact is that it could have been anybody and so long as we hadn't been properly introduced I wouldn't have thought of going out with him. You see, I don't go out on dates much anyway. But when I do, I like to know a little more about a fellow than the fact that he's a movie star. And also I like for my mother to meet him and say, 'Okay, this boy is nice, now go and enjoy yourselves.'"

"I have what may seem to be a very strange relationship with my mother. We're not pals. We're not buddies. We're not sisters. We're mother and daughter—and she's the mother who tells me what to do and I'm the daughter who listens. And until I'm of age, and that age is twenty-one, I plan to respect my mother on all

matters, including boys and dates, etc.

"I love my mother.

"She's done an awful lot for me.

"I owe it to her to be the kind of daughter she'll always be proud of."

Carol remembers, and always will remember, the things her mother did for her—how, after being divorced from her husband and left all alone with Carol and her young son, Danny, she got a job as a waitress at Victor's, a restaurant on Manhattan's East Thirty-fifth Street; how she cared for her two children all day and worked waiting tables all night; how she worked even harder when Carol announced at age eight that she'd please like to take dancing lessons—not realizing that dancing lessons cost money; how she took on a second job when Carol, at age ten, needed costumes and photographs in order to enter all the contests her teachers and friends said she should enter—how she worked and worked and acted extra nice to customers so she'd get better and better tips, how she took the lonely subway home to The Bronx in the lonely early hours of the morning and then sat in the kitchen sipping a cup of coffee and counting what she'd earned, making little piles of the dollar bills and change she picked out from her purse, saying, "This is for Carol" and "This is for Danny" and "This is for food and rent" and "This is for my carfare tomorrow and maybe that pair of stockings I need—maybe. . . ."

Carol will never forget, either, the day all the hard work paid off and she got her first modeling job. She was ten and a half now. She'd danced a few weeks earlier on a television kiddie contest show. She'd lost the prize—a two-week trip to Florida and a bike—but someone connected with the show had remarked on how amazingly photogenic she was and how she should be a model. Mrs. Lynley (she has 65

since changed her name from Jones, too) thought it a crazy idea at first. "You think at the time that this kind of thing doesn't happen to *your* child." But somehow the advice stuck in her mind and one day she got Carol dressed in her best Sunday dress and brought her to a big New York modeling agency. Within hours, Carol was having her hair cut—"It was beautiful and blonde," recalls her mom, "but, like the lady at the desk said, about two feet too long, so I borrowed a scissors and cut it I did!"

"Now you'll bill us of course," the lady at the desk said to Mrs. Lynley twenty minutes later, after the picture was taken. "Bill you?"

"A bill for how much we should pay you," the lady said, smiling.

"Oh . . . yes," Mrs. Lynley said. She shrugged. "But how much should we bill you for?"

The lady thought it over for a moment. "Let's say \$12.50," she said. "Is that all right?"

"Is that *all* right?" Mrs. Lynley asked, unbelieving. That was more than she could make on tips on two or three good nights of table-waiting. She looked down at her daughter. "Isn't that nice, Carol?" she asked. "So much money, So much. . ."

As she said that, she had no idea that within the next few years Carol's modeling fee would reach the top \$50-an-hour peak, that Carol would then become interested in acting and—along with her modeling work—get one good-paying job after another on television, that after a while they would move from their tiny Bronx apartment to a nice place in midtown Manhattan with a doorman and an elevator and a view of the East River—that things, in general, would change for them. . . .

Carol and her mom laugh about it today. But there was a time recently when ultraglamorous men posed a problem and when Carol resented her mother's watchful eye over her and those men.

"What I mean," Mrs. Lynley says today, "is that the profession is loaded with men who like to flirt with young girls and go even further sometimes. And here was Carol, just a child really, and so many men around all the time. And so to avoid any trouble I always used to go with her on jobs—and many is the man with a bad conscience who felt all the worse for my being there, I know.

"Then there were a few times when I couldn't make it with Carol, when I had

a cold or something. And she'd phone from the studio and say, 'Mom, Mr. So-and-so just offered to take me home in his car and said maybe we can have a bite to eat on the way, okay?' And I'd say, 'No, take a cab alone and stay out of cars, Carol—in fact, never get into something that you're going to have to fight your way out of.'

"Well, of course, Carol didn't want to have anything to do with these men. But she didn't like the idea that I had to be trailing her all the time, what with the

Tyrone Power was trained by his late father, who was anxious to have young Ty develop a good speaking voice on stage. "Read Shakespeare aloud for thirty minutes each day," was the advice of Power Sr. "Even if you don't understand it, read it aloud."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

other models—mostly older girls—commenting about it sarcastically, I guess.

"But I wouldn't give up. Even though Carol would sometimes say 'Gee, Mom, do you *always* have to come along?' or 'Do you have to keep treating me as if I were *that* young?' I wouldn't give up. And I don't think Carol realized the importance of what I was doing until that night she went to the party, the first one I allowed her to go to, just to see for herself what some of these people and parties were really like."

The party Carol's mom refers to started at 9:00 p.m. Carol had orders to be home by midnight. But she got home a few minutes before 10:00.

"What's the matter, don't you feel well?" Mrs. Lynley asked, as her daughter opened the door.

"Oh Mom, it was awful," Carol said. "Everybody just stood around talking a lot of nonsense. And then this man came up to me and offered me a drink and I took a sip and ugh, what horrible stuff. And then somebody else offered me a cigarette and I said no, thanks. And then. . ."

Carol sat down and shook her head.

And then, she told her mother, there was this girl in the slinky black dress, a girl only a year or two older than she, who came up to her and asked her if she was enjoying herself.

"Not really," Carol said disgustedly.

"What's the matter," the girl asked, coyly, "little baby Carol feel funny that her mommy isn't here to protect her?"

"I can take care of myself," Carol said.

"Sure," the girl said, "sure." Then she switched her smile, from coy to disarming. "Listen, Carol," she said, "I've got a friend here who's as lonely as you are tonight. Why don't you two get together for a little talkie and drinkie and maybe you'll both end up enjoying yourselves."

"Who's your friend?" Carol asked, hesitantly.

The girl pointed to a man standing in the corner—a man of about thirty-five, dead drunk and getting drunker by the minute, a tall greasy-haired man in a natty suit who at the moment was busy ogling another unattached girl on the other side of the room.

"I'm . . . I'm afraid I'd rather not meet him," Carol said, looking back at the girl.

"Why not?" the girl asked.

"Because . . . because I'm going home now," Carol said, "and I wouldn't have time to say anything to him but Hi and . . . and that wouldn't be very polite, would it?"

She turned and began to walk away, towards the door that would get her out of this place.

"Carol!" she heard the girl call out as she walked away.

She didn't answer.

And then she heard the girl begin to laugh and call out:

"Hey, party-poopers . . . Hey, goody-goody . . . Hey, square!"

Carol and her mother sat silent for a while after the party story was over. And then her mother took her hand in hers and said, "I'm glad, in a way, that you went."

"I am too, Mom," Carol said softly, nodding. "If I learned anything from it, it's that I'm still pretty young and that I've got a long time before I grow up. And that I'm not going to push my growing up an inch."

Suddenly, she looked down at her watch. "Mom," she said, "it's a little after 10:00 already. What's on television tonight?"

Her mother smiled a proud and happy smile. "A very good show," she said, not really knowing, as she got up to turn on the set, "a very good show. . . ." **END**

You can see Carol in *THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST* for Buena Vista.

I hated being poor

(Continued from page 47) of my brother and me going without food. My father had run off and left us, and she was all alone in our shabby rundown tenement, unable to go out and find work—and work wasn't easy to get then—because we needed looking after.

That raw windy day when the loose window panes shivered in our apartment—that was the first time I remember seeing a tall, stern-faced stranger who came into our kitchen with his briefcase and asked my mother questions about money.

"Didn't your husband leave you any money before he left?" the stranger wanted to know.

My mother told him no, not a penny.

I stood by my mother's chair, and I reached out and held her hand and I said, "Mama, can I go to work?" and she told me to hush. The mean-looking man continued to ask her questions about my father.

Before he left, the stranger told my mother they would let us know if we were

eligible for relief. It was humiliating.

All through those early years of my life, strangers came and went through our apartment—prying at my mother, asking embarrassing questions.

I never really had a dad. He ran off, out of fear, because the only job he could get was a grocery clerk's job at eighteen dollars a week, and this wasn't enough for his family to live on. Finally, because of the heartbreak and anguish he caused my mother, they got divorced.

I was eight or nine years old when the divorce came through, and my mother took me aside and told me I was now the man of the house. She tried to make me feel good by calling me 'her little bluebird of happiness' because I went out and worked.

There were times when we didn't make ends meet, and we had these stiff-looking strangers come around and give us the third degree in order to get a couple of dollars' worth of relief. Every time the kids in my school heard we were on relief, they'd call my mother a beggar. That used to hurt me more than anything, the way they'd say this to me—so tauntingly.

Kids can be very cruel. I'd hang my head in shame and walk away from them. Later on I used to fight them. . . .

But, getting back to that windy day, the first time I remember a stranger coming to knock at our door. That evening I went out and asked a newspaper man on the corner if I could help him and he said, "Sure, for ten cents an hour." He wanted me to meet him before sun-up, at five o'clock in the morning, and he would show me a delivery route.

I rushed home and told my mother who didn't know what to say. She wanted me to work, and yet she didn't want me to work. But there was no alternative.

Ten cents in those days meant a lot more than it does today. I averaged a buck and a half a week, and my mother was able to buy extra food for Bob and myself. She'd buy us fruit and eggs and fresh vegetables. Otherwise all we would eat was salami and bread and potatoes.

They say being poor builds character. I don't know. Maybe it does. I know it shames you and makes you feel unwanted.

How can I ever forget David Lash's birthday party? I was eight or nine; it

was around the time my mother got her divorce. David was a schoolmate of mine from Lowell Grammar School. He was the son of a doctor, and although we weren't allowed to play together after school, we were good school friends.

His parents wanted to have a big birthday party for him that year. A couple of the girls from our class were invited. They were told to come all dressed up because the party was going to be very special. I expected David to ask me, but he didn't. I wanted to ask him if I could come. I asked my mother if I could ask him. She told me, "No. It isn't right. David's friends are different, and you don't belong with them."

This made me want to go all the more. My mother was right. I was different. I went around in patched-up pants all the time, and I wore socks that had been mended so much you couldn't tell the material they were made out of.

No tenement kids wanted

The day of David's party arrived, and everybody at school talked about it as if it were the biggest event of the year. Very few kids from school had been invited because we were from the poorer sections of town. David's father was the doctor for our neighborhood. I guess David was forced to go to our school. They lived in the big house where his father practiced which was in a better part of the West Side. But, nonetheless, within our school district. Dr. and Mrs. Lash used to mix with a lot of snooty people. So most of us tenement kids were out insofar as birthday invitations were concerned.

That day I went up to David at lunchtime and said, 'Happy birthday,' and David told me he wished I could come to his party, but his mother wouldn't let him invite me. I said I didn't care. But David said he wanted me to come because I was his friend. He started to cry, and I told him I understood why it wasn't right for me to be there.

School ended that day, and I went home and I was telling my mother about David's talk with me. There was a knock on our door, and it was the lady from downstairs who had a telephone. The lady said somebody wanted to talk to me on the phone. I raced downstairs to her apartment and I picked up the telephone receiver. It was David. He said one of his cousins couldn't come because he was sick with a fever, and could I come as a substitute. I told him sure.

I ran upstairs breathlessly and told the good news to my mother. She told me I shouldn't go. I didn't belong with them. But I said no, David wanted me.

My mother had pride, and I didn't. Children don't understand pride until they've been hurt too many times. So I put on the only white shirt I owned, and a second-hand suit a religious organization had given us. My mother gave me fifteen cents to buy a gift for David. I went to the candy store and bought him a comic book for a dime and a candy bar for a nickel.

After I got to the party, I realized my mother was right. David lived in a big house near the park. The living room was decorated with crepe paper streamers and colored balloons, and I remember looking at all the food on the dining room table and thinking I'd never seen so much food in all my life. A big turkey, roast beef, cranberries, a three-layer cake.

And presents! There were so many of them, all wrapped up in white tissue paper and tied with fancy ribbons. All the gifts were piled on a side table in the roomy hallway, and I looked at the heaping white mass of them and couldn't believe my eyes. My two presents were in a brown paper bag. I gave the bag to David, and

he put it with all the beautiful gifts.

He introduced me to everybody. They were all dressed up. The girls wore frothy organdy dresses with satin sashes that tied in big bows in the back, and all the boys were wearing dark blue or grey suits with long pants. I was the only one in short pants, and I was ashamed.

When the time came to open the presents, I was so ashamed of that brown paper bag in the midst of that toppling mound of white tissue-wrapped gifts, I went over to it and pretended to knock it over accidentally to the floor. The kids sat in a circle around David while he opened his gifts.

After he opened all the gifts on the table David looked at me and said, "Hey, what happened to your gift?"

I pretended I didn't hear him.

"But you gave it to me," he said. "I remember you handed it to me. Hey, everybody," he said, "help me find a lost present!" There was a lot of commotion in the hallway, and everybody began looking. It was like a treasure hunt.

David found it behind the table. "I found it," he said, "I found it," holding up the brown paper bag for everybody to see. They all gathered in a close group around him and waited anxiously while he opened the bag.

The wrinkled brown paper crackled as he opened it. He pulled out the comic book and the nickel candy bar, and there was a terrible letdown in the room, like air let out of a tire. You know how you hear a 'blah' noise after all the air comes out of an inner tube? It was as if I'd heard that same sound from everybody after they saw my gifts.

David tried to cover up by saying I'd bought his favorite comic-book, and the best candy anybody could buy. But all his

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raves didn't come off. Everybody knew I had brought a poor boy's gifts, and from then on nobody wanted to talk to me at the party.

Being poor is awful and when I started working after school on my newspaper routes and other jobs, I realized how hard money was to come by. So I began stealing.

I'd go into a candy store with a dime in my hand. I wanted the candy store man to think I had all intentions of buying something, and when he wasn't looking I'd steal sweet things because I had a sweet tooth and we never had many desserts at home. I used to steal chocolate cupcakes, the kind that come two in a package. After I stole them I'd run into an alley behind the store, hide in a doorway and gobble them up.

I also used to steal money.

The drunk and the ice cream

I had started school then, and one day after school I went into a candy store to swipe some cupcakes. I saw a nickel on the counter. Some customer had left it there, and the proprietor had forgotten to pick it up. I saw him toward the rear of the store scooping out ice cream for a drunk who was saying that all he ever wanted in this world was a double-header cone of chocolate ice cream.

That nickel gleamed on that front counter like the most valuable jewel in the world, and I had to have it. So I put my hand on the counter—very playfully as if I was practicing the piano, and I grabbed it and quickly tightened my fist.

From then on—since I wasn't caught—I developed a thief's confidence and I stole anytime I saw money lying on a counter in front of me. I never robbed a cash register. But I took whatever money glinted in front of my eyes. I used to say 67

to myself, "God put it there to help us." But that was stupid. I was afraid of being punished, so I had to make up an excuse.

I stole until my early teens when one day I went to steal a comic book in a dime store, and my mother's best friend saw me, an elderly woman who was a widow. She was shopping, and she stopped to say hello to me. After she walked away, I grabbed the comic book and stuffed it into my jacket. But she saw me and came over and told me to give it to her. I said no, and she tried to yank open my jacket, and I pushed her and ran. She yelled for the manager, but I ducked out of the store in a flash. She went and told my mother about me. My mother didn't hit me. She only told me it was disgraceful for her to think her son, her 'bluebird of happiness' had turned into a crook. She shamed me so much that I took the money I had hoarded under my mattress and bought a bus ticket to California. I was going to start a new life, a life where I didn't have to steal. My grandparents were there, and they would help me.

A new life in California

But my grandparents were poor, too. They couldn't work. They were old. It seems like everybody I knew during those growing-up years of my life was hard up for cash. The war was on, but the war's prosperity didn't touch us.

My mother begged me to come home, but I told her I wanted to live in California for a while. I started school and sold flowers on streetcorners to soldiers on furloughs for their fly-by-night girlfriends. I used to hang outside beer joints and honky-tonk dives. There were times I took advantage of the soldiers because they were drunk. I'd sell them a rose for a dime, and they'd give me a quarter or fifty cents and I'd short-change them. They never knew. They were always woozy from beer or whiskey. But I liked the soldiers. They tried to be happy in spite of the fighting they had to do. I could never fight and be happy.

I stayed in California for a year, then I went back to Chicago to live with my mother and brother. I joined a gang then. I'm Jewish, and the gang was for Jewish guys only, and we used to fight the Polish gang who hung out at the opposite end of Chicago's Humboldt Park in the Polish neighborhood. If any member of the Polish gang trespassed on our territory—or vice-versa—we'd call a fight.

Both gangs fought with chains. Steel chains. Once when my gang was beating up a guy, they wanted me to hit him with my chain. I did and his nose burst open and bled. I got sick to my stomach and went home and vomited. I wanted someone to beat me. All week long I wished the school principal would call me in for some punishment.

Shortly after that a big change occurred in my life. I used to ask myself every night, "How long am I going to be poor—and miserable?"

I prayed to God for help.

I began studying feverishly. I made all A's in school. I became a bookworm, but I was a devil, too. I'd go home and do my schoolwork, then run out with the gang and raise hell. My mother did everything she could to control me, but you can't control a kid who's raised in the slums. The tough-guy influence is too strong, and he wants to be a part of it.

Being tough gives you a chance to strike back at the world. I'd break my neck delivering newspapers after school and on Saturdays, and what do you think I earned? I was lucky if I got \$1.50 a week. I scrubbed pans in a bakery shop every Saturday night for a quarter. I mopped saloon floors for twenty cents. When you

need money, you do anything to get it.

But, as I said, I studied, too.

I had the best marks of all my classmates in grammar school, tried out for the Quiz Kids radio program and made the semi-finals. I'd spend hours reading books in the school library because I believed they held secrets that would take me out of this wretched life I was living, the low, dirty life of fighting and stealing. . . .

My studying paid off.

The summer before I was going to start high school, I convinced my mother we should sell what furniture we had, pack up and head for California. I wanted to leave the stink of the Chicago slums behind us. California seemed like a new country. We could be pioneers.

That year I entered a big puzzle contest in a Los Angeles newspaper, and I won tenth prize—the fat sum of one hundred dollars. So I began entering other contests—and winning. I entered one contest under four different names, and I won the top four prizes! By my senior year in high school my winnings grew from hundreds of dollars to thousands of dollars.

Under one of my contesting names, William Caldwell, I opened a puzzle-answering service for people who needed help in figuring out contests. I wrote contest books which I published.

I was able to finance myself through college. My contest riches gave me a glorious sense of power.

I went out and bought the jazziest convertible in the automobile market—a white Buick with all the trimmings: leopard-skin upholstery, automatic foot control radio with hi-fi speakers, an automatic aerial—you know, the works!

I drove to Chicago where I spent a week parading it in my old neighborhood, showing it off to old girlfriends. I asked them out for rides and expensive dinners.

One of them, Josephine Kurylo—a pretty dark-haired Ukrainian girlfriend of mine, came out with me for a ride through the swanky sections of Chicago.

"You think you're something now, don't you?" she said as we drove around the Loop and I offered to take her to Don the Beachcomber's, one of Chicago's most fabulous restaurants, for Polynesian food.

"You're damned right," I said.

She looked at me with her warm brown eyes and said condescendingly, "You're nothing but a terrible show-off!"

I made a joke about it. "Don't you think it's time," I said, "for me to show off something besides being poor?"

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(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE . . . NAME

"I'll bet you think," Josephine said as I drove my car proudly through Chicago's high-class neighborhoods, "you can buy anything, don't you?"

"Why not?" I said.

"Well," she answered with contempt in her voice, "you can't. You're going to learn one day, big boy, that you can't buy people."

She never let me take her to Don the Beachcomber's for dinner. She told me I was like a swine wallowing in swill, the way I was wallowing in my new-found riches. The sun began going down, I remember, and the streets were darkening with the shadows of twilight, and she told me to take her home.

"Better yet," she said, "leave me out at the next corner. I'm going to take a bus. I liked you better when you were poor."

I figured she was nuts, had flipped her lid. How could anybody like anyone who was poor?

I drove back to California, dated a bunch of rich girls, spent a fortune showing them the town.

They laughed in my face

All of them took advantage of me. They let me shower them with expensive gifts—jewelled compacts and silk scarves and French perfumes. I took them to the best restaurants, and we went dancing only where the name bands played.

Then when I asked them if they would help me join their exclusive country club, they laughed in my face.

Lorrayne Frank, one of the rich girls I dated, finally told me—"You know what your trouble is? You're trying so hard to be something you aren't, and you're killing what you are."

I asked her what she meant, and she told me to take time out and think things over.

I did. I was trying to run away from poverty, and I had grown vulgar. I was flaunting my riches in everyone's face—and they resented me.

Suddenly my white Buick convertible became a white elephant, a noose around my neck. I became ashamed of it the way I used to be ashamed of my threadbare pants and mended stockings. I sold it.

I began pursuing my studies at UCLA with my old fervor. The beautiful open world of knowledge became my savior. I gave up my contesting business. I had saved enough to see me through my schooling; and this was what mattered.

I began to read a great deal, to discuss the exciting topsy-turvy problems of the world with the students in the campus cafeterias. Nothing could compensate for this joy of knowledge. Wasn't this what I loved most in life?

One autumn day that year—in the middle of a golden Indian summer afternoon—I looked at the scarlet and yellow leaves falling from the trees along the campus walks.

Suddenly, standing in the glow of the Indian summer sun, I knew I had allowed poverty to haunt me too long. Was I going to let it terrify me forever?

No, something inside of me said. Being poor was a part of the past. It was a state of existence once. It didn't have to be a permanent state of mind.

I walked along those sunlit paths and listened to the oak and sumac leaves brushing against each other and laughing at me, laughing at me for the fool I'd been.

And I knew if ever I were poor again, I had learned one thing: *not to be afraid*. To live with my books, to enjoy the company of the good friends I'd made at school, to be able to admire the magical beauty of a sun-drenched autumn afternoon—all these things filled my heart with riches no one could ever take away. **END**

You can see Mark in **THE PARTY CRASHERS** for Paramount.

(Continued from page 30) is perfect, perfect, perfect!"

Almost expected

She began to run. Behind her she could hear her mother's voice, calling something. Car doors slammed. She ran across the trampled grass that was to have been so green, so peaceful for her wedding day, and pushed her way to the door of the church, peered inside. Where were the familiar faces, the dear friends who were to have smiled at her as she walked down the aisle? Lost in the crowd, outside, unable to get in? Jammed into the pews, standing along the walls were strangers, hundreds of them, cold, curious eyes staring at her—and cameras. Thousands of cameras, going off in her face, flashing and clicking. And hands reaching out—not extended in love to wish her happiness—but hands



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An hour later they were still scrubbing frantically. At 6:15 Maria, still scarlet-nailed, had to leave. At 6:30, seated at the dinner table, hands in her lap, she was desperately wondering how one ate dinner without revealing her hands. Then someone said, "Maria—some potato soup?" She loved potato soup. By reflex her hand

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the city, before the state.

reached out, and took the bowl of soup.
"Maria! Your finger nails!" said her
father's horrified voice.

"Maria's a painted woman," chanted her
brothers across the table.

"Whatever did you do that for?" de-
manded her mother, trying not to laugh.

And Maria, her cheeks as red as her
fingers, muttered: "I wanted—to look—
like an actress—"

Work, sacrifice and love

Later that evening, her father took her
for a walk. "I see that you are serious
about acting," he told her gravely. "Well,
I do not disapprove. You may certainly
have inherited your mother's talents—why
not? But, Maria, you do not become an
actress by painting your finger nails at the
age of twelve. It takes more than the look,
you know. You must pay a price to have a
dream come true. It takes work, and
sacrifice, and love to be an artist. When
you have given those, when you are on
the great stage at Vienna, taking your
bows—then if I see your nails are red, I
will shout 'Bravo!' Till then, work—and—
this."

And he presented her with a bottle
of polish remover.

By 1946 she was an actress—a real one.
The war was over, and people getting
ready to begin life anew needed relaxation,
forgetfulness. Little theatre groups sprang
up in the villages, and wherever there was
a part to be played, however thankless,
however small, Maria Schell was there to
read for it. She usually got it, too. At
night she would be home with her scripts,
talking over her part with her mother,
badgering her brothers into cueing her
lines—practicing, practicing, practicing.

"You'll wear yourself out, Gritli," her
mother said one night, calling Maria by
her childhood pet name. "Take a rest this
summer. A nice vacation. We'll go to
Lucerne—"

Maria shook her head. "No. I have two
weeks off—and I'm going to Vienna."

"To Vienna?" Her mother's eyes opened.
"You can't get there. It's in the Russian
zone. They'll never let you through."

"I'll say I'm going to visit Grandpa. I'll
get a visa."

"But the theatres are bombed out. The
Burg, the—"

"Then I'll go to the Josefsstadter The-
atre. I've got to, that's all!"

"Maria, it will take you your whole two
weeks just to get an entry permit. And
then—"

But Maria was too deep in her dream to
hear. It didn't take her two weeks. Her
vacation started on Sunday. On Monday
morning at eight she was at the city hall,
badgering officials. Home for lunch, and
then back again from one to five. On
Tuesday the same. On Wednesday she
brought her lunch with her, and a harried
clerk finally took her aside to say, "Look,
the only people the Reds will let in are
other Reds. Now, there's a Communist
youth group theatre on its way to Prague
by way of Vienna. Why don't you join up
with them and drop out when you get to
Vienna? Otherwise, you don't stand a
chance."

Maria sees the other side

Eyes sparkling, Maria went out to tell
the Reds that she was at their disposal.

It might have worked, too. But at Inns-
bruck, the first stop on the train through
Austria, a Russian soldier found something
wrong with one of her papers.

"Off the train!" he ordered.

"But—I'm supposed to go to Vienna—I
don't know anyone in Innsbruck—"

"Off the train!"

Maria got off. . . .

It was a long, hard road to Vienna, and
when she reached it at last, Maria Schell

was a child no longer. It was with a new
determination, with less gaiety and more
purpose, that she surveyed her prospects
there. The director of the Josefsstadter,
Herr Steinbock, was a busy man—his re-
ceptionists turned Maria away time after
time from his door. At her grandfather's
house there was no heat, little food. Armed
troops patrolled the streets—the very sun-
light seemed filtered with tension, hunger,
fear. Switzerland seemed like heaven, a
heaven of warmth, of food and freedom.

But she stayed. She stayed until she had
sat eight full days in Herr Steinbock's
office, and he had finally come out to see
what this persistent little blonde was like.
She talked to him until he promised, with-
out even having heard her read, that he
would try to use her in the Kleinen
Theatre, if not the Josefsstadter.

To be perfectly frank . . .

A few days later she was invited to a
cocktail party. A Viennese movie director,
Karl Hartl, was to be there. "But you must
not say you are an actress," Maria was
warned with her invitation. "He has been
trying to cast a movie, *Angel With The
Trombone*, and he will be angry if he
thinks people are seeking him out in his
free time."

Maria nodded silently. She allowed her-
self to be introduced to Hartl as a student.
She went further. When he looked her
over with obvious interest and said, "So,
you're a student, are you?" she mumbled,
"Yes," again. But the third time it was too
much. Hartl crossed the room to her side,
drew her apart. "Aren't you at all in-
terested in acting? Haven't you ever tried
it?"

Maria took a deep breath. "Well, to be
perfectly frank. . ." she admitted.

Three days later she had a major part
in one of his movies.

The first dream was about to come true.

And, indeed, it happened so fast that
it seemed like a dream. Almost at once
her blonde beauty, her incredibly lovely
smile attracted movie-goers all over
Europe. Directors sought her out, leading
men wanted her for their films, advertisers
wanted the Schell smile to sell their prod-
ucts. Suddenly she was earning money,
making movies in three languages. She
was cast opposite one of Germany's most
exciting young men, Dieter Borsche. They
had a few dates—and suddenly they were
the Tony-and-Janet, the Debbie-and-Ed-
die of Europe. They made a movie called
Doctor Holl that some six million people
saw, they were rumored engaged, they
were the biggest box-office team on that
side of the Atlantic—and everyone was
happy.

Everyone but Maria.

Born for this?

For the dream had come true—and sud-
denly it didn't seem worth it. She wasn't
in love with Dieter, nice though it would
have been. She didn't like the movies they
were making, no matter how much they
paid. It looked as if all she would have to
do for the rest of her life was stand by
Dieter's side and dream into the camera—
and she hated it! Was it for this that she
had been born into a family of artists?
Was it for this that she had made her long,
lonely journey to Vienna? Was it for this
that she had worked and dreamed all her
life?

They began to call her 'that difficult
Schell' around the lots. Suddenly nothing
pleased her. The sunny smile was turned
on only for the cameras. She argued over
every line of script, every direction given
her. She tried to turn the sweet little
women they gave her to play into troubled,
real people. She wouldn't do this scene.
She wouldn't pose for that still.

"What's gotten into you?" her friends

demanding. She couldn't answer them. But she felt she was wasting her life, and she didn't know what to do about it. Nobody listened to her ideas—and why should they? Sweet little girls made money. Wasn't that enough?

Finally she disappeared. Rumor said she was in Paris, in London, on the Riviera—vacationing with Dieter. Actually, she was home in Switzerland, trying to recapture the dream.

Then one day, a letter reached her—and a script.

Dear Fraulein Schell:

We have here a script we believe is good. But it is on an unpopular theme. If you will play the lead, we can make it—and make money. If not, we drop the idea.

The script was *The Last Bridge*.

And the girl in it was not a sweet young thing, but a dedicated woman. Maria wrote:

I am ready any time that you are.

Two weeks later she was on her way to Yugoslavia, to make the film. Traveling with her was the entire cast and crew, the director, Helmut Kautner... and a young assistant director, Horst Haechler.

It did not take Maria long to find out that Horst, too, was working on the film because he believed in it. He was ambitious, yes; but not for fame, not for money. It was easy enough for him to say so, of course, since he had neither—but he meant it. You could tell. You could tell when he talked about the movies he wanted to direct some day—good movies, with something to say. You could tell it even through his laughter as he described how he had spent the last few years—going to high school all over again because his diploma had turned out to be no good after Germany's surrender, going to dentistry school, giving it up to follow his earliest love—the theater.

Under the strangest conditions, Maria and Horst fell in love....

No room for movie stars

Jugoslavia, it seemed, had very few accommodations for film crews—not even their stars. This company was making a movie about the war: very well, they could live as soldiers lived. In Yugoslavia that meant *outside*. They cooked over open fires, washed their clothes in pots of warmed water. And at night the director would stand solemnly behind a huge pile of mattresses and blankets, while the movie-makers filed past, collected what they could carry, and staggered off to make their beds on the ground. Maria, exhausted nightly from playing highly emotional scenes over and over again all day, would be the last to leave the fire, the last to totter off under her load. One night Horst saw her lurching by and called out, "Can't I help you?"

And weary as she was, Maria managed a grin. "No," she said. "I have made my bed; now I must lie in it."

A pretty feeble joke, even for a tired girl. But somehow it struck them both as hilarious. And when they were done laughing, they were in love.

By the time the picture was finished, and on its way to winning top prizes at the film festivals of the world, on its way to making Maria Schell the biggest name in Europe, they were engaged. The clamor that went up was horrifying.

"Who is he? Nobody?"

"He will be somebody," Maria would say patiently.

"But you *already* are a star. This sort of thing never works, the wife more famous than the husband!"

"He will be just as famous. We are going to make a movie together. He will direct it."

"You'll fight. You always fight with your directors. You can't be an actress and have a life of your own. It doesn't work."

"It will work."

She went on saying so, month after month. It wasn't always easy. They made a movie together and they did fight, furiously.

"Who is the director?" Horst would bel-low. "You or me?"

"Who's had more experience? Who was right about the third scene, eh? I was," Maria would retort, eyes flashing.

"All right, you were right once. This time I am right. Do it my way or not at all!"

When she remembered she was a woman, it was easy to be delighted that Horst was not to be pushed around, that he usually won. But when she was only Maria Schell, defending her dream against all comers, she fought him with all her might.

The picture was not a success. Each blamed the other....

"The future Mr. Schell"

Off stage it was no easier. One night at a party he heard himself being introduced as "the future Mr. Schell."

That was almost the end.

"I shall never go to another of these things," he told Maria firmly. "Never. You go alone."

She was horrified. "But you must come next week. I am getting an award—"

"Get it alone." And she did.

Finally she wrote to Horst.

We are both artists, both difficult people. Never mind. We would not be in love if we were different. It is lonely here. I am surrounded by people, but I am lonely for you. I think I would rather fight all day than leave you for an hour.

I have always been told that one must pay for having a dream come true. My dream was acting—it has been realized. But surely I don't have to pay by losing you. That would be too much to ask....

She didn't lose Horst. But she made her first payment with the shambles of her ruined wedding day.

And the price was far from being paid in full....

The baby

When Maria and Horst arrived in Hollywood for *The Brothers Karamazov*, they knew they were going to have a baby. When they left Hollywood, they knew the baby would be lost.

They told no one their secret, not even their parents. "We did not want my pregnancy dragged through the papers," Maria explained later. "We were afraid our folks would tell the neighbors and soon—it would be public property."

It was no one's fault but the baby was lost.

And, perhaps, another payment made....

There is a long, expensive contract from Hollywood in Maria Schell's papers now. It guarantees her all the work she wants, all the money she can spend—all the privileges of choosing her own scripts.

But nobody knows where she is.

Nobody knows where she has hidden to wait for heartbreak to heal, for time to bring forgetfulness of the lost baby, for hope to remind her of the others to come.

Nobody knows, indeed, if Maria Schell will ever come back to the dream that came true—and became a nightmare.

And if she does return, only time can tell what future payment will be made in private heartbreak, in loneliness, in love. That is between Maria and the future....

END

Maria's in Warners' *THE HANGING TREE*.

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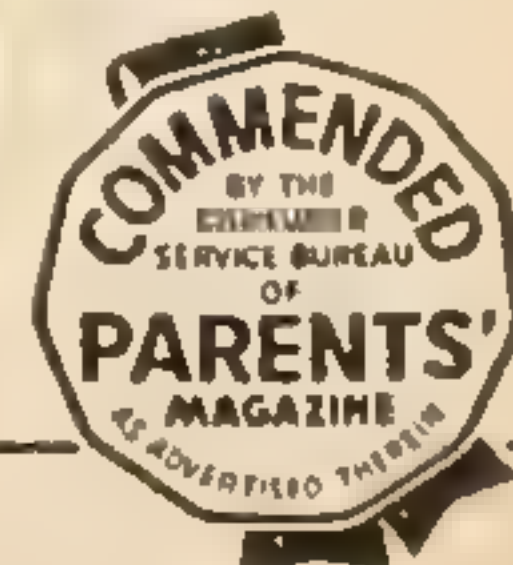
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confessions of hugh o'brian's private secretary

(Continued from page 32) the blonde had settled down—about ten feet from me. "What a beautiful bathing suit!" he remarked. "I bet it's from Paris." She nodded her head. Two minutes later they were doing underwater acrobatics together.

After I'd lost him for half an hour I decided I'd better take matters into my own hands, if we were to get through the pile of work we had brought along. I put down my pad and pencil and jumped in after him, till I got close enough to tickle his feet. When he turned I motioned him to come up to finish his work. He made a few feeble attempts to push me away but finally followed me up above the waterline.

"Goody, you are fired," he cried out.

I pointed at the blonde who was just stretching out on a cork mat. "Do you think she can take down 120 words a minute?" His face broke into a grin and then he continued with the dictation where we had left off forty-five minutes earlier.

That's all in a typical day's work for me which stretches through seven days a week, has taken me to places like Hawaii, Acapulco, New York and the Virgin Islands with Hugh, and includes doing just about everything except wear Wyatt Earp's clothes—and I came pretty close to doing that once, too.

I wouldn't trade places

It happened the morning of the wettest day we've had in Los Angeles during the past decade, after a telegram from Hugh was delivered to my apartment at 4:00 a.m. MEET ME AT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AT 6 A.M. WITH RAINCOAT AND EARP BOOTS. I knew he'd forget something the one time I didn't go along with him on a trip. . . .

And so I was at the airport at six in the morning, a raincoat over one arm, his boots in the other, making sure he wouldn't get his feet wet as he passed in a downpour from the airport building to the car.

Of course I had also brought along six days' mail which he read on the drive to his house, for as he once told me, "There's no point wasting time. . . ."

Hugh is not an easy boss to work for. But I wouldn't trade places with any girl! I've never had so much fun since I became his girl Friday, about a year and a half ago.

Till then, I used to be private secretary for David Haft, a close friend of Hugh's with whom he shared a house till Dave got married. I left Dave about the same time and went to New York to visit my relatives. The day I came back to Hollywood I ran into Hugh on Canon Drive in Beverly Hills.

"Hey, Goody!" he yelled across the street. "What are you doing now?"

"Nothing. . . ." I shouted back.

"That's where you are wrong," he hollered. "From now on you're my secretary. . . ."

I ran across the street to shake hands and close the deal, and I haven't stopped running since. But at least Hugh appreciates it. Last Christmas he gave me a pair of tiny, hand-carved filigree gold dancing shoes with a sweet little note attached to them.

To my executive secretary with my sincerest appreciation.

Hugh

P.S. These are for all the shoes you must have worn out this past year.

And he wasn't kidding. Take a typical "workday" in Acapulco.

My appointment book read:

Wake Hugh at 8:00 a.m.; Breakfast 9:00 a.m.; Surfboard lessons (everything he does I do; so naturally I went along) 10:00 a.m.; Skin diving 12:00 a.m.; Boating and lunch 1:00 to 5:00 p.m.; Cocktails with

Señor and Señora Malentas, 7:00 p.m.; Supper at Hotel da Pesca, 10:00 p.m.

I had no idea . . .

As if the mere schedule wasn't exciting enough, something invariably occurs to add that extra thrill. That day it happened thirty feet under water. The diving instructor suddenly motioned Hugh to "freeze." I was about fifteen feet above him at a vantage point from where I could see what was taking place. And it made me shiver in spite of the eighty degree water. A poisonous eel was winding past Hugh. The slightest movement on Hugh's part would have made the eel strike—and kill him instantly. He didn't move. . . .

In spite of a busy social schedule our Acapulco stay was the quietest, most relaxed trip I have ever taken with Hugh. The reason, I am sure, is the fact that his Wyatt Earp shows are not being televised South of the Border, and consequently he is known only to other American tourists. . . .

How different was his reception in Honolulu last summer, where we went supposedly for a rest.

Look for

RICKY NELSON

On the cover

of next month's

MODERN SCREEN

At least Hugh got some sleep on the flight over. In fact he loves to fly because at 20,000 feet he is safe from mail, telephones and telegrams. But no sooner had Hugh closed the door of his hotel room when a local newspaper-woman called him for an interview. We had photographers and newspaper people follow us around from breakfast through dinner.

When I started to work for Hugh, I had no idea that my duties would include not only secretarial work, but running his household, selecting his clothes, buying cars, and screening telephone calls from women of all ages.

Since he has an unlisted phone number, I don't know how complete strangers get hold of it. But they do. And they don't make my job simple, because Hugh wants to be polite to everyone without committing himself when he doesn't know what he's in for.

I try not to be nosy

One girl insisted, "I bet you're not even going to tell him that I called."

"Of course I will," I assured her. There was a slight pause before she giggled, "If I were you, I wouldn't."

But I do, although I first try to find out all I can about them, without trying to appear nosy. That isn't always easy.

Not long ago I had a call from a girl in Santa Paula. "What would you like to talk to him about?" I asked politely.

There was a moment's silence. Then, at last, "It's personal. . . ."

"May I have your name and phone number . . .?"

"No. But Hugh knows me," she insisted. "I'll call back," and hung up.

She called back the next day and the

day after, and the day after that. When she finally realized she couldn't get through to Hugh without giving me a little more information, she weakened. "I told a fib. . . ." she confessed.

I waited patiently.

"I'm a dentist's assistant and I told one of the patients that Hugh and I were close friends. . . ."

I still didn't say anything. This version wasn't new, either.

"Do you think Mr. O'Brian would mind driving to Santa Paula next Sunday so I could meet him?" she asked hopefully. And before I could answer, "Then I wouldn't be caught lying. . . ."

It was typically female logic and I didn't blame her a bit. I haven't met a woman yet who doesn't have a crush on my boss. I also knew that he couldn't possibly go to Santa Paula even if he'd wanted to. But he did send her a letter and a picture which I'm sure helped establish her alibi.

Actually, Hugh is so curious about the girls who do call him—he meets almost all of them, either by inviting them to the set or by getting acquainted over a cocktail somewhere. And if he's disappointed in any of them, and by the simple law of averages, he must have been, he never shows it. In fact he's so gracious about it that since I've started to work for him, he hasn't made a single enemy although he gets some very amusing letters as an aftermath of these get-togethers. One girl kept writing him, "But I don't want to be like a sister to you. . . ." Hugh didn't tell me what transpired, but I can well imagine!

One of the biggest problems I face as Hugh's secretary is getting boyfriends of my own! Wherever we go, everyone always thinks I'm his girlfriend, which doesn't make it easy for me because—let's face it—how many men would try to compete with Hugh?

But inadvertently, he is quite helpful. . . .

Not long ago he made a phone call to a friend, who had invited him to spend the following Sunday afternoon at his pool. "I'd love to come," Hugh assured him. "But I have some work to do. Would you mind if I bring along my secretary?"

There was a long, long silence before Hugh finally said, somewhat uneasily, "All right. We'll be at your house at two. . . ."

When we arrived, the friend turned to Hugh. "Where's your secretary?"

He pointed at me. "This is Goody. . . ."

His friend didn't seem exactly displeased and I was glad, because he was quite handsome. We've had dinner together a number of times since.

I save him from women

Among my many duties, the one that requires the greatest finesse is that of friend-in-need to my boss. This only happens on the rare occasions when he gets himself into an embarrassing situation where he has to be rescued. Like a few weeks ago, when I got an anxious call from him just as I had walked into my apartment. It seemed that a slightly inebriated young woman had rung his doorbell, and when Hugh opened the door, pushed her way into his house pretending to be a friend of a friend.

Hugh had tried to get rid of her as gentlemanly as possible. She wouldn't budge, till I rushed over to help out. I can still see her expression as I walked into the house, notebook and pencil in hand, and told Hugh I was ready to go to work any time he was ready to start his dictation.

"You go to work at two o'clock in the morning?" she cried out skeptically.

"We often do," Hugh insisted as he began to dictate a letter. That was all the persuasion she needed to take a powder. . . .

Actually, we weren't so terribly far off when we indicated we are working almost

any hour of the day or night. Just the other night Hugh phoned me at three in the morning. "Please remind me that I have a date at six tonight. . . ." he said.

"You have what?" I cried out.

"A date, at six," he repeated. "I was afraid I might forget. . . ."

"I'll remember," I yawned as I sleepily scribbled a note to myself on a pad which I keep next to my bed for just such emergencies.

While working for Hugh, I can really never tell just what I'm expected to do next.

He was still living in his apartment in West Los Angeles when he had an advertising executive over for dinner. As usual I had prepared the menu. (I take care of all his shopping as well as supervise the cleaning, the laundry, etc., etc.) The three of us were enjoying delightful steaks when Hugh's guest complained of having wet feet.

"Sure you do!" Hugh laughed, thinking it was a joke.

"Honestly," the man insisted.

Seconds later both Hugh and I felt water seeping into our shoes as well. A quick investigation revealed a broken faucet in the bathroom.

For five minutes the three of us frantically tried to find a way to stop the flow of water, which was already trickling down through the living room and into the hallway. . . .

"Call the fire department," Hugh ordered as he wrapped towels around the break in the line.

Ten minutes later two fire engines came to a screeching halt in front of the building. About twenty firemen jumped off—and one of them turned off the valve to stop the flow of water!

I save his life

Some days I'm even called upon to save his life—as I did during a recent magazine layout. . . .

Hugh and his date, Valerie French, had gone to James Bauer's home, which has a pool with a window at the side of it, from which underwater pictures can be shot. After they splashed around for a while Hugh spotted a couple of harpoons lying by the side of the pool. He couldn't have possibly known they were loaded or he would never have considered it fun to pretend that he and Valerie were having an underwater fight with them. Before it was over, Hugh might have been without a date and I without a boss.

I was with the photographer who suddenly noticed through the window that the harpoons were loaded—he was more familiar with this weapon than Hugh was. "Get them out of the water!" he shouted.

I turned pale. "How?"

There was no point hollering at them because they couldn't hear us.

Since they were wearing aqua lungs, they could stay below another fifteen minutes. Something had to be done, fast. And I was the only other person who wore a bathing suit.

I ran up and dove in, and swam toward them. Before I knew what was happening I had two harpoons pointing at me—Hugh's, and Valerie's. Frantically I motioned them to come up. Apparently Hugh thought we were playing games because he turned and started to chase me—with the loaded harpoon. Luckily I came up above the waterline before he became trigger happy! When I told him about the weapon he didn't hesitate to dive down and take Valerie's harpoon from her.

I find a house

One of my favorite duties on the job was house hunting.

Hugh knew for some time that he wanted

to get a place of his own, but he had only a vague idea what it should be like, and no time to do anything about it. So I did it for him.

Invariably the reaction of the real estate people—especially the women—when I told them who it was for was the same. "Congratulations," and "We'd like to get his autograph."

When I assured them that I was only his secretary they seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Apparently, a lot of them still like their heroes single. . . .

The autographs were no problem, because my boss willingly signed them all.

Hugh himself managed to look at about one out of six houses I thought had possibilities, and a couple of months ago agreed that I had found it. It's a charming, two-bedroom home on top of a mountain, with an unobstructed view over Beverly Hills and the ocean. He is now redecorating the house and adding a swimming pool, and I help with the arrangements.

I've also become general counselor on his wardrobe—I have all his measurements and buy most of his things by myself—got him his car—at a discount—can fix hors d'oeuvres the way he likes them and have become an expert in mixing just the right kind of martinis. I've even become a practical nurse after a recent trip to Houston, Texas, where Hugh shook hands with so many youngsters at the Children's Hospital that he got blisters on his hands.

"Do something!" he said as he held them out to me.

Since we didn't have any painless anti-septic with us, I poured some of his after-shave lotion on them, which made him wince. "Goody," he started out. . . .

"... I know," I cut in. "I'm fired."

I wasn't—but occasionally I feel I get mighty close to it, when we fight like two people who've been married twenty years!

Hugh gets really upset only about small details that haven't been properly taken care of, a shirt that comes back with a button missing; a misplaced script; a letter that isn't answered promptly. He is a perfectionist and expects everyone else to be just like him.

The angriest he ever got was about a tie rack I ordered which he didn't like. Twice he asked me to take it back, and twice I got sidetracked with something else. The third time he exploded.

"All right. . . . I give it to you for a birthday present!" I finally insisted.

His face broke into the familiar grin. "If you can afford to give me birthday presents—I pay you too much. Consider your salary cut fifty per cent. . . ."

"Next you'll ask me to pay you for letting me work for you!" I cried out.

"Now there's an idea. . . ."

I didn't press the point. I'm sure there must be millions of women who would be willing to do just that!

END

Hugh can be seen in *THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST* for 20th-Fox.

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thanks, darling, for making me a woman

(Continued from page 26) sister getting married, Lana shook her head wisely and said:

"Nat and R. J. love each other fine. But Nat won't be a good housewife. If they have maids, it will be all right. But Nat can't sew, or clean up or even cook. She cooked something once for dinner and I had a stomach-ache. We had burned steak, cold corn and mashed potatoes that were half beaten and half lumps. She's also very good at spending money for clothes. And—"

It was at this point that a member of the wedding party overheard the little girl, told her to hush up and dragged her back to the smiling group.

And it was at this point, too, that the newspaperman wondered what the heck the smiling group was smiling about, anyway.

Before being assigned to cover this wedding, he'd heard nothing but the most gloomy tidings about this young Hollywood couple. And now along came the bride's own baby sister and topped it all off with her own brand of revelations.

Then something else happened.

The reporter stepped forward to take a peek at Natalie and Bob as they got into their car and bid good-bye to everyone.

"Good-bye!" the newlyweds called out, waving at one and all.

"Good luck!" waved back a woman standing next to the reporter, who then turned to him and, still waving, muttered: "Those two will need it, believe me. . . ."

Said one so-called pal of Nat's, a day or two before the wedding, in an off-the-cuff remark that has good cause to be revealed now: "Sure I'm glad she's getting married. I love weddings . . . But as far as Nat goes, I wouldn't be surprised if she ends up like Ava Gardner, getting married and unmarried as she pleases, doing whatever she pleases and when. After all, Nat's a kid at heart. She always has been and always will be—a wonderful, bratty, impulsive, no-nonsense, all-nonsense kid. And now she's marrying up with the very respectable R. J. And I can just see the fireworks in the offing. And I do mean before next Fourth of July!"

Well, the wedding took place on December 28, 1957, and next Fourth of July has come and gone for Nat and Bob. And much of it's brought tears to the eyes of that small but loud-whispering group in Hollywood that likes to start rumors about such things. There have been no fireworks in the Wagner household. At least, not that kind.

In fact, a lovely miracle has been taking place in that brand-new household over the past ten months. Because, you see, some of the things that had been said about Nat at the time of her wedding were at least partly true. And, little by little, there have been some beautiful changes made in the heart and mind of this beautiful girl who decided to become a bride.

The cause of the change?

Bob Wagner.

The reason behind it?

Love.

The change itself?

Nat—the kid—is becoming a woman. . . .

Well, there came this night last January, shortly after Nat and Bob were married, the night things began to change.

The Wagners were dining out, alone, at a Sunset Strip restaurant. Dinner over with, Nat picked up a cigarette and Bob dutifully lit it. A few minutes later, a director who knew Nat well and who was sitting at a nearby table came walking over.

"Are you still smoking?" he asked Nat, very bluntly.

"Sure," Nat said, beginning to laugh.

"But—" the director started to say.

Nat's laughter turned nervous as she realized what he was up to. She tried to change the subject.

But she didn't get far when Bob interrupted now and turned to the director. "Why do you ask about the smoking, sir?" he wanted to know.

"When a doctor tells a girl she has a nervous heart and mustn't smoke anymore, I think it pays to take the advice," said the director. Whereupon he shrugged, said good night and walked away.

And whereupon Bob turned back to Nat and said he wanted to know a little more about this nervous heart business.

"Oh honestly," Nat said, puffing away at her cigarette, "it must have been about a year ago that I went to see this doctor and he examined me and said my heart was just a little nervous.

"And that you should stop smoking," Bob added.

"Yes," Natalie said.

"Then stop," Bob said.

"I will not," said Natalie.

"I said stop," Bob said, suddenly very serious, more serious than Natalie had ever known him to be. "I said stop—and I mean now."

Nat shook her pretty head. "No," she said, taking another puff. "It's fun and I like it and—"

"Nat," Bob said, leaning over in his chair, talking very softly now, "Nat, honey . . . I love you and I married you and I want you to be around me for a long time, a long, long time. And I don't want any cigarettes cutting down on that time if they're affecting your heart in any way." He winked. "Not even if that time is fifty or sixty years away from now when we're old and tired and sitting on a porch somewhere, rocking away on a couple of wicker rockers, me holding my ancient hand in yours."

Like magic, Nat put out the cigarette, promised never to touch the stuff again and then reached across the table to grasp the still-young hand of her still-young husband, to hold it and hold it for the rest of the evening. . . .

Now, it's a matter of record that Nat once said about herself: "All I knew for years as a kid star were people who'd pat me on the back and say, 'Isn't she cute and isn't she a swell trouper and don't we all just love her!' Well, this happens and you go around starry-eyed, thinking everybody wants to help you. But then, as soon as you start getting up there, you learn that some of the people who were nice to you are just as anxious now to stab you in the back. It's taken me a long time. But I've come to the conclusion that people aren't nice, unless they're your true friends. At least, not some of them. They're just not nice."

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Well, then came this other time shortly after the wedding when the Wagners went to a party after the premiere of some picture or other. They were having a swell time, too, till Bob suddenly noticed that Nat's face had grown very long.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I didn't know she'd be here," Nat whispered, indicating a young actress who'd just walked into the room.

Bob had known the other girl from way back. He'd always liked her, liked her fine, and he couldn't understand Nat's attitude. "Fess up, honey," he said; "what's wrong between you and her?"

Nat fessed up with a vengeance. Why, that girl had finagled her way into a movie part once, a part originally intended for Nat. Why, she'd gotten her agent to contact the producer in the most underhanded way and then she'd managed to test for the part—and then she'd gotten it.

"Nat," Bob said, when his wife was all through, "did you ever want a part somebody else already had?"

Nat didn't answer.

"Did you ever test after somebody else thought she had the part—not through any meanness of your own, but just because that's the way it happens to be in this business of ours?" Bob asked.

Nat nodded this time.

"Look," Bob said, suddenly, "I want to prove something to you."

Nat finds a friend

Before Nat had a chance to ask what, Bob had turned, caught the other girl's eye, waved and signaled her over to the table. And before Nat had a chance to object, the girl came rushing over, smiling warmly, shaking hands with Bob first, then with Nat, then accepting Bob's invitation to sit down for a few minutes—right next to Nat, of course—and chat.

After a moment or two of chatting—between Bob and the other girl, that is, Bob excused himself from the table. "Got to see somebody for a moment," he said, smiling at Nat, "but I'm sure you girls can stand it without me for that long, huh?"

Nat didn't exactly smile back.

But she was smiling, all right, smiling real friendly-like, when Bob returned to the table—about fifteen minutes later. Yes, the other young actress was saying something, obviously a real girl-talk type thing, and Nat was listening and smiling and she actually seemed to be enjoying this girl.

"Nice person, this enemy of yours?" Bob asked softly as he bent over Nat to give her a peck on the ear.

Nat nodded. "Very nice, you horrible monster, you," she whispered and then turned back to her new-found friend and to what she was saying. . . .

Speaking of friends, actor Nick Adams—long one of Nat's closest pals—told us a couple of years ago: "Nat and I have an agreement. Her husband, when she gets married and whoever she marries, has to agree that Nat and I stay friends. He's got to realize we are friends who are very close, who call each other up when we have something on our minds—in the middle of the night sometimes when we have problems and we're alone and can't sleep, who tell each other everything and who nothing or nobody is ever going to break up."

Well, Nat was an extremely popular girl before she was married and her friends literally numbered in the hundreds—the very close, the near-close, the almost-near-close, and so on. And while she didn't have this never-say-die-or-good-bye agreement with all of them, there were certainly a couple of dozen who could say what Nick had said, that nothing or nobody was going to spoil these beautiful relationships.

Of course, Nat and Nick and all the

others were extremely young when they shook hands on this. And of course, since Nat and Bob married, there haven't been any middle-of-the-night phone calls to anyone from the Wagner bedroom—partly because there's no telephone in the Wagner bedroom, partly because Nat sleeps much better these nights—there being a Mr. Wagner who sleeps beside her now.

But, still, Nat loved all her old friends even after she got married. And there did come the time shortly after she and Bob settled in their new place when the subject of these friends did come up.

It all had to do with a housewarming the young couple had been planning to give. It had to do, more specifically, with the number of people they'd invite.

"I think twenty should do it," Bob said, picking up a pencil and preparing to make the list.

"Twenty?" Nat cried. "But, Bob, I could never get away with that."

"What do you mean never-get-away-with?" Bob asked.

"I mean there must be a hundred people who'll feel terrible if we don't invite them," said Nat.

"You're kidding," Bob said, hopefully.

"Honest, Bob," Nat said, taking the pencil from him and beginning to jot down name after name after name.

It took Nat twenty minutes and seven pages of pad to make the list—and when she finished the list totaled one-hundred-and-twenty-six names.

Big party

"So?" Bob asked, holding back the chuckle, "what do we do, hire the Palladium Ballroom or just fly everybody to New York and try to get Madison Square Garden for the night?"

"Darling," Natalie said, "if we could only have these people, just this once—"

Bob sighed a deep, young husband's sigh. "Look, Nat," he said, "first of all, this place we call home is charming and I'm crazy about it. But it isn't exactly big. And we don't want to stuff it up with so many people that everybody's going to be uncomfortable, do we? . . . And then, Nat, there's this matter of friendship. Now, all those names you've written down. They can't all be real friends—"

"But they are," Nat interrupted.

"I mean," continued Bob, "they're all good people, I knew, and you like them all, I know that too. But a party like the one we should have—well, it should be a party for people we really want to see, for our real good friends. And unless I'm wrong, Nat, most people are lucky if they have—"

"Twenty good friends?" Nat broke in, laughing.

"Something like that," said Bob, laughing too.

Now it was Nat's turn to sigh her deep, young wife's sigh.

"Go take a shower, darling," she said, out of the clear blue, a few moments later, after she'd thought over what her husband had just told her.

"Why should I?" Bob asked.

"Because I've got something I want to do—alone—for a while," said Nat. "So go take a shower or do something and leave me alone for just a little while. . ."

When he came back there sat Nat, pencil still in hand, examining her guest list with the intensity of a near-sighted Swiss watchmaker, and carefully—if rather slowly—crossing out first one name, then another. . .

Finally, let's re-examine that quote of Lana's—Nat's kid sister—that we printed at the beginning of this article, the comment about Nat not being able to do any housework, or not being able to cook and certainly being able to spend lots of money on clothes.

Fact is, it's still part fact. Nat still doesn't

know anything about housework, for instance, for the simple reason that both she and Bob are very hard-working, successful movie stars who make a lot of money and can afford a cleaning woman a few times a week.

"But," as somebody—a friend of Bob's this time—told us recently, "don't let Natalie ever hear you say she can't cook anymore. Because she can really cook up a storm now. If there's one thing old R. J. likes, it's to eat at home as much as possible. And Nat realized this early in the game and I don't know if she went to cooking school or spent a fortune on recipe books or what. But sit with this girl for an hour and she'll spend at least half the time telling you about a *Beef Stroganoff* she just happened to whip up for Bob the night before, or maybe about the *lasagna* she made on Saturday night, or about the omelet she's planning to make tonight, the kind with the herbs and the thin slices of *prosciutto*, with thin-stripped potatoes on the side and stringbeans *à la Française*—garnished with flaked almonds yet.

"And about that other point—Nat spending lots of dough on clothes. I happen to know that she's learned from Bob that a dress and a hat and a pair of shoes aren't things you wear once or twice and then retire to the attic. And lots of couturiers and all kinds of ladies' apparel salesmen throughout Hollywood and Beverly Hills have learned that practically the only time they get to see Natalie now is at their local theater."

Speaking of pictures—or rather, in this case, photographs—we'd like to address a question to you, our readers.

Did you like that color shot of Nat and Bob at the beginning of this article?

There's a nice little story behind that shot.

The picture itself was taken especially for us at a beautiful seaside California town where Bob was working on his latest movie, *In Love And War*. It was taken late one afternoon, three days after the picture company moved down to the town for a week and a half of location work. It had been scheduled to be taken on that first day of location. But, unfortunately, Nat—who'd planned to drive down with Bob and spend the entire week and a half with him—got tied up in some important conferences with her studio and was delayed.

When she arrived, finally, late this afternoon, our photographer rushed up to her and Bob and reminded them about the picture.

"Yes," Nat said, still hugging and squeezing her Bob hello, "but can you—can you have it all over within five minutes?"

Our photographer was stunned. He'd known Nat when she was as publicity-conscious as any other young girl in Hollywood, when she'd have given up a full day and then some if she thought she could get her picture in a big newspaper or magazine.

"Please," Nat went on, "I spoke to Bob on the phone this morning and he promised me that as soon as I got here we'd go walking down on the beach and then have dinner just the two of us."

The photographer looked at Nat again, hard, just to make sure it was Nat. And then he looked at Bob. And then he took a picture.

It's the same picture you saw at the beginning of this article.

Even if it hadn't turned out half as good, we'd have printed it anyway.

Because it's a true picture of two people—a man and his woman—in love. **END**

You can see Natalie in *KINGS GO FORTH* for United Artists. Bob is in *THE HUNTERS* and *IN LOVE AND WAR*, both for 20th.



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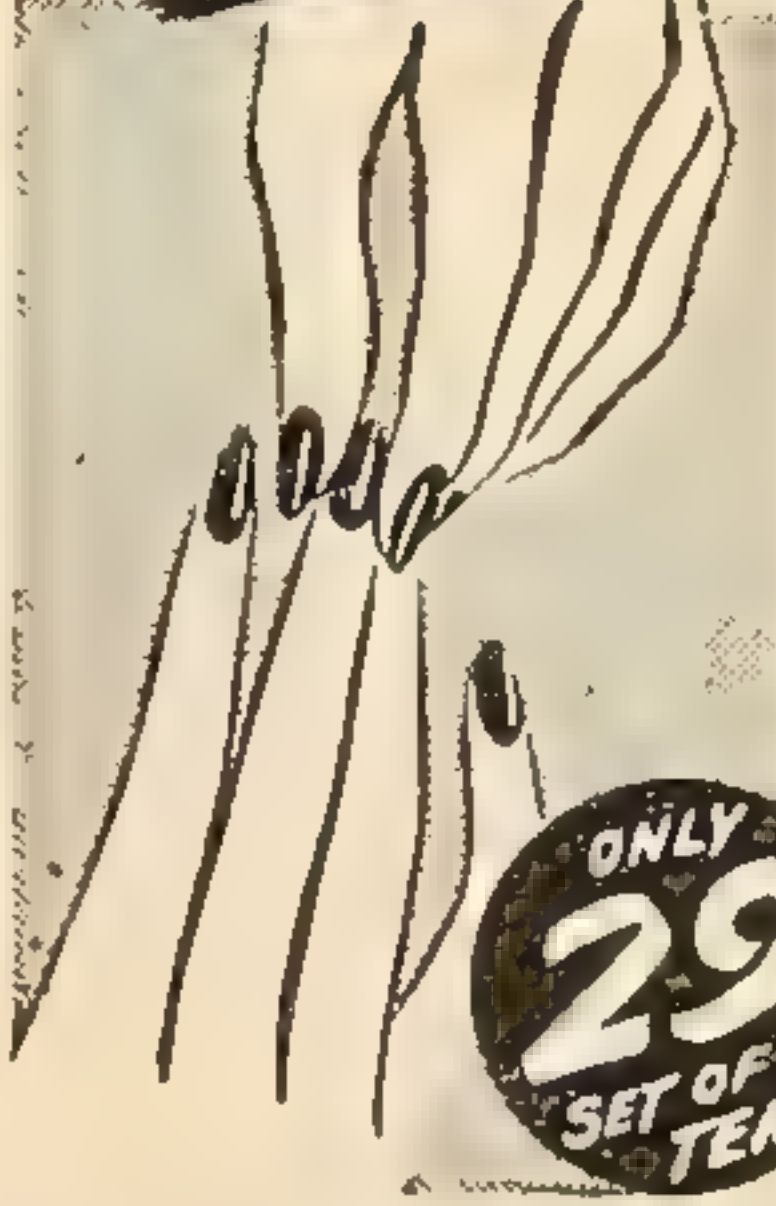
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we went to see ingrid

(Continued from page 38) all its traditions to attain.

I frankly didn't give a darn for Ingrid Bergman as I rode out to her new home with her that afternoon. I had an assignment; I would do an interview and write it up. Period. The end.

I suppose she knew how I felt, because she didn't talk much on the way out. She had a script with her, for the movie she was just finishing up, *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*, and she looked through it most of the way. Finally the car turned into the village, went half way through it, and then turned off onto a dirt road. The moment it did, Ingrid put down the script. "Look!" she said.

I looked. Ahead of us was a ten-foot-high stone wall. We drove through a gate in the wall, and suddenly we were in the country again, surrounded by green grass and old trees, passing flower beds and wide lawns. Then the car went around a curve and suddenly we stopped, in front of a huge, rambling stone house that seemed to sprawl over an acre.

Always one more

Ingrid turned to me with a smile. She touched the script that had fallen to the seat of the car. "When I first got this script," she said, "it was in London, not long after Roberto and I split our lives. Somebody referred to it then as *The Inn Of The Seventh Happiness*, and I said to that person, 'No, the sixth happiness. There is always one less happiness than you believe. . . .'"

Now she nodded her head toward the house. She stretched out her arms for a moment. "Now, I know better. Sometimes, if you are very lucky—there is one happiness more!"

I got out of the car and followed her into the house. It was a warm day, but the entrance was cool—old French farmhouses are like that. Ingrid led me into the first room.

"Parlor?" I asked. "Family sitting room?"

She laughed. "I don't know yet. When Lars brought me here, I said to him, 'It is perfect, wonderful, just right—as soon as we change everything!' We are going to remodel a great deal, modernize a little—these old houses have always been changed by the new generation of owners—a wing added here, a room torn down there—they thrive on change."

She looked at me and suddenly her face sobered. "You are thinking, 'So does Ingrid thrive on change.' I can tell. Come here."

She walked quickly to a window seat, sat down. With one hand she pushed aside a heavy old drape; with the other she gestured for me to sit down, too.

"We have been friends for a long, long time. I want to tell you this. I am not the fickle woman you are thinking now. I have said in the past that the wind blows and you must take the weather it brings—but I know one makes her own weather, too. Maybe mine has not always been good. But it will get better."

"When I was a child, I lost my parents. My aunt and uncle took me to raise me. They were severe, strict people. I was in love with life and they shut me off from it. I ran away from them—into the theater I loved, into a marriage I thought would free me from coldness. I was wrong. We left Sweden, and went to America—and in my own house, I was still a stranger. You know . . . ?"

I nodded, remembering that cold voice of Ingrid's husband. . . .

And I began to understand. I remembered suddenly so many forgotten things.

Things that happened after Ingrid married Roberto Rossellini—things she had said when she was supposedly at the height of her happiness:

"I am a Swede, very different from these Italians. We Swedes keep everything inside, we grow bitter from it. The Italians let everything out, they yell, they fight—and when it is over, it is forgotten. I am trying to learn to yell. . . ."

"I am always wanting to 'do.' Work at something, at acting or cooking or at languages or at better ways to bring up my children. The Italians can't understand that. They always want not to do. You know their phrase: *dolce far niente*—the 'sweet do-nothing.' That is their way. But I may be too much of a Swede for it to be mine. . . ."

All those wistful words—they came back to me now. The words of a woman forever on the outside, looking in. A woman who believed that others had the better way, and that she should learn it. A woman trying to live the life of another country, another people.

A woman forever a stranger in her own home.

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Ingrid watched me in silence; again she must have known what I was thinking. Finally she said, "And then—when I was once more alone, when Roberto was gone, I met Lars in Paris one day. We had met before, briefly—now we met again. We were two lonely Swedes, speaking the same language, having the same tastes, dreaming the same dreams. . . ."

Dreams of home. Dreams of the country Ingrid had left in glory—and returned to later to be hissed at in the streets, called a national disgrace. Dreams of a country whose faults she knew, who knew hers only too well—but which had been home once, which would always be home in her dreams.

I was beginning to understand.

"Lars is formal, you know," Ingrid said. "If you meet him you will find him full of typical Swedish reticence. But—"

She stopped again. But I knew from her tone what she meant. Reserved, but not cold like Lindstrom.

"Yes," I said finally. "I see."

Ingrid stood up swiftly. "Come on. Come and see more!"

She led the way and I followed. I followed her through the house, through the rooms which will be the children's, through playrooms and corners, through huge rooms and tiny. I followed her into the kitchen, big enough to prepare dinner for an army. And then finally I followed her into a room off the kitchen—a little cubbyhole of a room just big enough for a stove and a sink and a refrigerator.

"Look!" Ingrid cried. "It is mine, you know. I am going to cook in here—for Lars and me. We have the same tastes in food—exactly the same!"

And she laughed as if he had given voice to the greatest miracle of all time.

We went outside. We went to the stables; I saw the stalls set aside for the children's horses. Robertino, Ingrid told me, adores animals—they are his passion. He will be happy here, surrounded by them. There are chicken coops and a sheep pen; there are goats and ducks; every spring there will be new lambs, new calves for the children to raise and love.

We walked through the gardens. There are magnificent flower beds, herb gardens, vegetable gardens. Everywhere we went, Ingrid stooped to touch a leaf, to pick a flower.

"Lars loves these . . . I ordered this put here for Lars . . . By the time Lars and I are married these will be in bloom. . . ."

She turned to me. "People can be very good. MGM is letting me put off my next movie—it is *I Thank A Fool*—so that Lars and I can be married in peace. Maybe in time for the harvest. You know what our house is named? It is named *La Grange aux Moines*—Harvest House."

It was then that the last pink rays of sunlight touched her face, and she whispered, "I have come home."

I left her half an hour later, with all my apologies unspoken. I left her still remembering the words of the Vatican spokesman who said that Ingrid could not excuse her third marriage on grounds that she was looking for personal happiness, because the search might still lead her to even a fourth marriage, another try. There was truth in what he said, without a doubt. There was truth in what I had believed before I came to Harvest House—that Ingrid was not as sure, as strong, as right as I had always believed—that she was only a woman looking for something after all.

Call it personal happiness. Call it the right man. Call it a home.

Whatever you call it, I left her remembering something else: that again Ingrid was being judged by standards not her own. That after all, she is not a Catholic, that her own Protestant faith does not disapprove of her search, her goal—though they may take issue with her methods.

For the first time—here in France where privacy is respected beyond all else—Ingrid will have a home in which she is not a stranger—a home planned around her interests, and her husband's love as well. For the first time she will live her own life, not that of an alien people.

"I have no complaints," she told me as we parted. "I am grateful for everything life has brought me—because it has brought me here."

I think those who have cared about Ingrid can honestly join her in that. She has walked a hard road; perhaps our only complaint is that now, when she should have been bowed with grief, she is suddenly overwhelmed with unexpected joy. Lars has brought her that. Harvest House will bring her peace.

It seems to me we should wish her well.

END

You can see Ingrid in *INDISCREET* for Warners.

they called me a pest

(Continued from page 50) with one thing long; he was too impatient. But Dr. Karam was impressed with Paul's determination to learn, and learn quickly."

Paul sang in the church choir, became more and more fascinated with singing and music. At home, a modest one-family frame house, the Ankas encouraged Paul to sing. They sang themselves when they were in good spirits. Marion and little Andy, ten years younger than Paul, sang. Friends and relatives came over and sang. It was an informal, active, noisy, busy house.

At the Connaught Grade School, and later at Fisher Park High School, Paul got into every dramatic or musical show the students put on. He could sing, dance, speak lines, do imitations. Most important, he was alert, enthusiastic.

When an audience appeared, Paul became the entertainer. It was as simple as that. He never did dream of becoming a cowboy, policeman or fireman. He always wanted to be an entertainer.

He became the life of the party. He banged away at that piano. And his parents liked it. "Better to bang that piano," sighed his father, "than to be out in the street getting into trouble like some other boys."

His father helped

Paul bought the new records, hung around shows for autographs, and plastered the wallpaper of his room with stars' photos. His father helped by collecting photos from entertainers who happened to drop into his restaurant downtown.

When the school was looking for singers who could also act—for a Christmas concert—Paul persuaded his classmates, Jerry Barbeau and Ray Carter, to form *The Bobby Soxers*. They sang *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* and did imitations.

Paul persuaded them to stick together, and they went out looking for jobs. They picked up an occasional fifteen-dollar booking, and split it three ways.

During the summer of 1956, the Ankas permitted Paul to accompany his aunt back to Hollywood. When his uncle, Maurice Anka, a struggling actor, discovered Paul had some songs with him, he took the songs over to Capitol Records. "I'll sell the songs as your fifteenth birthday present," he said.

But Capitol turned them down. "I don't think they even looked at them," says Paul wistfully.

So Paul thought he might have a better chance with a smaller label. He dug up RPM, and offered them a novelty tune, *Blau-Wile-de-Beest-Fontane*. To his amazement, RPM let him record the tune, and paid him twenty dollars.

When Paul returned to Ottawa, the record popped up and the disc jockeys played it. Paul then appeared on a couple of Ottawa tv shows. He started getting fan mail, and became convinced more than ever that his future lay in composing and singing.

He began begging his father:

"Let me go to New York. I've got a dozen terrific songs, and they'll sell a million!"

"No, Paul; I couldn't let you do that."

Paul, in frustration, wrote more songs, and sought out professional singers and musicians for advice. By now he had quit *The Bobby Soxers*, and was on his own.

Unfortunately, there were no night clubs or vaudeville shows in Ottawa. So Paul had to hunt for 'club shows' given by the Kiwanis, Rotary, etc., or he waited breathlessly for a big rock-and-roll show that came into the Ottawa Auditorium two or

three times a year. More often, he'd slip down to the Chaudier night club, three miles across Federal Bridge, into Hull, Quebec.

Too young to get into night clubs alone, and his father too busy at the restaurant to take him to a night club, Paul was forced to become a hanger-on at backstage doors.

Hanging around

"You here again? . . . Get outta here!" were the words hurled at him week after week.

Sometimes he hung around the Ottawa Auditorium, and one time, when he couldn't crash the gate, he dislodged a brick from the backstage wall and peeked into the dressing room of the star. But most of the time, he hung around the Chaudier club, because it brought in a new show Monday nights and featured top star singers.

Little by little, by hanging around, he got to know some of the singers with the Rover Boys, The Platters, The Diamonds, The Crew Cuts, The Four Aces, The Four Lads.

Sometimes, he would phone his dad and say, "Dad, I'm with the Diamonds . . . can I bring them over for dinner?" Dad would sigh, "Okay." Then a happy Paul would come over with the singers, and they would eat and talk shop, and Paul would listen carefully, ask questions, make notes.

More and more professional entertainers would be amazed at Paul's talent, determination, boundless enthusiasm. Their initial reaction, "Oh, that kid again," gave way to, "Paul, don't give up . . . some day you'll make it."

Once Fats Domino was starring in a rock and roll show produced by Irvin Feld, at the Auditorium. Paul hurried over.

At the backstage door, he asked, "Can I see Mr. Domino?"

"No, he's busy."

"I'm Paul Anka . . . I'm a singer too . . ."

"Beat it, kid."

He slipped in through another door.

"Can I see Mr. Domino? It's important."

"No . . . he's busy with reporters, photographers, disk jockeys. . . ."

"But. . . ."

"Come on, kid, beat it!"

There were other doors, and he knew them all. He came back: "I want to see Mr. Domino. . . ."

"You're a persistent one . . . He can't see you . . . Leave him alone; he's got a rehearsal. . . ."

He came back, and back, and finally a man in Domino's dressing room said, "Why don't you let that kid in for a minute? Then you can get rid of him."

Prophecy

They let Paul in. He asked for Domino's autograph, told him he too was a composer-singer, then asked him questions about his music. Finally, the show's manager, Charles Carpenter, said, "Okay, five minutes already; we're busy, kid; you got to go!"

Paul resisted, and somebody pushed him out as he yelled back, "Next time you're on tour, Mr. Domino . . . I'll be with you . . . as a headliner!"

The men were startled by this fierce proclamation. Then they burst into laughter—derisive laughter. "This kid is off his rocker," said one man, and everybody laughed.

At home, again:

"Dad, these songs . . . It would cost \$600 to record them on demonstration records . . . even with a small orchestra . . . But if I could go to New York, it would cost only \$100 . . . and that would save you \$500. . . ."

"Paul . . . I'm not sending a 15-year-old boy to New York alone . . . 400 miles away . . . Now stop asking!"



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Paul became increasingly restless. He kept writing new songs, scribbling words in an old school notebook and carrying the music in his head. Although he had always been a good student, he began to neglect his studies. He hated to get up in the morning.

"I want to write songs, not go to school," he told his mother.

She counselled, "Be patient, beloved son. Be patient."

He was fifteen, and in the 11th grade, and the law said he had to go to school. So he went to school, and sluffed off his homework. At home, he doodled at the piano, gazed unhappily out of the window. He was tense, irritable.

"Dad. . . . My Songs are ready for the public. . . . I could sell them if. . . ."

"Paul, it's impossible. . . . let's not talk about it."

He hounded a friend, Alex Sherman, who promoted music shows: "Be my manager. . . . You'll make a fortune with me!" He harassed Sherman twice a week for at least a couple years. Sherman admits, "I always threw him out."

Paul went to local disk jockeys: "Be my manager. . . . Tell my father we could make a fortune in New York!"

But everybody said, "You're too young. How can we ask your father to let you go?"

Covering up

Paul kept slipping over to the Chaudier Club. Wednesdays, he would return for the 8:30 dinner show, and then scamper back home by 10:00. His father, suspecting he was out, would phone home and say, "Let me talk to Paul." Mrs. Anka would try to cover up by saying, "Paul is in the bathroom; I'll have him call you back later."

She would tell Paul, "You're a good son, I know, and I trust you. . . . but you can't expect your daddy to let you go to New York."

One night in January, the orchestra leader at the Chaudier phoned Paul to say an act had dropped out of a benefit show going on that night. . . . and would Paul like to substitute? He'd have to rush over at once with his music.

Performing in the club that had thrown him out so often! What a thrill that would be! He grabbed his music, rushed out, but it was too stormy for a bike. He came back. Mother was too ill to drive him. She offered to phone for a taxi, but Paul couldn't wait.

"Let me have the car," he begged. "I'll be careful. . . . I can drive. . . . Nobody will know I don't have a license. . . . I look like I'm sixteen. . . ."

She faltered, "All right. . . . but be careful."

He drove out to the bridge, and the motor stalled. He got out and pushed. A friend came by, and helped bring the car off the bridge. . . . when the Mounted Police drove up in their patrol car.

"So you're Andy Anka's son, eh? No license? We'll have to make a report. Sorry."

Paul never made the show.

He trembled when he remembered his dad's work against juvenile delinquency in Ottawa. And here he was, the eldest Anka son—in juvenile court! On Monday, flanked by his father, Paul heard a severe lecture on breaking the law, had to promise he would never ask for the car again, and was fined three dollars.

Paul says, "I was no delinquent, but I could not help dreaming up songs when I should have been doing my school work. My father was angry with me, and you can't blame him."

Then one day at Easter time, Doug Welk of *The Rover Boys* phoned from New York to say, "Paul, we're on the big rock-and-roll show at the Paramount Theater. . . . Right on Broadway! . . . It's so exciting! Why don't you come down?"

Paul burst into tears. Such an opportunity! But his father would never let him go. He brooded, then decided to wait up for his father that night.

A tired Andrew Anka came home at 3:00 a.m. that night—and when he passed Paul's room he heard sobbing. When he got to his own room, there was his wife—awake, nervous, sitting on the edge of the bed, red-eyed from weeping.

She poured her heart out: "If you don't let Paul go to New York, I'll leave you in the morning! . . . You're breaking the poor boy's heart! . . . You've already broken his spirit! . . . What kind of a father are you anyway?"

He went into Paul's bedroom. Paul, in his blue jeans, was sprawled on the bed, crying.

"Give me a chance. . . . My songs will sell a million. . . ."

"Paul. . . . not that again!"

"But if I don't succeed. . . . I'll never bother you again."

"But New York is a fast city. . . ."

Finally, Andrew Anka sighed, and said,

"I can't do anything with you, and there's no point in punishing you any more. . . . It doesn't do any good. . . . You can go. . . ."

When he was ushered into Mr. Costa's office, Costa was visibly surprised. But he was polite, and said, "Well, let's see what you've got. . . . Where's the music?" Paul said, "I've got it in my head."

Then Paul glanced at his old school notebook, where he had typed out some lyrics, and sang *Tell Me That You Love Me* and *Don't Gamble with Love*.

Mr. Costa said, "Excuse me a moment," and returned with several other gentlemen—executives of the company. Paul continued to sing his songs. Then they asked him questions, to make sure he had really written those songs.

It seemed incredible, but within a few days his father had signed the contract and Paul was recording his first two disks. When the first was released in July, *Diana*, it took off. At last count, it had gone beyond 3,000,000 copies and had made Paul a big recording star overnight.

Paul opened his first big tour in Pittsburgh, on a program featuring Fats Domino. Paul's road manager was Bill McCadden, a former disk jockey who had been in Domino's dressing room in Ottawa the night Paul had been thrown out. When Domino saw Paul, he said, "Ain't you the lad they threw out of my dressing room in Ottawa last year?" Paul said, "Yes," and laughed, and Domino laughed.

He's grossed more than \$100,000, had twenty of his songs published, recorded eight of them, put out his first album, owns his own music publishing firms.

When the money started to pour in, Paul ordered the family house repainted, the basement playroom fixed up, new furniture for his parents' and his sister's bedrooms. Then he gave a terrier to his kid brother, and bought himself a Plymouth black and white convertible with red upholstery and a built-in record player.

His father is frankly amazed: "I never thought it would happen." Then he adds, proudly: "But Paul is a good boy! He doesn't smoke or drink; he has not forgotten his family."

When you ask Paul how he did it, he insists it's simple: "I always believed that, if you want to do something, you can do it."

And nobody calls him a pest anymore!

END

Paul Anka is in Columbia's LET'S ROCK.

dick clark's secret inspiration

(Continued from page 36) when Brad and Dick were kids and lived with their well-to-do folks in a big, tree-surrounded apartment house in Mount Vernon, New York—on that rare and beautiful spring day, for instance, when Dick was all set to get a rare but not-so-beautiful spanking from his Mom.

Dick was five at the time, a cute, loud, happy-go-lucky little boy with a taste for mischief and Good Humor ice cream pops. He was allowed his normal share of mischief. But he was allowed only one Good Humor a day, right after lunch. Yet his Mom had suspected lately that he would always manage to have an extra one, and right before dinner to boot.

Finally, one afternoon, she caught him sneaking into the apartment with the evidence.

"And what is that?" she asked, pointing to a delectable if messy object Dick had in his hand and all over the bottom half of his face.

"A choc'lit pop," Dick said.

78 "How did you get it?" Mrs. Clark asked.

"I don't know," Dick said, licking away, starting to walk away.

"Dickie!" his mother called out.

Suddenly, Dick stopped short in his tracks and he remembered. "The nice old man who lives on the ground floor and sits in the back yard all the time—he got it for me, Mommy."

Mrs. Clark shook her head. "Dickie," she said, "you haven't been asking that dear old man to buy you ice cream pops every afternoon, have you?"

"No," Dick said, "huh-uh."

Mrs. Clark didn't like the no, and the huh-uh certainly didn't move her either. "Bradley!" she called out to her older son, who'd just walked into the apartment from playing. "Bradley, I think Dickie is lying to me about something. And I want you to do some checking for me."

She explained the problem to Brad who—all of ten years old now and past the age of spankings—threw his kid brother a look of genuine regret as he went downstairs to have a little chat with the old man in the back yard.

There was no getting around it. Things looked bad for Dickie, very bad.

But Brad was all smiles when he came

back up the stairs a few minutes later.

"Dickie was telling the truth, Mom," he announced. "The man said that Dickie just happens to be in the back yard every afternoon when the Good Humor truck comes by. And the man said Dickie always asks him if he can go out to the street and buy him an ice cream. And the man says, 'That's very nice of you, my boy, and while you're there why don't you get something for yourself'. . . . So you see, Mom, it's really the man who asks Dickie to have an ice cream, and not the other way 'round."

There was a long moment of silence.

"Mmmmm," Mrs. Clark said, finally, sternly, for want of anything better to say—and then turned around quick so the boys wouldn't see her smile for an unavoidable moment, and so they wouldn't know that she knew all about the little handshaking ritual that went on behind her back every time either of them beat her on some point or other.

When Mrs. Clark turned back around, the smile was gone from her face. And the boys had already completed their handshake.

"All right," she said, as sternly as be-

fore, "your father will be home soon, so you'd better go inside and wash for dinner."

She watched them nod their okays and then take off for the bathroom together, her big boy and her small one, and she couldn't help but smile again when she heard them begin to laugh their clean, victorious, brotherly laughter out in the hallway, when she felt the good feeling a mother feels when she knows that all is well and happy between her children...

"The feeling between Dick and Brad was always hard to explain," a friend of the family has said. "Aside from the five-year age difference, they were about as different in every other way as two boys can be. Dick was baby-faced, small and skinny. Brad was a big, strong, handsome boy. Dick was the noisiest little boy I've ever known. His brother was sober, not the least bit unfriendly, but soft-spoken and extremely gentle. Dick was clumsy at games. Brad was a born athlete, a brilliant athlete. And yet, different as they were, I've never known two brothers who admired each other more, who got along so well together, who were any closer than Dick and Brad."

Dick himself remembers the not-so-close moments—"and there were some," he recalls. "Real bloody fights between the two of us about I-don't-remember-what, all the usual fresh-kid stuff, I guess."

"But," he goes on, "Brad was always the big brother I knew I could go to when I wanted advice about something or when I just wanted to be together with him and have fun and laugh."

For advice, there's the time Dick was six or seven, when he lost his very first girlfriend. She was a little snip of a girl, the prettiest thing Dick had ever seen. Her name was Lorraine and she was a year younger than Dick. One day she came to see him and tell him that her daddy had announced that the entire family—Lorraine included—was moving to Tucson, Arizona, within the next few weeks. Dick was heartbroken. He didn't know how far Tucson was, but he knew he couldn't walk there and that was far enough. He was in tears when he sat on his brother's bed that night to tell him the sad news.

"Well," said Brad, eleven years old now and quite the expert on affairs such as this, "there are plenty of other girls around, Dickie."

"As nice as Lorraine?" the little boy asked.

"Nicer even," said Brad.

"Okay," said the little boy. Whereupon he hugged his brother goodnight, went back to his own bed.

For fun and laughter, too, there were many times.

So strong a love

But below the surface of this fun-and-advice relationship was a strong layer of something that can best be described as love, so strong a love that it was eventually to change the course of the younger brother's life.

"It's certain that Dick was bound to accomplish something big," his father says today, "—there was always too much energy and ambition and ingenuity in him to make me believe anything else. But that he would have done it without the inspiration his brother gave him, that he would have gone quite so far—that I don't know. You see, Dick always idolized Brad. And long before what happened to our Brad happened, Dick was in there pitching to be not only himself, but to be just like his brother, too."

For a skinny little boy to become a star athlete is no easy job. But Brad was a great athlete and his kid brother was at least going to try to measure up to him.

It turned out that Dick didn't. As he

says, "I was too small for football. I weighed next to nothing and made about the ninth team. I was so far down the line that when they passed out uniforms all I got was an old helmet... Track? I tried for that, too. I think I ended up fifty-seventh man on a squad of fifty-seven... And swimming. I was a little better at that. I finally made a team. I didn't get very far, however."

But at the time, while Dick tried, he tried with all his heart and soul. And when he wasn't trying himself, he seemed—in a strange way—to transfer his own heart and soul into the strong body of his brother, to become a part of Brad as the older boy played magnificently away at one sport after another, in one contest after another.

"I remember," says a boyhood pal of the Clarks, "the day Brad was entered in the Westchester County Swimming Championships. He was about fifteen at the time, so Dick must have been ten. I was sitting in the grandstand with the Clarks, right next to Dick. I sat there talking with the boy for a while and then suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence and said, 'Look, there's Brad.' I was about to follow Dick's pointing finger and take a look. But somehow I couldn't. Somehow all I could do was watch Dick sitting there next to me, watch his eyes grow wide with the kind of pride and respect you don't often see in boys of ten, then watch him begin to applaud and shout. 'Hey, Brad! We're all with you, Brad! Show them how to swim, Brad!'"

"Unfortunately, Brad slipped as the opening gun went off and was disqualified from the race. I expected the little boy next to me to begin to cry. But he didn't. I could tell that the planet Earth had just crumbled up under him, that he felt about as miserable as any little boy can feel. But, I remember, he just sat there and began to shout, 'That's all right, Brad! You'll show them next time! You'll really show them next time!'"

"As it turned out, there was another meet down in Yonkers the following day and Brad won, over everybody. And, let me tell you, there was an hysterically happy kid brother in town that night. And the shouting this time—I've never heard anything like it!"

And so it went all during those early years, the skinny noisy little boy—a bright and self-sufficient boy in his own right—worshipping the qualities he himself didn't have in his brother, happy that he had this brother he could worship and love and look up to forever.

And then, suddenly—when Dick was fourteen, just at about the time he was entering high school—something happened.

Suddenly, it seemed, Dick was a different boy.

Most kids that age change a little—a little acne, a little moodiness, a little body and personality awkwardness here and there.

But for Dick the change was extreme. He became quiet—almost sullen. He became very self-conscious about his looks—"I was still small," he remembers, "and I thought I was as homely as they come." He suffered, in general, from fits of teenage depressions that the average teenager unfortunately thinks are peculiar to him and him alone. "It got so bad," Dick says, "that for about a year-and-a-half I slunk around more than I walked and I guess I became one of the loneliest people in the world."

It was one night late in 1943 when Brad decided to have a talk with his kid brother, just the two of them, alone.

"What's been ailing you, anyway?" Brad asked, point-blank.

Dick beat around the bush for a while. Finally he let on a little, just enough for

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Brad to say what he'd been wanting to say for some time now.

"Look," he said, "we don't get together like this too often to make with the serious talk, right? And we're not the type to sit around and compliment each other all the time, either—right? But whatever is ailing you, Dick, shouldn't. Because you've got things a lot of guys your age would be happy to have. You're a nice-looking boy, for one thing—"

"I'm not," Dick started to interrupt him.

"I said you're nice-looking," said Brad. "And you've got one of the best personalities I've ever seen anyone have."

"But—" Dick started to say.

"I know, I know," Brad said, "you've been acting like a drip lately so you think you really are one now."

This time Dick didn't start to say anything. He just looked down at his shoes instead, hurt. He'd heard some of the kids in school refer to him as a drip the other day—and boy, that word really hurt.

"The point is," Brad went on, "that you've got lots of good qualities, Dick. And even if you didn't have as many as you happen to have, always remember this—that God has given each man enough qualities to begin to be happy with, and it's an insult to God not to take advantage of these qualities."

Brad sighed as Dick continued looking down, still hurt, still not understanding.

"Well," Brad said, "I hoped I'd get across to you, Buddy. Because, you know, I'm not going to be around much longer and—"

Dick looked up suddenly. "Where you going, Brad?" he asked.

"There happens to be this big war on," said Brad, "and—"

"You going in the Army, Brad?" Dick asked.

Brad smiled the happiest smile his kid brother had ever seen. "Air Force," he said.

"Wow!" Dick said, smiling too now. He started to shake hands with his brother.

"So while we're at it," Brad said, in the middle of the handshake, taking advantage of the moment, "I'd like you to promise me that you'll try to snap out of this mood you've been in and get back to normal."

The smile disappeared from Dick's face, very quickly. He brought down his hand and shoved it in his pocket.

"How about it," Brad asked, "will you try?"

"Sure," Dick said, shrugging, not really meaning it, hating the fact they had to get back to *that* subject again, "I'll try as much as I can. . . ."

If Dick tried at all during that next year that Brad was away, he didn't try very hard. In fact, Brad not being around seemed to make the situation worse. More and more, Dick seemed to creep into his lonely shell, coming out of it somewhat only when Brad came home on leave or wrote the family those long letters of his.

It was one day in November of '44, in fact, when the family received the letter they'd been expecting those last few months. Brad had been in the Air Force almost a year now and it would have been difficult to find a more dissatisfied young man in the service of his country. Brad's problem was that he wanted to be a pilot and that the big brass down in Washington had decided he'd be more valuable as a flight instructor. And so Brad had been stuck at some school in New Jersey—"teaching a lot of guys," as he had written once, "to go out there and do the same thing I want so much to do, to fly."

And now, finally, the letter the Clarks had been expecting for so long arrived. It was a joyous letter. In it, Brad indicated that after much hounding of the authorities he was being transferred to someplace far away—and to active duty.

60 Mrs. Clark received the letter in the

morning and read it first. Then she showed it to Dick, soon as he got home from school that afternoon. And then, that night, after dinner—purposely after dinner—she showed it to her husband.

Dick never really noticed the look his father exchanged with his mother as he read and re-read the letter that night, that look of worry and fear and silent prayer. Dick only knew that his brother Brad was much better off than he, that Brad was happy now, that Brad was accomplishing something, that Brad wasn't a gawky, heavy-hearted adolescent of fifteen who didn't know whether he was coming or going but a young, light-spirited young man of twenty who sat behind the wheel of a sleek and swift fighter plane and who knew exactly where he was going.

In fact, Dick didn't give himself a chance to notice any looks his parents were exchanging over that letter from Brad. Because, as was usual with him now, he took off for his room shortly after dinner so he could be alone, just him and the light white object on the nighttable that had become his favorite friend for the time being, his radio.

The telegram

And it was on this particular night that he turned on the radio and heard a news commentator say something about a new and terrible battle being waged in Belgium, a battle in which fog and rain had played havoc with the American ground forces in the area, a major Nazi counter-attack that had started out with a lot of military code names but that was now being referred to simply as the Battle of the Bulge. . . .

Dick was expecting a letter from Brad that particular December afternoon, nearly a month later. A couple of weeks earlier he'd gotten one from England, where his brother was now stationed. And he'd written Brad back. And now he had it figured that this was the day he'd hear from Brad again.

He rushed home from school and went straight to the telephone switchboard lady.

"Did my Mom pick up any mail for me today?" he asked.

The lady said no, she hadn't.

"Maybe tomorrow," Dick said.

The lady didn't answer. In fact, for some reason unknown to Dick, she didn't even look up at him. Instead, automatically, she handed him her copy of that day's *Daily News* which she kept around every day so Dick could look at the funnies when he got home from school.

"Thanks," Dick said, turning to the back of the paper.

As was usual with him, he started with the Little Orphan Annie strip, then went on to Dick Tracy, then to Gasoline Alley, then to all the others.

He was in the middle of reading one of the strips when the building superintendent walked by and over to Dick and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Richard," he said.

"About what?" Dick asked, looking up from the newspaper.

"About your brother," the man said.

"Brad?" Dick asked. "What about him?"

Suddenly, the man realized that Dick didn't know about the telegram that had arrived a little while earlier, that he'd spoken too soon. He bit his lips for a moment, bit them hard. Then without another word, he rushed away.

Dick remained standing there, confused.

"Huh!" he said, trying to smile, turning now to look at the switchboard lady and maybe find out from her what the superintendent had meant.

When he looked at the lady this time, he could see what she hadn't let him see before, that her eyes were filled with tears.

For a moment, he didn't understand.

And then, suddenly, he did.

Brad was dead.

"I remember," Dick says today of this moment, "how I stood there stunned for a long, long time, not saying anything, not knowing what to do, only thinking to myself that it wasn't true, it wasn't true at all about Brad, that maybe if I went back to reading the comics something would happen, somebody would come along and tell me it wasn't true. . . ."

When Dick went upstairs, his mother was sitting in the living room, crying. "It was the first time I'd ever seen Mom cry."

Dick walked over and kissed her on the cheek and then he took her hand in his. Neither of them said anything.

Then Dick's father came home.

For a while he, too, didn't say anything.

But then, slowly, controlling his voice as best he could, he told how he'd spoken to someone in the War Department after he'd gotten Mom's call about the telegram, how he'd learned how Brad and a few other pilots had volunteered for an extremely dangerous mission over Belgium and the Battle of the Bulge, how right after they'd accomplished the mission a dozen Nazi fighter planes had descended from the black-clouded sky above, how they'd ripped most of the American planes—Brad's included—to pieces right there in mid-air, how—

But he didn't go on.

Because, suddenly, his little son Dick had burst into loud sobbing and rushed from the room.

His mother started after him.

But Mr. Clark stopped her. "It's better he knows—so he can be proud of his brother, as he should be," he said, sadly. "And it's better now that he stays by himself and cries alone. . . ."

It was late that night when Dick came back into the living room. His Mom and Dad were still up, just sitting there. On a table near them lay a few letters in flimsy-papered envelopes, the last letters they'd received from Brad.

Dick stared down at the handwriting on the envelopes. He found it hard keeping the tears from coming to his eyes again as he looked down at the handwriting. But he clenched his fists hard and told himself he must not cry—not now, and he didn't. Because in his room those past few hours he'd been thinking about something, and he didn't want to cry out but he wanted to talk, to say something to his folks, to say something important.

"I . . . I'm going to change," he began.

His folks looked at him, saying nothing.

"I've been pretty bad lately," Dick went on. "I mean, I've been acting pretty stupid about things, thinking about myself all the time and worrying about everything and not being exactly friendly to people anymore . . . And I've been even worse than you think . . . Because I've broken a promise I made once."

He looked back down at the envelopes on the little table again. "It was a promise to Brad," he said. "He made me promise that I'd change. He told me all sorts of nice things about myself one night. He told me, too, about how God had made people to be happy and how it was an insult to God if they didn't work to be happy. And I promised that I'd try, to be happy and to do good things and to help myself become a good, worthwhile person. I promised I'd try. And I didn't."

He shook his head. "I don't know what's been in me that I didn't try," he said. "I don't know . . . But I know one thing now. I know I'm not going to let my brother down." Then Dick smiled.

"Just wait and see, Mom," he said. "Just wait and see, Dad."

And then he looked down at the envelopes once more and said, "You too, Brad—just you wait and see." END

uncensored ricky nelson story

(Continued from page 21) and Harriet were on. Someone would switch it on and then there'd be a full half hour of ribbing and cracks at the quality of Rick's acting. He not only took it, but he was so quick with an ad-lib he quite often topped them.

"Let me try to explain why this smash as a singer surprised us. It was only a year and a half ago, you know. You see, he never sang. He was terrific on the drums and when he sat down to play the piano—we danced. He made up arrangements as he went. He could switch *Sentimental Journey* to a boogie beat instinctively. He was a great doctor. He and Bruce Campbell were a two-man show when they'd get in the mood. They are both sharp and witty. They could make a party hilarious in five minutes. But mostly, Rick was quiet, calm and easy going. He was one of the most considerate boys in the group. Helping in the kitchen, handing out Cokes or just being nice to his hostess, his good breeding showed. I was aware also that Rick was deeply sensitive and worked at being 'just one of the gang.'

"So, if you get the picture of how he was to us, you can understand the shock we got that day at Scribner's Drive-in. It shocked Rick too. He didn't like it," Terry's feminine intuition revealed.

But there was another opinion.

"I don't agree. I think Rick loved that first avalanche at the Drive-in," Bruce Campbell, Rick's tournament doubles partner, observed. "After all, showbusiness is his life. He was startled. We all were. About seven of us took off from the Tennis Club that afternoon to go with Rick. He'd recorded a song, *I'm Walkin'*, and Art LaVove asked him to be on his radio show that emanated from Scribner's Drive-in. We were hungry so we went along. We parked and suddenly there were about two hundred and fifty kids mobbing his car. They were yelling and screaming; standing on top of cars. It almost turned into a riot. The police had to come and escort Rick away. Just that quick," he snapped his fingers, "and Rick was hot—as a singer."

"We still didn't take it seriously. Actually nobody thought he could sing and we didn't particularly like the record. Then little girls started asking Rick for his autograph at the tennis club," Terry Donnally recalled. "At first we'd all stop the game, stand around and laugh while Rick signed. He laughed too, but he was embarrassed. Then people at the club, who didn't know him, started getting swoony."

His parents' values

"But Rick took it well. He was ready. I think because of his environment. His parents have given him an unchanging set of values."

"Ozzie may be okay as a father," explained a business associate, "but he's holding too tight a rein on the business end of Rick's career. He's so careful with Rick's publicity, the kid doesn't read human. He personally rewrites a lot of copy. Any rebellions, faults or growing pains that are natural and sympathetically understandable to the public are deleted like big black sins. He's got a big time publicity outfit working to be sure his image of Rick stays unsullied. I can't figure out what he's afraid of.

"Actually, Rick is a kid any woman would like to call son. His faults are pretty normal—most kids would be relieved to know he had them. He drives too fast. Can be dared into a drag race. Sneaks rides on David's motorcycle, because Oz frowns on it. Stays out too late some-

times. Drops his personal belongings into piles. He's a worry bug and moody. Those faults are exactly like my own teen-age son's—and his friends', too.

"They have a good home life, that's true. And the only rebellion I can anticipate in the near future is this school thing. Oz is a Rutgers graduate and a bug on college education. Dave tried last year at SC, but he wants to be an actor and he had to quit. Now Rick thinks he's through with school. Oz has decided he's going to SC. He's even enrolled him. When he finds out, Rick may blow his stack. If he does, you may read that Rick is going to try his wings in his own, or David's, apartment this fall. And no college—just career. Ozzie and Rick are a lot alike in many ways. I wish Oz would just relax and enjoy Rick. Actually, Rick knows how to handle an interview and, at his age he's inarticulate anyway. So there's no need for all his power-behind-the-platter policy."

No problem with friends

Inarticulate for print, Rick has no problem with his real friends. Slow and shy at first, he is free and easy when he recognizes honest welcome. That's one reason the LA Tennis Club is a second home to Rick. The Nelsons have been members for years. Rick first played at an early age. He went to the Southern California finals in the under eleven division. Then he dropped out until fourteen.

"Rick is a natural athlete," Bruce explained. "He picked up tennis again at fourteen and handled himself as if he'd put in five years' daily practice. At fifteen he and I took the doubles tourney and went on the Northern Tour. Rick wanted to be a champion and he worked hard. At sixteen we went on the Eastern Tour from Louisville, Kentucky to Kalamazoo, Michigan. Other than playing serious tennis, we had a ball. Rick's a lot of fun and we both enjoyed the parties the local people would throw. In Louisville, he glommed on to a set of drums and the party turned into a real beat riot.

"But those mornings after . . . Rick is the heaviest sleeper I've ever known. The minute he hits the sack he's out like a light. He can fall, or be pushed, out of bed, and never wake up. A brass band and thirty dancing girls prancing around the bed won't get one of his eyes open. Trying to get him up in the a.m. is a job for a boat whistle. When he's finally on his feet he can't talk for at least two hours. A cheerful hello and small talk are greeted with a grunt. Good humor in the morning from anybody is a personal insult to Rick." Bruce grinned, "On the other hand, he's a great late sitter-upper."

"Many's the bull session that's lasted till 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning in Rick's room with Forrest Stewart and me. You really get to know a guy in bull sessions. I'll say this for Rick. He's a good kind of a friend to have. No sneaky stuff—he levels. If he's got a gripe with you—you're the first to know. He's quite mature in some ways. When he reaches a certain point, if a situation won't work out he just kisses it off.

"I'm thinking in particular about a girlfriend he had. We were double dating. Rick liked her a lot. He was much nicer to her than she was to him. Well, he had to go back East. He wrote her a couple of times. She didn't answer. When he finally got home he called her. It was about 10:00 p.m. She'd gone to bed early and when she answered the phone she was grouchy. Rick just said, 'Well, if you're so sleepy go back to bed.' He hung off and skipped the whole deal.

"Of course, I think his maturity in some areas is definitely a reflection of his fine background. He's grown to be that way because of the examples set before him. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are terrific. Their

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU

For rates,
write COMBINED CLASSIFIED
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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN (CW-08)

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HOMEWORKERS: EARN CASH preparing, mailing advertising postcards. (Details 25c). Stars, Box 78365-C, Los Angeles 16, California.

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EXTRA CASH PREPARING, mailing postcards. Write: Edward, Box 3427-F, Los Angeles 54, California.

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EARN SPARETIME CASH preparing-mailing advertising. Temple Co., Muncie 16, Indiana.

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TEAR OUT THIS Ad, and mail with name, address for big box of food and household products for free trial, to test in your home. Tell your friends, make money. Rush name. Blair, Dept. 119BT, Lynchburg, Va.

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OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in October, your birthstone is an opal and your flower is a rose. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

October 1—**Harvey Laurence**

October 2—**Bud Abbott**
Charles Drake

October 4—**Charlton Heston**

October 7—**June Allyson**
Diana Lynn

October 13—**Laraine Day**

October 15—**Virginia Leith**
Jean Peters

October 16—**Linda Darnell**
William Elliot

October 17—**Julie Adams**
Spring Byington
Montgomery Cliff
Rita Hayworth

October 18—**Inger Stevens**

October 19—**George Nader**

October 20—**Joan Fontaine**

October 23—**Diana Dors**
Coleen Gray

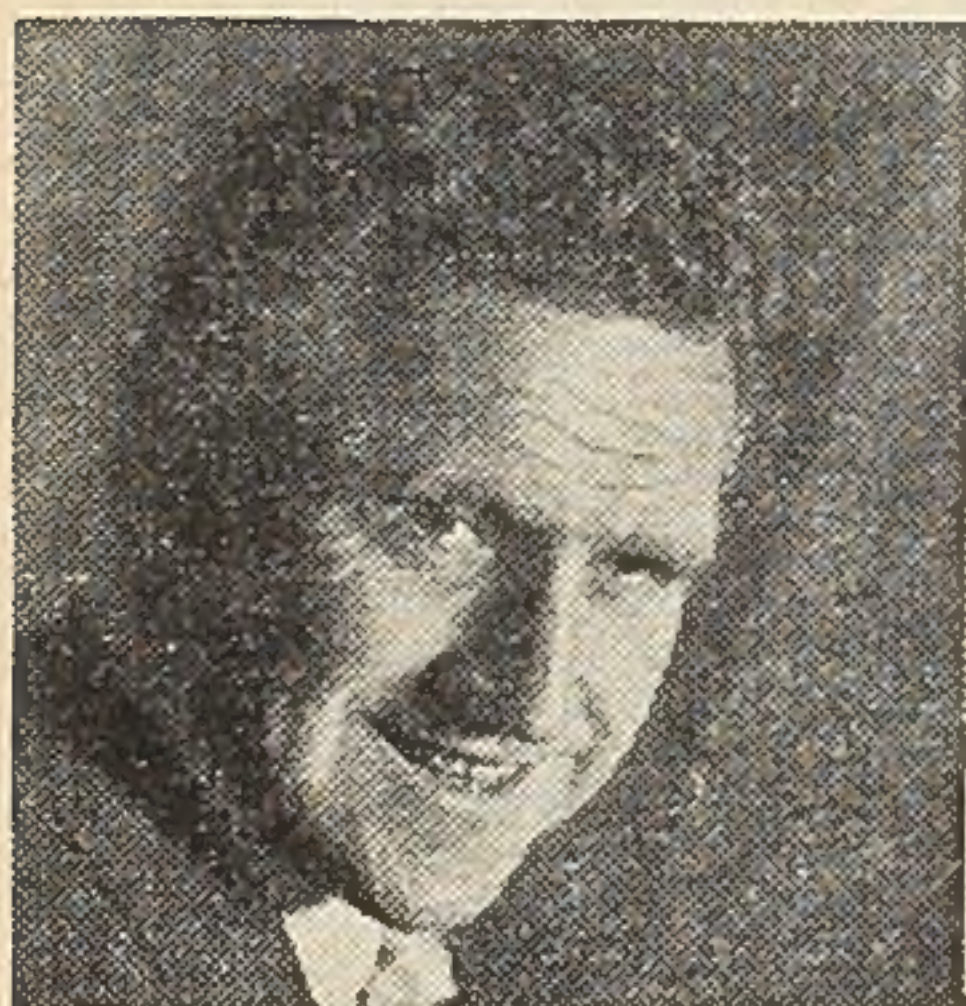
October 25—**Anthony Franciosa**

October 27—**Jack Carson**
Leif Erickson
Theresa Wright

October 29—**Hope Emerson**

October 30—**William Campbell**

October 31—**Dale Evans**
Dianne Foster



James Whitmore
October 1



Felicia Farr
October 4



Skip Homeier
October 5



Glynis Johns
October 7



Richard Jaeckel
October 10



Angela Lansbury
October 16

house is a real stomping grounds for our gang. We descend there like homing pigeons. One thing that always bugs me about Rick," Bruce sighed. "After a real work-out on the tennis court, most of us guys are starved. When I'd eat at Rick's, we'd have a great big dinner and Rick would take two bites and just fiddle with his food until we were through. He takes no pleasure in eating. I can't understand it."

Rick's tutor, Mr. Van Schoych, is also impressed with Ozzie and Harriet's influence on Rick.

"Although Rick makes his own decisions on which songs to record," Mr. Van Schoych pointed out, "he respects his Dad's advice. The Nelsons always check the lyrics for double meanings. After all, they've raised clean kids and they want them to stay that way. Oz is very understanding. He and Rick have solid professional talks. As a musician Oz remembers when jazz was not acceptable. He accepts rock and roll. But he also reminds Rick that an unprecedented number of singers have sprung up with just that one talent. He doesn't want Rick left at the beginning of a lifetime career with nothing more than rock and roll to offer. Rick is his father's son. Highly intelligent. He's been working more on ballads and this acting job in *Rio Bravo* was no accident. Anything Rick puts his mind to he does well."

Roxie Turpin, Terry Donnally's mother and an excellent tennis player, has known Rick socially and as a player for years. "One of our top players, Hugh Stewart, watched Rick over three years ago and said he could be one of our finest tennis players. I agree. And at that time that's what Rick wanted. He didn't have half the time to practice the other boys did, yet he had a great game. It wasn't by the rule book but by wonderful imagination. He'd always try for the great big shots instead of playing a safe return. You can tell what a person is really like by the kind of game he plays. Under that teenage shyness and quiet well-bred composure, lurks a strong creative imaginative personality."

"He's so considerate. I remember one party in particular at our house. One of the boys got mad at his girl and tromped out of the house. Rick leaned out the window and called, 'Bobbie, you come back here and thank Mrs. Turpin. Don't be so rude.' Bobbie tromped back in, pouted 'Thanks' and left."

"I remember the day he drove up in his brand new Porsche. It was his sixteenth birthday and he was beaming from ear to ear. He drove Terry around in it. Then nothing would do but I go for a ride. It scared me, but I didn't let him know it."

"Rick is crazy about cars," Terry said. "He's an excellent driver but fast. The way he slips in and out of lanes on a freeway! He drives like he plays tennis—with imagination. He and Bruce used to clown a lot on the court. But when it came to tournaments, Rick was out to win. He's brilliant but erratic. His game goes up and down. He shows his emotions on the court—usually disgust with himself when he tries for a big one and misses. Like most tennis players, Rick doesn't like to lose. He gets very upset when he loses in close matches. He sulks around for awhile and then snaps out of it. Gee," Terry exclaimed suddenly, "I said he was calm and easy going and now I'm saying he's erratic and emotional. He's both—at different times."

He hates to show off. He'll go out of his way to drive someone home, but if the gratitude is not brief and to the point he's embarrassed. There was a boy at the club who had a sports car with dual pipes and a loud mouth. He kept goading Rick to drag race with him. Finally Rick did. They took off down the street and Rick's superior driving put his Plymouth Fury

way out in front. Which brings up another quality. There are a lot of people Rick doesn't like, but it doesn't show. He's polite. He just manages not to associate with them more than he has to.

"Of course, we don't see as much of him now as we used to. But when we do see him—he hasn't changed much. The one change I noticed last time," Terry said unhappily, "was that horrible long hair with the sideburns. . . like Elvis Presley. I understand it's only for his part in *Rio Bravo*. I certainly hope so."

Rick has found friends in the business. One of them is Joe Byrne, his stand-in, buddy and co-tenant of David's bachelor digs in the Hollywood Hills.

On the plane back from Tucson and location, Joe and Rick were sprawled in the lounge. Rick's hair was long and wavy with a definite Presley pattern to it. Joe eyed it, then commented, "Your Dad's gonna have a fit when he sees that hair."

"The minute he sees me," Rick grinned happily, "he'll say, 'You're not playing a villain. Go get a hair cut.' But I've got him this time. I can't have a hair cut until the picture is completely over—right down to the last shot."

Later Joe said, "You know Rick hit it right on the nose. That's exactly what his Dad said. He also added, 'The minute the picture's over you get sheered.' That weekend they had to shoot all of Rick's scenes for the television show carefully so that his curly locks didn't show."

"Oz is not about to have kids screaming at their parents all over the country, 'See Rick has long hair and sideburns, why can't I?'"

"What about Rick and girls?" we asked Joe.

"Rick likes to talk to girls," Joe explained. "He really does. To him each one is completely different. It also helps if she's beautiful and has a sharp figure. Two things he can't stand are: phonies and aggressive females. Rick's quiet but he likes to feel he's master of the situation. And no one should get excited when he starts going steady again. All guys his age everywhere are doing the same thing and marriage is a long way off."

One such steady is Marianne Gaba, Miss Illinois of 1957, who has just snagged a running part on the new television series, *Test Pilot*. She met Rick on the set of his own show. She was not a phony nor aggressive. She is beautiful. She has a sharp figure. She can be talked to. They went steady. When the flame burned down, they dated others, but they remained friends.

"It was a lot of fun while it lasted," Marianne said candidly, "but actually it's even more fun now that we're just good friends. Neither one of us is putting our best foot forward. We can relax and talk about important things other than our relationship to each other. He came over when he got back from Tucson. After listening to some records and downing a dozen Cokes, we talked. He hasn't changed a bit since he made *I'm walking*. He's still sensitive, sentimental, full of love for people and a worrier. I've dated a lot of boys since Rick and I stopped going together. . . and none compare with him. He has a wonderful quality of looking full at you like there's no one else in the room. He makes you feel important."

And Bruce tried to round out the whole gang's sentiments, "Rick's one of the most normal boys you can find anywhere—with more talent, athletically and musically, than anyone I've known. And he'll keep his feet on the ground. That's the way he's built. I've read that stuff about Rick. We all have. That's why we were willing to set some records straight. This is the first article that we think can. This is the way we see Rick."

END

Ricky is in Warner's *RIO BRAVO*.

Enter **FREE!**

\$1,000.00 **FIRST PRIZE**

No Box-Tops! No Jingles! No Statements!

Solve The Puzzle Below
ENTER CONTEST FREE!

HEAVE TO, my hearties, here's a treasure hunt that's really fun. This Free Entry Treasure Hunt Contest is sponsored by Ingram Lather Shaving Cream and Razor Blades and there's plenty of loot for you to find! Just sail your ship from isle to isle and pick up the booty! Whoever finds the most treasure in accordance with the official rules wins First Prize of \$1,000.00 Cash... and there are other Cash Prizes for other top-scoring treasure hunters. This is a puzzle contest that's really exciting... and everyone in the family can enter!

The Sample Solution at right shows you how to find \$590.00 in treasure... try the puzzle now and see if you can't do better! **PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ON THE BASIS OF SKILL ALONE!** This is your opportunity to win... it's all up to you! It's fascinating, it's fun... it's easy to understand! There must be a winner for each prize... you have just as much opportunity as anyone else! Send in your entry today!

**HIGH CORRECT SCORE
FOR THIS PUZZLE
WILL BE MAILED TO
EACH ENTRANT WITHIN
14 DAYS!**

**CAPTAIN PETE'S
TREASURE HUNT
CONTEST**



EASY RULES

1. HOW TO ENTER Send in your solution on one of the Entry Coupons below... let a friend or member of your family enter on the other. First trace out a route from "Your Ship" to "Home Port" on the puzzle diagram. Trace your route only along white ship lanes from island to island. Visit no island (white squares) more than once—and travel on no ship lane (white lines between islands) more than once! Collect all the treasure indicated on each island you visit. On one coupon, list in the order you visited each island, the amount of treasure you found on each island plus the total amount of treasure you found! *Collect no treasure from islands you did not visit!*

2. PRIZES Contestants finding the most "treasure," in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives, and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over \$500 in a puzzle contest prior to January 15, 1958.

Please note: there is only one Captain Pete Contest—Do not enter more than once.

4. TIES Ties are to be expected, in which event tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional FREE puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed eight more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tie-breakers will be similar to the entry puzzle but more difficult. Each tiebreaker puzzle will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after the judging of the preceding puzzle. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tie-breaking submissions to compete for the \$1000 First Prize and the other prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize. At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. Sponsor has right to make such further rules as sponsor deems necessary for proper conduct of contest.

5. DATES Entries must be postmarked not later than Nov. 29, 1958. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-ad-*

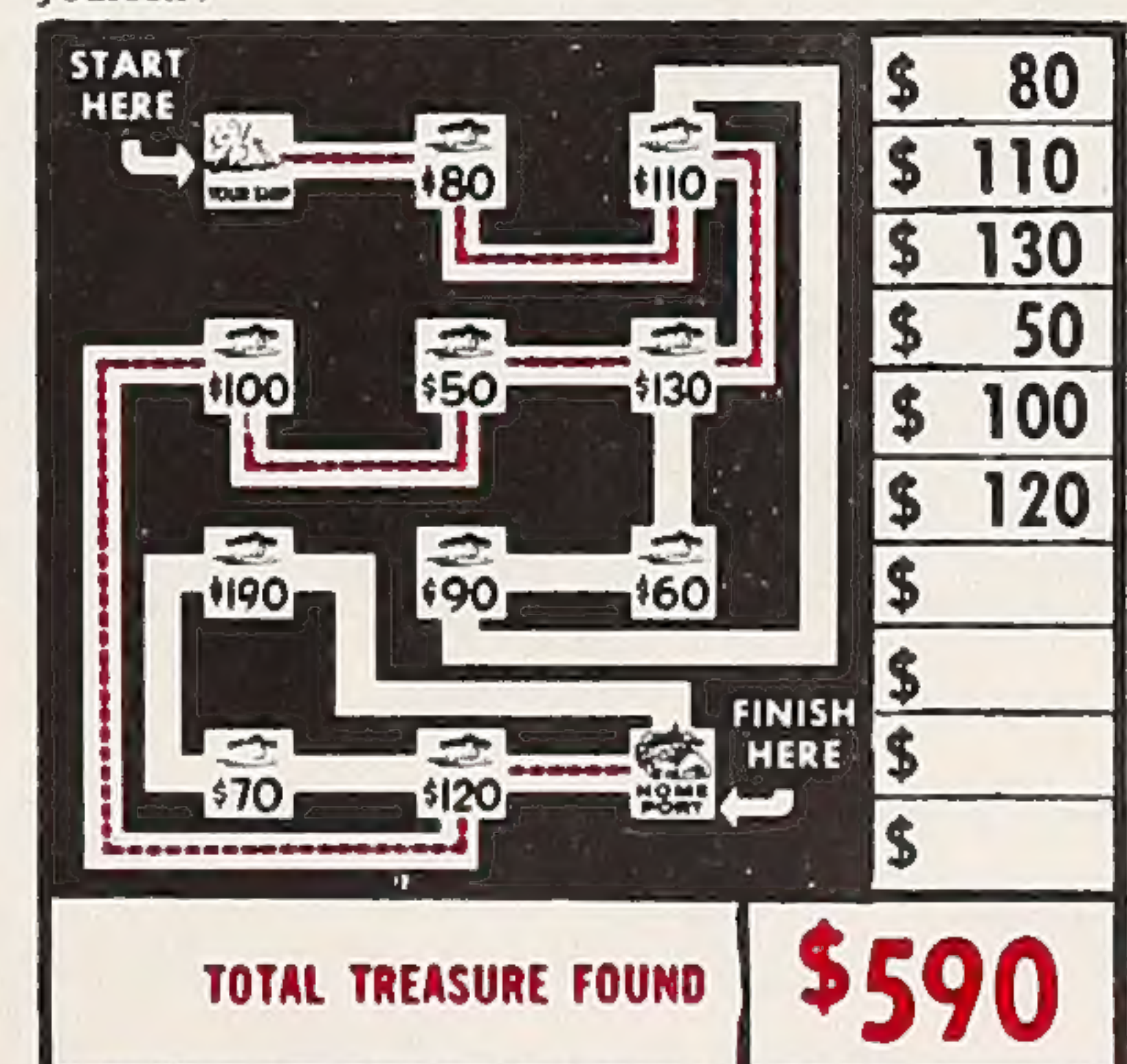
ressed envelope may be disqualified. You may draw by hand a facsimile of the Entry Coupon and use it to enter. Neatness does not count but illegible or incorrectly scored entries will be disqualified. Sponsor has right to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations.

All submissions become property of sponsors. Judges' decisions final. Sponsors not responsible for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Prize money on deposit in bank. **HIGH SCORE** for this puzzle will be mailed to each entrant within 14 DAYS of date entry is received. This FREE ENTRY Contest is sponsored by Ingram Lather Shaving Cream and Ingram Razor Blades. We hope that you enjoy this contest and that the next time you purchase Shaving Cream or Razor Blades you will ask for Ingram.

6. BONUS PRIZE Get someone else to enter this contest and you will receive a Bonus Prize of an extra \$500 cash if you win First Prize! To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the back of his or her Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

This Sample Solution shows you how to find \$590 by visiting only 6 islands. So you can see this is not a very good solution. To get the best solution you should visit as many islands as possible and collect as much "treasure" as possible. Now try the puzzle yourself!



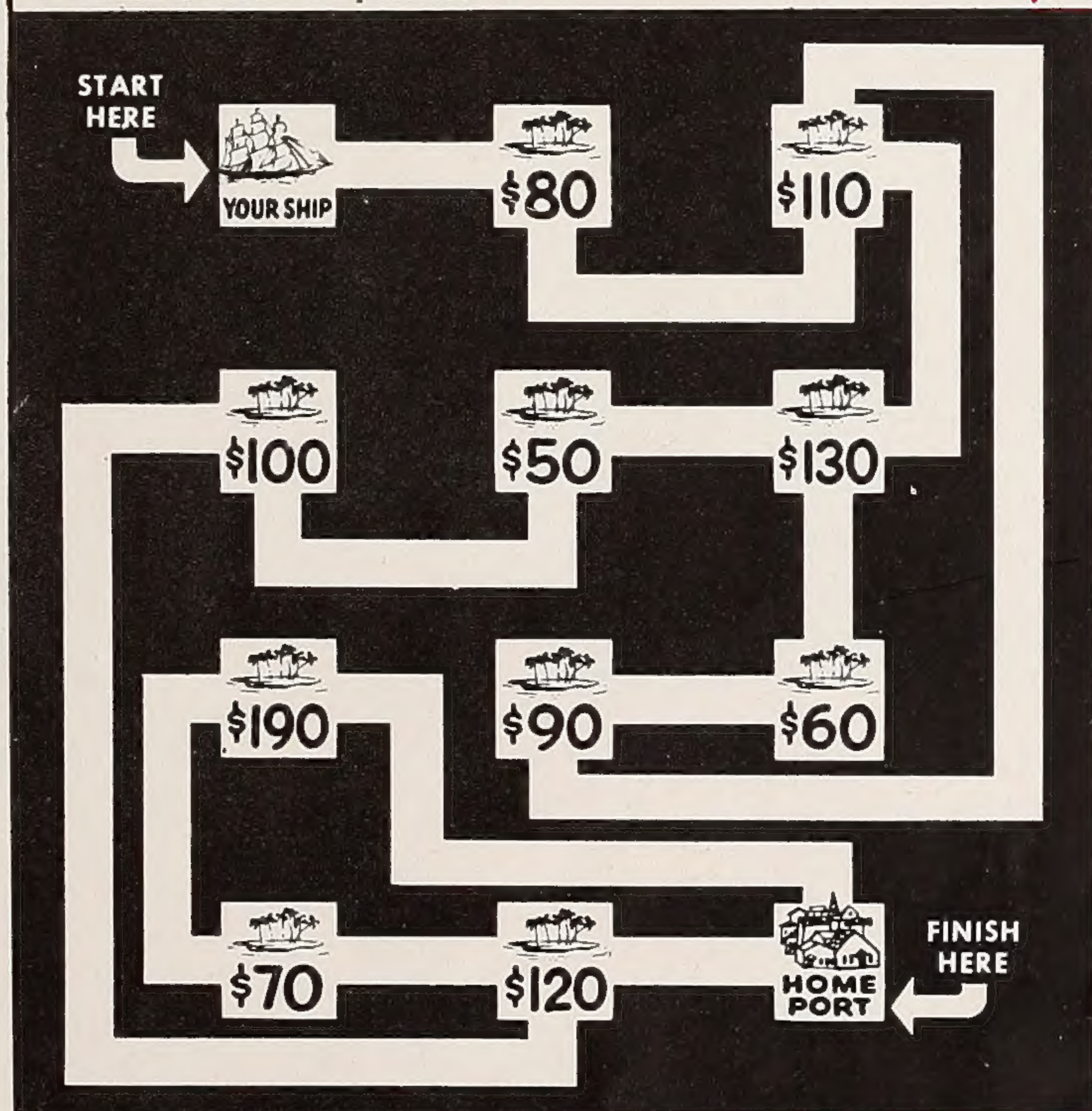
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HOW TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Simply trace out a route from "YOUR SHIP" to "HOME PORT" on the Puzzle Diagram below. Trace your route only along white ship lanes from island to island and collect the "treasure" from each island you visit. The idea is to collect as much treasure as possible.



YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

In the order you visited the islands, list in the column at right the amount of "treasure" you found on each island, and the total "treasure" you found.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ I enclose a 4¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope. 93

MAIL TO: CAPTAIN PETE
Box 1492, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

TOTAL TREASURE FOUND \$

ENTRIES NOT ACCOMPANIED
BY A 4¢ STAMPED, SELF-
ADDRESSED ENVELOPE
MAY BE DISQUALIFIED



RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER
SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

In the order you visited the islands, list in the column at right the amount of "treasure" you found on each island, and the total "treasure" you found.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

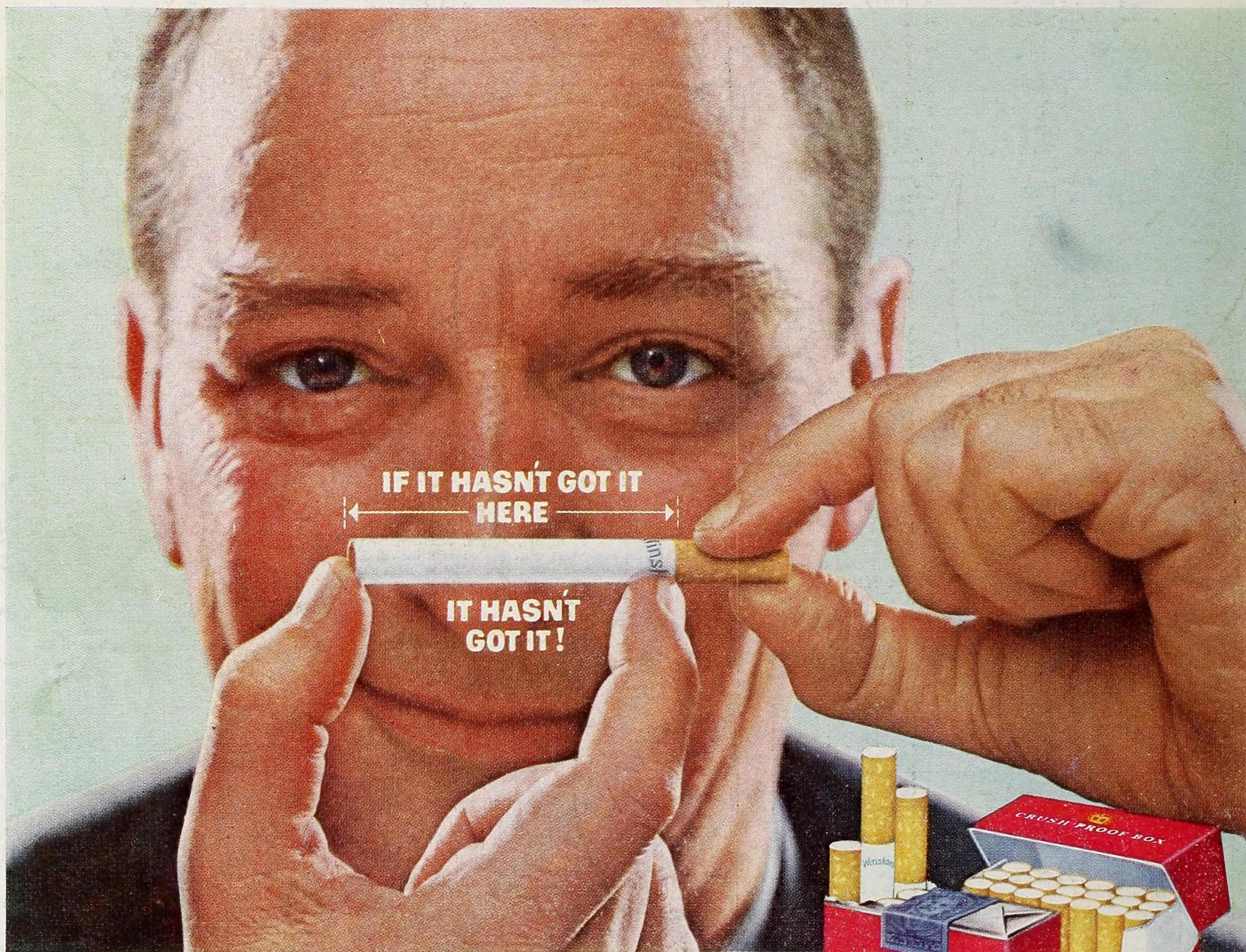
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New York 17, N. Y.

TOTAL TREASURE FOUND \$

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"Winston has got flavor! Because up ahead of Winston's pure modern filter is **Filter-Blend**—a Winston exclusive! This secret — **Filter-Blend** — is what makes Winston America's best-tasting filter cigarette. Try Winston!"



America's best-selling filter cigarette!

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LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!